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POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.—GENERAL INCREASE OF CRIME.

THE parliamentary fashion of the day is the appointment of "commissions" and "committees." A passion has come over us for caution in all things, and delay, and extra ultra consideration. We have become deeply impressed on the sudden with the superiority of "second thoughts;" and entertain no argument now to any change, until five-and-twenty select bodies of five-and-twenty gentlemen have five-and-twenty times sat and "reported" upon it. Thus, two months back, upon the competency of "the Game Laws," and now upon the state of "the Police," with piles upon piles of information before us, we resolve—not to take any measures—but to inquire farther—by means of another "committee." This is wrong; because it is a waste of life and leisure. If the public is to be amused, and the time got over—if this is all that is meant—"committees" are well calculated enough to effect that object: but if any thing like action is intended, such repeated appointments lead only to much needless delay; and to covering simple questions with such a mass of blunder and subterfuge, and extraneous details, that men's patience, as well as their understandings, turn away hopeless from the thought of digging out or disentangling them. A committee can only be useful where facts upon a given subject are wanted. We have half-a-dozen volumes of fact—and of abuse unproved—the produce of the police committees of 1816 and 1822, upon the table before us. If committees are to continue to sit—with all their cumbrous machinery—every time any measure of domestic policy is to be suggested—what, we should desire to ask, is the province—or where the utility—of a minister?

The observations, however, with which the right honourable Secretary for the Home Department introduced his motion on the recent occasion for the appointment of a committee, seem to us singularly bare of any thing, in the shape of principle, which should guide or govern the committee in its inquiries. The fact of the increase of crime in the country and in the metropolis of late years—a fact as to which few people entertained any doubt—is established by the production of some tables. And there is a complaint—not very well sustained—of the condition of the nightly watch: with a proposition for making it general, instead of

parochial. And there is a little more matter, rather weaker still, about the necessity of a "concurrent jurisdiction" as to police, between that part of the town which lies in Westminster and Middlesex and that peculiarly belonging to the City: which might be of consequence, if the only matter of complaint were the troops of thieves and drabs who infest Fleet-street (more certainly than any other part of the metropolis); but which is of slight efficiency in considering the great questions of police regulation and extent of crime, as applying to, or with a view to any improvement in, the state of the country generally. And there are some other comments about the incompetency of haberdashers, and such trading people, as constables, and about the nation's having "outgrown its police institutions;" which we confess we don't perfectly understand, because any outgrowing would seem rather likely to apply to the extent of the police than its character and constitution.—But we anticipate our object: and, if we treat of results in the beginning, shall have to tell our tale twice over.

The question properly prefatory to any discussion upon the means of reducing the crime with which the country abounds, is—and as such Mr. Peel has treated it—the cause or causes by which that quantity of crime has been produced? And, on this question, a considerable number of politicians have attempted, and hold themselves still prepared, to prove, that the cause of the "crime" in the country is the "poverty." Now this seems to us to be a very fallacious theory; and we are quite sure that—if fallacious—it is a very mischievous and dangerous one. No doubt, the crime under which the country suffers proceeds from a variety of causes—of which poverty will be one. Part of it is inseparable from the constitution of society: and it is difficult to say exactly what that particular proportion may be. Another part will be attributable to an imperfect police, or defective legislation. A third part will proceed from the temptation to fraud, and facilities for its execution, which the peculiar circumstances of a rich and commercial country afford. And a fourth, from the pressure of distress—we speak here of national and general distress—not of cases of individual misfortune—upon the lower classes. But, practically, we believe that this last portion is the smallest of the whole; and we are sure that the very worst consequences are likely to arise from any attempt to give too much importance to it.

For, in the first place, it would sound oddly, we suspect, in the ears of a foreigner, listening for the first time to a speech upon English statistics, to hear the "distress" of the lower classes talked of as a necessary cause or excuse for crime; when he has heard also that, by a law which cost the country many millions of pounds annually, every man without the means of subsistence in England, was entitled to and received a maintenance, assessed and levied upon the funds of his richer neighbour. It would seem, we repeat, to such an individual, strange, that a farmer, who, on Monday, had paid a tax of four shillings in the pound on his rental, for the support of the poor of his district—that tax liable to be raised to eight shillings, if the necessity of the case had required it—should be referred to "distress"—when his hay-loft or his hen-roost was robbed on Tuesday—for an explanation, if not an entire justification, of the transaction. But, even apart from this particular provision—far less subject to it, if we are to accept of poverty, as a general excuse—for it is impossible to talk of it as a cause, without treating it in some measure also as an excuse—for crime, we admit a principle which strikes at once at the very key-stone of order and civilization in every country.

Society is only kept together by the law, or understanding, that the privations which a man cannot remove by his industry, or his ingenuity, he shall be content to submit to. No doubt, the mere wants of nature render this a principle subject to some limitation: but, protected as we are by the system of the poor-laws, no man can very well reach that extent of distress in England which a legislative inquiry should hold a justification of his infringement upon the property of his more fortunate neighbour. Poverty, indeed, is a relative, not a definite or positive term. We call a given state of things—no matter what—"the exceeding distress" of the lower classes of England. But, in the very same breath, probably, we are calling out for measures to prevent the British lower classes from "sinking to a level with the lower classes of Ireland!" In England, we find the condition of the lower orders bad. In Ireland it is a great deal worse. If we go to Poland or Russia, the state of things is still worse. In China, so bad, that men may be hired to suffer death for a small sum of money. Heaven forbid, therefore, that the condition of the lower classes of England should be farther deteriorated, or that we should be suspected of not desiring to improve it as far as it is capable of being amended; but still the case must be an extreme one in which we will admit poverty to be an excuse for crime; because poverty ever has been, and must continue to be, the lot of the million. In despite of philosophy or philanthropy, we must have hewers of wood and drawers of water: persons whose lives are passed in a state of constant labour, repaid sometimes by narrow means of subsistence, and always by very narrow means of enjoyment. All that the freest government can do is to give every man the right to change his station in society: the higher station—that is to say, the higher state of possession and enjoyment—must be the case of exception, not the ordinary rule. Because master carpenters, twenty years ago, could usually read, and journeymen very frequently could not, it would be a delusion to infer that, if all now read, all can be masters, and that the operative part of carpenters' work can cease.

Therefore, as poverty can no more be got rid of out of society, than it is possible to get rid of disease or death, we should be prepared to take almost any course—however apparently strict against offenders—or really costly, if necessity were, to the community—rather than admit the theory, that crimes against property must necessarily be the result of a state of a low paid labour. There is certainly no pecuniary expense to the community, at which we would not resist this principle; for, of all modes of paying labour, that by crime must be the most endless and the very worst. It is already enacted, that the rich—in England—shall maintain the absolutely poor: that no man, on any pretence, shall be without subsistence. This is much to have declared; although, as a customary gift soon grows into a debt, we are challenged directly, that this provision—immense as it would be esteemed, if now bestowed for the first time—is not enough. But, although we think any material extension of that charity needless, and pretty nearly, we are afraid, impossible; yet—if put to our choice—we would rather attempt its extension—we would rather, in fact, pay for "emigration," or pay any demand, however exorbitant—than recognize the fatal principle that crime against property is a necessary consequence of what is called "popular distress." Because society is not the dream of an idealist. "Distress"—or a state of privation—to express as nearly as possible

what is meant—for the terms of high or low wages, or high or low paid labour, are very indefinite—distress is a condition of things which always must exist. In England—as long as it continues to be a country probably, it will be the absolute failure of a market for labour—and that alone—that will in future limit the supply. We cannot have a limited extent of soil, with a full population freed from all the causes which go to impede increase: saved by science and knowledge from the ravages of disease: by moral lessons and early marriages from the scourges of debauchery and vice: dependent, moreover, for existence—as a manufacturing population—in great numbers upon the demand of foreign markets, which accident may close for a time, or entirely destroy:—this state of affairs cannot continue any where long, before an increasing population will overshoot the common demand for labour, and, consequently, reduce the wages of that labour to such a point as we may frequently term a condition of distress. It would be better, therefore, as it seems to us, for the country to establish any scheme, however costly, for getting rid of its surplus labour—deportation—nay, the plentiful maintenance of all unemployed labour in idleness—if so desperate a resort were necessary—than to assume that persons ill paid, or unprofitably employed, must relieve themselves by crime, or to allow any “distress”—short of the mere want of subsistence—from which the existing law secures them—to form an excuse for their engaging in it.

We feel that this point is likely to be an unpopular one; but it is impossible for us not to maintain it to the utterance. We admit the pressure of that case which compels a man to live upon the “parish allowance:” but we cannot admit that any person with that allowance has a claim to rob: we could but look for this result, if we repealed the law which compels us to provide such persons with the means of subsistence. It is a hard state of things for a man to have to live upon potatoes and salt. Few of our parish poor live quite so hardly as this; but, even where they do, they are as well off as a great part of the Highland peasantry; as well off as the more fortunate part of the Irish peasantry. And, however it may be a work of humanity and policy, as far as possible, to aid them, if, in a legislative point of view, we admit their distress to form any excuse for the commission of crime, we at once open the door to a continued system of plunder, which would make every man his own judge of his claim to the goods of his neighbour, and could only end in practically annulling the security of property altogether. Because the right to rob—apart from the consequences which our laws in general affix to it—is a glorious and most estimable boon! No man feels any abstract aversion to plunder—no soldier hesitates to strip the country of the enemy: the only ban under which the act lies, is that which the law—where it talks of hanging—has thought fit to impose upon it. Of ten labourers, therefore, whose means of subsistence for themselves and families are limited to the lowest amount at which that subsistence can be obtained—if, when two quit this ill-paid labour, and live by robberies, we listen to “distress” as an excuse for the election—what is the language that we hold out to the other eight?—what but that they have done themselves much injustice, by neglecting an immunity which has proved most profitable and agreeable to their fellows? With all that is heard of the pollution of prisons, and of the effect of ill example in confinement upon incipient offenders, we believe that the example of unprosecuted or unpunished offence—offence successful in its object, and

divested of its ill consequences—does more mischief to a community, or to any portion of a community, in one instance, than the discovery that crime was capable of being committed—at a heavy risk of after discount and suffering—ever did in ten.

We might pursue this argument farther: and it is an utter error to suppose that it is a question in which the rich only are interested. By the peculiar, though perhaps beneficial, constitution, indeed, of our legislature, it so happens that the parties who make laws are seldom those who suffer much from their violation. This may be well; because a man is likely to be an ill judge always of the extent of punishment or protection requisite in his own cause: but, well or ill, it is the fact. Persons of large wealth and extensive establishments are not the people who are exposed, practically, to depredation; any more than the man who rides always in his carriage perceives the inconvenience of a crowded or dirty street. The parties who suffer from plunder are the middle classes, who live necessarily in the public haunts of men; and whose possessions therefore are exposed; while their means will not defray the charge of an expensive and continued watching:—the small householder in the country, who has not the advantage of a ring fence, three miles round, to protect his pigs, or his poultry, or his fruit; and the shopkeeper in the town, who is obliged to keep his wares in a spot easy of access, while he can neither watch incessantly to guard them himself, or pay the cost of half-a-dozen sentries to do that for him. And the thing does not stop even here. No persons are so much exposed to depredation from “the poor,” as the industrious poor themselves. Plunder is not nice in its object; and its great temptation is always, less amount, than security. One half the prosecutions for burglary and “stealing in dwelling-houses,” in the agricultural counties, consist of cases where the whole value of the property stolen does not reach ten shillings: the cottages of the labourers who are abroad in the fields are broken into and ransacked by those who will not labour—or, we will say, by those who have support from the parishes, because they cannot obtain labour. Take this last to be the case, is it one jot less necessary why the offence should be extirpated? Such trash as to admit any excuse for attacks upon property, short of that on which the culprit was absolutely destitute of the means of life, could only end in the general depopulation of society.

From this statement, then, it will probably be inferred, that we should be inclined very guardedly to admit any case of necessity as a plea for the commission of crime. And we confess that, even at the hazard of occasional severity—much as our feelings would shrink from the details of such a course—we should be content, as the lesser evil—to reject that principle. Fortunately, however, we suspect that we shall not very hastily be put to this trial. The effect of “distress”—of that state of affairs and commerce in the country, which refuses to the industrious and steady labourer a competent supply of the necessaries of life for himself and his family—the quantity of crime resulting from this cause—no doubt must be something; but its amount, we believe, is very far smaller than is often assumed or imagined.

If it were not that a simple possibility, by the mere force of being confidently asserted a given number of times, often passes, without examination, for a truth, it would be surprising to find the scarcity of employment alleged as a leading cause of the existence of crime, when

the daily experience of all men—the mere habit of daily opening their eyes—shews them facts which demonstrate any such position to be a total fallacy. Mr. Wilmot Horton, we observe, in his late speech upon Emigration, quotes the *dictum* of a learned judge, as to his having constantly found the facts of low wages, and increasing crime, running side by side with each other. Now we confess that we do not exactly see the proof of this fact, in any thing that has been stated, either by that learned judge, or by those who rely upon him. In the first place, this term of “low wages” must always be taken subject to something more than a judicial exposition. “Low wages” depend upon a great variety of circumstances. Low *money* wages may be very high wages; and high *money* wages may be very low wages. We know nothing until we look to the quantity of work exacted for the given money; or the prices of the necessaries of life, at the time and at the place where it is paid. Still farther—it occurs to us to ask, where is it that this account has been taken of the different amount of crime subject to low and high wages? Because we ourselves should find some difficulty in selecting a proper situation for calculating the variance: for as far as we can recollect—for the last twelve years at least—we have heard of little but “low wages!” The learned judge’s statement is quoted, as though he had noticed the rise or fall of the moral thermometer, as governed by the rise or fall in “the prosperity” of the lower orders, from session to session. Now we confess that we ourselves have found the complaint all one way—we certainly, for the period we speak of, have not heard the presence of “high wages” any where admitted. All that we can find, in support of the position that the amount of crime varies with the scale of wages, are a few cases of slight increase or decrease—the tallying of which with the rise or fall of the price of labour, as to time, &c., is very imperfectly made out; and we hesitate very much, therefore, upon such slight proof, to take the fact for granted, especially as we have a few instances—as well as a good many arguments and probabilities—which go to establish something very like the converse of it.*

To begin then.—If the statement were true, that the cause of the

* Many statistical returns of great value might be annually published by government (which has all the information *ready*), at a very small expense: and, among others, an annual account of the amount, and disposal, of crime in the country—the commitments, convictions, and punishments—would be highly useful and interesting. As far as *data*, however, can be readily collected, we find very little evidence of that alternation, of “more or less crime,” with “high or low wages,” to which the learned lord in question alludes. It fact, it would be difficult, we suspect, for any man living to recollect any period, at which the complaint of “distress” was not heard from some quarter: and, even where years of comparative “prosperity” can be pointed out, we find little abatement in the amount of crime. The year 1826 was the period of the great distress in the manufacturing counties, when hundreds of thousands of persons were out of employ—maintained by public subscription through the country. The Bishop of Chester, in his evidence before the Emigration Committee, says, that “in Bolton alone there are 8,000 weavers out of employ, whom he thinks will never get work again.” At Carlisle, Mr. Hunter says, “best weavers can only earn 5s. 6d. a week.” Major Moody speaks to his knowledge, of 7,900 men out of employ in Manchester only. In this year (1826) the number of commitments in the country was 16,147: and in the last year—which was one of comparative improvement, as far as employment was concerned—they rose to 17,921. Again, in Lord Goderich’s “prosperity year” (1824), the amount of commitments was 13,693: which was an increase of near 1,500 over the number of the preceding year (12,260). And in that “prosperity year,” the actual amount of commitments, which we have quoted—13,693—was rather greater than that of the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, which were years of extraordinary distress.

increase or commission of crime was to be found in the distress or privation to which the labouring classes are exposed, we should find the *first offences* in the way of theft, generally committed by deserving, careful, industrious people—people carried out of moral and active habits, by the distress, or necessity, which drives them to steal. In the agricultural districts, a day labourer, sober in his habits and economical of his means, or at least fairly attentive to his duties in society, would be detected stealing sheep, or in robbing a poultry yard, for the sake of supporting his family, who are absolutely in need. With a case of this kind, it is never difficult to deal, however painful it may be to meet with it. The interposition of the law is prevented by some act of private benevolence. Justice is due to the people who are destined to be robbed, as well as to the select few who are robbers: there never is a case of real distress, in which the instant inclination of the offended party is not to relieve rather than to pursue. But every farmer or country resident knows that the persons to whom he looks for breaking into his barn, or robbing his stable, are people of a very different description from these. They are the idle, the drunken, the insolent, and the wandering: the pot-house soakers: the sleepers and skittle-players by day, and poachers and black-fishers by night. They are the trampers, beggars, gipsies, who roam from fair to fair, and from market to market, with fifty ways of livelihood, but all idle, and thievish, and contraband. They are the women of the village, who find prostitution easier than labour: the men who are heard roaring along the roads, and damaging fences and gates for sport or malice at night: who are poor enough, and wretched; but quite sure never to want so much excuse for theft as the being “out of employ;” because their habits are such that no employer will retain them. Every neighbourhood, which affords any convenience for plunder, has its *nest* of these caterpillars. Sometimes a severe session, and an unphilosophical judge, clear out the covey; and then a year or so may pass before another assembles. In every rural district, when a robbery has been committed—especially within twenty miles of town—the probable parties can be pointed out—though their detection is difficult—immediately. They are people known distinctly to the vicinity as thieves; generally carrying on some petty commerce upon their own account. Your “pieman,” and small ambulant huckster of every description of ware, consumes a great deal of geese and turkies in the parish where he resides: bargemen on canals, higglers, and hay and straw carters, from their convenience of carriage, monopolize a still larger share of traffic in the property of their neighbours. It is true that these people—in a certain sense of the word—are “poor:” that is, their houses are desolate, and themselves and their families half naked. But their expenditure exceeds—often exceeds ten times over—that of the active and industrious labourer; and it has the prodigious advantage of being attained comparatively without effort into the bargain.

But, when we come to the metropolis—where the best field for judging of motive is—for the amount of crime there, measured against the extent of territory, is, as compared with the country, in the proportion of about fifty to one—how the idea of attributing the great mass of offence against property to “distress,” ever could enter the mind of a sane person, it seems difficult to conceive! The thieves of London are bred out of labourers, or out of the children of labouring mechanics—we take here the lowest class of them in point of emolument—whose earnings are from

one guinea to three guineas—seldom less than thirty shillings—per week. They are the scum and offal of a community, which is always dissipated—always highly paid; which maintains a gin-shop at almost every fifth door—a pawnbroker (who aids extravagance three times, for necessity once) in every street; which fills the galleries of a dozen theatres—the benches of ten thousand “coffee-shops,” and “reading-rooms,” and such institutions of minor entertainment; which is systematically idle one day every week, and drunk at least two nights; and may be put down, without compliment—and as we take the liberty to consider it, also without offence—as incomparably the most riotous, licentious, drunken, insolent, bold, intelligent, and unmanageable in the world. It seems a little hardy to speak of low wages and distress, as almost the sole cause—for thus it is spoken of—of the existence of crime, with the fact before us, that the great mass of crime is found in London—where even the shadow of poverty or low wages never shews its face. The leading thieves, in most cases, are persons of considerable property—the “receivers,” invariably wealthy men. The mere street thieves—the men without capital—are always persons with good shirts on, and watches in their pockets; and the lowest class of all—to whom dirt and sluttishness is no matter of distaste—though ragged and desperate, spend more each in gin and tobacco than would fall to the lot of six industrious men in their own class of society. We by no means assert or infer, that these people do not suffer much misery and occasional privation. The mass of mankind must look to endure this. We cannot—for fear a plasterer should pick a pocket—give him the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. But the mistake is in supposing that it is a life—while it lasts—of hardship, or a life to which those who adopt it are driven. In point of fact, it is a life which five in six deliberately adopt, in preference to labour; and it yields them more profit, in idleness, than a life of labour would do—if they were disposed to submit to, or undertake it.

And we go far beyond this. It seems a waste of time almost to expose so obvious a fallacy, as that “distress” is necessary to—or in any respect necessarily coeval with—the production of crime: but the folly has become so fashionable, that we may be allowed the utterance even of a few truisms to rebuke it. We talk of “distress” among the lower classes as the cause of theft: some of the poorest countries, as regards the condition of the lower orders, are those in which the least disposition to theft prevails! What extent of wealth in any place—take the condition of the metropolis—has ever been found able to extinguish it? A book lies open before us at this moment—Washington Irving’s *Life of Columbus*—which affords a singular illustration of this truth. What was it that, instantly after the discoveries of Columbus, carried robbery, massacre, and ruin through the New World? This was not “poverty.” What was it that blasted the fertility of the new country—first depraved and then annihilated its peaceful population—made it at last a howling wilderness, the resort of only thieves and murderers—and at last spread discord and bloodshed among the ravagers, and made them prey upon each other, when all other prey was gone? This was not “poverty.” It was the lust of riches, of enjoyment—beyond that wealth and enjoyment which the lawful means of the plunderers could command: and it ended—as such passions indulged must necessarily end—in the waste and desolation of property and enjoyment altogether. We must not be

answered, that these were the crimes—this the rapacity—of an invading power towards a conquered, or at least a foreign state. It was not this: it was much more. The invaders—discoverers—whatever they are to be termed—when the natives, who were common spoil, could no longer be robbed or murdered, robbed and murdered each other. These were not the crimes of the “lower classes:” men who, from their gifts, might have been heroes—who stand almost worthy of that name in the commencement of the story—scarcely perceive the means of plunder—and the excuse for availing themselves of it—when we find them transformed into traitors, pilferers, and assassins. But a case still stronger than that upon the side of wealth, presents itself on the side of poverty. Distress—where it really exists—disdains and repudiates the spurious license which is attempted to be bestowed upon it. How stood the case twelve months since with the manufacturers of Yorkshire, of Lancashire, of Glasgow?—when hundreds of thousands of weavers worked sixteen hours a day for a shilling? and hundreds of thousands more were “out of employ”—assisted by public subscription for the means under the poor-laws failed—altogether? Did robberies increase a hundred-fold in these districts—for, if there be any truth in the position that we are combating, they ought to have done so—when half-a-crown a week was the highest allowance to any unemployed individual? The increase of crime at this time was scarcely any thing. The difference between the commitments of 1826 and 1827, in Lancashire, was not worth naming.* At that very moment, for every thief that reduction to oatmeal, and potatoes, and salt herrings, was raising up in Manchester, the desire to drink gin-and-water, and sit in the galleries of the Circus or the Cobourg Theatre, in London, was generating a dozen. The short truth is—and no one before the days of philosophy ever doubted it—that men commit crime, every where, six times more frequently for the gratification of their desires, than for the relief of their necessities. The play-house and the public-house—not the poor-house—are the intermediate stages between honest labour and the hulks, or the treadmill, or the gallows. Crime—and the commonest description of crime—crime against property—is not confined to any peculiar class of individuals; and the motives which lead to it operate—upon particular minds—in all. A peer will cheat some suckling at the gaming-table; a merchant double a capital of twenty thousand pounds, by a fraudulent insurance, or a packed bankruptcy; an actress, who wins a thousand a year by her lawful trade, chooses to be a strumpet. All this dereliction proceeds neither from a love for vice, nor “from the pressure of necessity;” but it is the same “necessity”—the desire to possess a good, or a fancied good—with a regardlessness of the means—that makes a London shoemaker pick pockets, or a farmer’s labourer rob hen-roosts or corn-bins, in preference to ploughing fields, or a London maid-servant insolently quit a competent and honest service, and take to red ribands and the *pavé* for a livelihood! It is a desire to obtain a certain end, for which we are disposed to hazard certain consequences: the thing gained being, in our view of the chances, and of the condition of society, of more value than the thing given.

Assuming then—that which we think stands sufficiently proved—that

* The distressed people committed no crimes, but a few, of violence: scarcely any (beyond the ordinary average) in the way of theft.

crime does *not* proceed in the main—or even in any material degree (as has been asserted)—from the pressure of necessity, it becomes, next, important to consider, as nearly as may be, from what causes it does proceed, and what are the circumstances which have led, of late years, to the increase of it?

The increase of crime which appears peculiarly during the last two or three years, we suspect has in a great measure been accidental. Of course, chance must at all times have something to do in such a production: the amount of offence, in two successive years, is seldom exactly the same; and there is as frequently a decrease as an exaggeration, for which no direct cause can be assigned. One circumstance, however, is worth notice:—public “distress” has very little claim to take the merit of the increase of crime which has appeared during the last three years; because, in the time of the serious distresses of 1816 and 1819—the quantity of offence against property was *less* than it is at present. The causes, however, of the general increase of crime which has arisen within the last fifteen years, may be looked for, we think, a little in the result of the following circumstances:—to some diminution which has taken place in the severity of punishments:—to an increase in the quantity of property accumulated in the hands of individuals, and consequently in the amount of material placed within the scope of theft:—something to the increase of our own population in numbers:—something (not much) to an increase in the privations suffered by the lower orders, and to the new facilities opened for fraud by the advances of luxury among the higher:—and very considerably from a decreased apprehension in the minds of the people of several of the punishments inflicted; as well as from a cessation or stoppage in the operation of those drains by which the less favourably disposed part of our population used to be carried off.

In considering the first of these causes, or supposed causes, then, we beg to set out by stating, that we shall not enter here into any argument concerning the moral legality of punishment by death. We shall assume capital punishments to be just and admissible; not more because we ourselves believe such to be the case, than because the whole system which we are discussing is founded upon that belief. The question is one which, on its own merits, we should feel no slowness about meeting. We believe the resource, though painful, to be necessary; and are prepared to shew that there is not one of the speculators, who has endeavoured to get rid of it, that does not, when we come to the detail of his scheme, exhibit some alternative incomparably more offensive to public feeling and humanity, in its stead. This question, however, we leave at present entirely; for a very slight digression upon it would carry us farther than our limits can afford to go.

That a diminution in the severity of our punishments, as compared with the number of our crimes, has taken place within the last few years in England, is capable of proof. In the year 1805 (to go no farther) the number of commitments in England and Wales, was 4,605; and the number of capital punishments 68. In the year 1818, the commitments were 13,560; and the capital punishments 97. Here, the commitments have multiplied three times over, and the capital punishments increased one-third.

The frequency of the punishment of transportation beyond seas has been diminishing, too, during the same period. The heavy charge attending this course of disposing of offenders has deterred government

from resorting to it, unless in cases of very pressing necessity, as a substitute for death; while, unfortunately, a well-founded opinion has, at the same time, been gaining ground among the people, that it amounted, *de facto*, to little or no punishment at all.

Now, without meaning to infer that the increase of crime to which we allude, has proceeded entirely, or even mainly, from the diminished severity of punishment that has taken place, yet it is certain that the two facts have been coeval: and we take it to be mere nonsense to talk of the non-effectiveness of severe punishment in restraining men from crime. Every man carries within his own breast, we rather think, a consciousness which gives the lie to that assertion. When we hear such speculations vented—and such matters have been talked by gaolers and turnkeys before Committees of the House of Commons—as that—“Criminals fear this punishment, or the other punishment,” but are “never afraid of the punishment of death!”—we believe some people connected with the London magistracy, have been so deluded, or have truckled so far to the cant of an influential party, as to utter these miserable absurdities—when we hear all this, what becomes of the little fact presented to us every day, that criminals are glad to plead “guilty”—guilty upon any minor charge—whatever may be the penalty—when actually brought to the Old Bailey, rather than take their trial for a capital offence, where they think there is a likelihood that the punishment will be inflicted? To look back to a complete proof of the truth of this position—the time of the prosecutions for the forgery and uttering of the one-pound notes! we find every culprit—we don’t think there is an exception—whom the Bank of England would consent to transport for life, upon a plea of “guilty” to the minor offence—the having forged notes in possession—gladly availing themselves of that alternative, and most earnestly soliciting it, in preference to meeting the prosecution upon the capital charge? And, in the same way, with reference even to the minor punishments—of which men are undoubtedly less apprehensive—Mr. Cobbett proses about the “desire” of offenders to be transported, or to be sent to the hulks, or to be imprisoned:—where are the thieves, in town or country, who, in executing their robberies, fail to take every precaution—in despite of this “desire”—to escape detection? We believe that few horse-stealers, or shop-lifters, or sheep-stealers, or housebreakers, when they go away from a man’s premises, leave their cards behind them. A gentleman who finds, on getting up in the morning, that his garden or hothouse has been stripped in the course of the night, seldom finds the thief waiting at the door to be taken into custody. That a few rascals, when taken, or convicted, or otherwise without hope of escape, should express satisfaction at the prospect of going to Botany Bay—or even that some one individual, every twelve months, should be really desirous of being transported thither, and commit some offence for the direct purpose—are cases not impossible; and cases, indeed, familiar enough to all men conversant with the administration of criminal justice. But the first case proves nothing more than the vulgar fact, that a man can afford to make light sometimes of the evil which there is no avoiding; and to attempt to draw any inference from the second, would be about as reasonable as to conclude that men in general in England, find life a burthen, because one individual in every five hundred thousand perhaps gets rid of it by suicide. All silk breeches

made in Bond-street split—because Mr. Tomkins or Mr. Jenkins, in stooping, has had an accident!

If we were to philosophize for a century—which is, in other words, to amuse ourselves by proving that we are mistaken in the evidence of our eyes, and ears, and all our other senses, we should not be able to shake the fact, that here—in England—in our existing state of society—no matter what may have been the case formerly, or what may still be the case elsewhere—to punish any particular crime certainly and severely, has the effect of restraining the commission of it. If this were not the case, stealing from the person by violence would be as ordinary a crime as picking pockets: it is an offence considerably the more easy in perpetration of the two. We do not mean to infer from hence, that it is only necessary to punish *all* crime severely, and that all crime will disappear. Some amount of larceny, or disposition to larceny, will always exist; and it is convenient to direct it rather into those courses, in which it may expend itself with the least quantity of mischief to society. We have very little doubt, however, that, as to many offences, the recent lenity extended—whether right or wrong—has actually produced a disposition to their increase. Since the pardon of Savery, for instance, at Bristol—a case which renders it impossible, we apprehend, to execute any other man in future for forgery—since that case, the crime of forgery, we think, in the perception of every one, must have very evidently increased.

The next circumstance to which we have adverted, as one cause of the increase of crime—the increased amount of property collected by individuals—together with what we may take to be the increased extent of luxury among the more wealthy and middle classes—needs very little illustration. Its operation is most apparent in great cities, and especially in the metropolis. The mere increased extent of London and its dependencies, must unavoidably have produced a corresponding increase in the amount of our house robberies. Indeed the effect goes rather further than this. In the new and more open districts, robberies are easier, while police regulations, from the expense with which they are attended, take some time to become equally perfect: and the natural result is, that we have three complaints of house-breaking from the suburbs, for one within the older and more closely-peopled parishes of the city. Moreover, almost every tradesman now, that can afford to live in tolerable comfort, has two residences; the consequence of which is, that the master's eye—which is worth six eyes of any body else—must always be wanting at one of them. He carries on his trade either in Cheapside or Friday-street, and sleeps at Clapham or Kennington: at night, therefore, his property, in town, is either left under the uncertain charge of a lock and key; or committed to the certain negligence of servants, who, like their master, have their own amusements in the evening to attend to. Besides all this, we are more a people of out-door amusements—though still very far behind the French in that virtue—than we were twenty years ago. Twenty years ago we had generally two theatres during half the year, and only four during the other half, open at a time: now we have seldom less than eight on foot at a time: and this is independent of minor raree-shows out of number, and houses of cheap public entertainment: and all live. All these excitements to assemblage tend to the production of a certain quantity of crime; the

facility of which is considerably increased by the great exposure of valuable property in shops and dwelling houses, which the modern style of trade, and especially the great competition that exists in retail trade, renders necessary.

The last cause to which we have proposed to attribute the recent increase of crime—the stoppage of those vents by which that part of our population most likely to become criminal was used to be carried off—we shall treat of in connexion with another branch of our subject. It avails very little, as Sir J. Scarlett truly observed a few weeks back in a discussion upon Mr. Brougham's motion on the state of the law, to point out faults, if we have not some means of suggesting remedies: and the first effort is, moreover, incomparably more easy to the very best regulated mind, than the latter. Nevertheless, there is a certain quantity of utility in merely marking out the existence of an evil. It is only the first step towards improvement: but it is a step, nevertheless; and a step that is indispensable. And there is still more usefulness in the removal of erroneous conceptions, or beliefs, upon any particular evil; such as are calculated either to misrepresent the causes of its presence, or to misstate its extent. Thus far we have gone, therefore, for the purpose of shewing, that the increase of crime, which is admitted on all hands to have arisen of late years, is by no means to be attributed solely to "general distress;" and that there are various and weighty other causes far more nearly concerned in the producing of it. In attempting to suggest any thing like remedy, we premise, that to expect to do more than get rid of a portion of the evil—or prevent its further advance—would be entirely visionary; and even towards that purpose, we have no plan of much novelty to propose, nor any which we expect will meet unequivocally with public approbation.

There are two courses which may always be made operative, for the purpose of effecting a decrease of crime in any country:—the course of prevention, by regulation and vigilance; and the course of determent, by penalty and example:—we omit, for the present, the cultivation and advancement of moral improvement in the community, as a measure well worthy to be kept always in recollection, but not of sufficiently immediate effect and operation for the purpose before us.

We have said that any improvements to be looked for from the discussion of this subject, can only be considered as improvements of degree. The suggestions thrown out by the Home Secretary, in introducing his motion for a committee, go almost exclusively to the system of prevention; and, even upon that system, do not, we think, go a very great way. There seems to be a feeling that it is necessary that *something* should be done, as there was probably on the part of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he proposed publishing a "police report" at the public expense—and in a shape which nobody would read—while the same document already appeared most completely and abundantly in the newspapers, at no expense to the public, and in a shape which every body would read: but we decidedly object to changes—especially to costly ones—introduced merely for the sake of seeming to be in action: or to any changes—cheap or costly—(as tending, by their failure, to throw a damp upon reform and exertion altogether)—from which some real benefit may not fairly be expected.

In the first place, then, the honourable secretary suggests the propriety of a change in the system of our London "nightly watch;" and

is of opinion that it should cease to be supplied by the respective parishes, and become a general force and charge, under the direction of the authorities of police. Now, without hastily objecting to this plan, we confess that we are not entirely satisfied with it. It will produce, at once, a considerable increase of expense; for the police watch, if it is to be more effective than that of the parishes, will not be maintained at so cheap a rate. In return for this, it will probably be better served, and, moreover, the persons of whom it is composed, will form a numerous and effective body of men, available, on special occasions, for other purposes than the duties of nightly watchmen, at the disposal of the magistrates: it will, in fact, be something like the constabulary system which Mr. Peel has already succeeded in introducing, and with great advantage, into Ireland. But at the same time, there certainly exists no *necessity* in London for the presence of a force like this; nor are we sure that a force of constables, so hired and paid, will ever be so popular as the simple citizens—the domestic authorities—by whom the duty is perfectly well executed at present.

We do not quite understand what is meant—unless as far as the necessity of an increased quantity of force is adverted to—by the hint that the metropolis has “outgrown its police:” nor do we see any circumstances which lead us to believe, that six tradesmen are not as well calculated to execute any given extent of duty now, as four were to get through it thirty years ago: we may want a greater amount of force, but there seems to be no case made for the need of a force of a different character. We do not hastily lapse into “constitutional” jealousies; but certainly such a change as that suggested by Mr. Peel, would be a very sweeping and important measure of innovation; and we are not at present clear that any material or lasting advantage will be derived from it. There is a vulgar proverb about “new brooms sweeping clean:” the fresh system will be more vigilantly watched, and, consequently, more actively worked, for a short time, than the old one has been; but at the end of two years there will be no considerable difference. As the case stands, for example, we do not perceive any very particular extra vigour about the ordinary agents employed by the police, above those entertained by the parishes. First-rate police officers are active men; but they are esteemed chiefly active when tempted by high bribes, or the hope of considerable gain; and among the inferior agents, we do not find any virtue entitled to very peculiar distinction. There are the “day patrol”—who do very little. Pickpockets—all *personally* known—still abound in the streets; not in the same extent that they did seven or ten years ago: but that fact arises from a little change of circumstances, not from any peculiar effort of the police. Picking pockets is not so good a trade—as we are informed by those conversant in these matters—as it was ten years ago. Since gold has been in common circulation, the passenger’s cash is carried in his *purse*—which is usually deposited in the pocket of the waistcoat or smallclothes—a locality comparatively inaccessible. The stock of bank notes lay commonly, because most conveniently, in the *pocket-book*; which lying also most conveniently in the coat pockets, was handy for abstraction: besides which, the fashion of using snuff boxes of *papier-maché* (of small exchangeable value) has succeeded to the taste for silver or gold; and the reduction of the duty on silk has lowered the price of handkerchiefs so much, that they are absolutely not worth stealing! The industry, therefore, of the

thief, is directed, from the picking of pockets, to horse stealing, or coach robbing, or some more profitable branch of depredation. Apart, however, from the fact of their efficiency—for a fact may always be disputed—there appears to be no good reason why police watchmen should be materially more effective than parish men. The complaint of the physical inefficiency of parish watchmen is an error. The abuse existed at one period; and people go on talking about it, as if it had never been corrected. It takes a long time to enlighten the public mind upon any subject: the people in Yorkshire still think that the devil lives in London: and, though the setting a spring gun is by law a misdemeanor, the boards of notice—"Spring guns and steel traps!" continue to live, and excite terror half over England. The parish watchmen are not prize fighters, nor selected police thief takers; they would be a most expensive body of men if they were so; but they are neither parish paupers, as some people suppose, nor decrepid men. The men employed are, in most instances, now, or at least in a great many instances, old soldiers. And the best answer to the complaint of physical inefficiency, is the fact—that we often hear of their vigilance being eluded; but never of any contests in which rioters or thieves, by force, escape from them! Parish watchmen may be bribed—as police watchmen may be; or they may be apathetic and negligent—as police watchmen, unless, by better payment, their places are made of more value, would be just as likely to be; but certainly robberies are not committed because their strength is ever physically overpowered; and the fact is, that we want very little physical force at any time in this country for the execution of the law; the name and the ensign of power are sufficient; and we should be very loth to take any measure which seemed to admit that they were not so.

In the same way, as to Mr. Peel's point of the "concurrent jurisdiction," between the authorities of the City—properly so called—and those of Middlesex and Westminster. The one jurisdiction affords no "sanctuary," we apprehend, to offenders from the other. And surely, in the beginning, it would be enough for each party to commence by curing itself? If two houses were on fire, one on each side of Fleet-street, what nonsense it would seem to talk of waiting for a concurrent stream of water, or the arrival of two engines, before we began to put them out! The state of the city police is *infamous*; worse, no doubt, than that of Westminster. But let Westminster and Middlesex reduce themselves to something like order; and the heavy aldermen—though great bodies are prone to move slowly—will get an impulse from parliament—or public indignation—which will assist them in their march. It is a little premature, moreover, this scheme of getting rid of our parochial watch, and setting all matters right by exchanging it for a public police, when the incompetency of our public police itself, is a topic of complaint all over the country.

To us, however, we confess it seems perfectly hopeless that any change in the character of our nightly watch—subject to the continuance of its present amount in force and numbers—can produce any material effects in the prevention of crimes against property. Any advantage which an extension of its strength might effect, would be confined, it will be recollected, to the reduction of offence within the metropolis: a change in the state of the watch of London can have no opera-

tion upon the amount of crime in the counties. But the present numbers of the nightly watch in London, are perfectly unequal to produce any decided effect in the prevention of many kinds of depredations; especially of that species of theft which they are most peculiarly maintained to guard against—the robberies (burglarious or otherwise) upon houses.

Every species of offensive operation must have an advantage over the defensive. The street watch is a definite thing: to be looked for in a definite place; changing its position at known intervals; and whenever it takes up any one locality, leaving at least three others unguarded and exposed. We have before observed, in a passing notice upon this subject, that the duty entrusted to the nightly watch, is four times even more extended than its strength could properly perform. With less than a given number of sentries, it is impossible to occupy a given line; if we double their distances, the enemy passes between. A nightly watchman can only guard so much of ground or property as he can at once keep within his eye—or at least not a great deal more. If he must leave one street (as he is compelled to do) for ten minutes together, unguarded, while he walks round to serve another, he can by no possibility be responsible for the safety of his “beat.” Nothing is more easy, or more certain—and it is the ordinary habit of the thief—to watch a watchman, from that point of his guard, on which he (the rogue) proposes to perform his operation: five minutes is in general sufficient to effect an entry into premises; and by a very little management he may calculate of free leave for twenty. And it is impossible that any change unattended with very heavy expense, could effect an improvement upon this state of things: because five times the number of watchmen now employed, would not be equal to such an arrangement as would give each man a locality which he could overlook, and be reasonably held answerable for. In fact, a great increase of number would reduce, but no number that we can talk of retaining could entirely prevent depredations upon houses. From the manner in which the streets of London are divided: the various different avenues of access to the same buildings: the innumerable cross streets, and bye lanes, the alleys, and yards, and passages, and “mews,” it would be impossible to maintain such numbers of guards as should make the watch upon houses entirely effective. And even if this outward supervision could be compassed, from the number of empty houses, or unfinished buildings, to which admission may be obtained by day; from the possibility of hiring a house, or lodging—a speculation very slight compared with many of those undertaken by London thieves—for the purpose of passing from one building to another: from the abutment of the backs of whole streets of large and well inhabited houses, (as those in Bloomsbury) upon neighbourhoods of entire knavery and pauperism, which the eyes of Argus could not keep honest, and which cannot be removed:—in short, when it is notorious that the man who sits upon the *front* of a carriage, within thirty miles of town, cannot prevent property from being stolen from *behind* it—it seems hopeless that we should ever devise any system of watching (police or parochial) by which the *entry of thieves into buildings*—connected with which particular point a word hereafter—can be entirely, or even within a very long interval of entirely, prevented. The watch, and the police also, may upon several points be susceptible

of improvement; but we doubt whether it is by attention to these measures alone, that the amount of annual crime against property, will in any very considerable degree be abated.

As the best theories, unless well looked after, are apt to do mischief by running into extremes, we are a little afraid that, among the various modes of reducing the average of crime that presses upon the country, the simply obvious one, of punishing the parties who commit it, has fallen undeservedly into neglect. The plan has its merits—although it is simple and self evident: in many countries, it is very much relied on; and, in our own, the principle—upon matters not connected with human frailty—is decidedly recognized. The farmer troubles himself little (for he knows it would be to little purpose) to fence round his poultry yard, and guard it by watchmen at every corner from the attacks of the fox: but he *shoots the criminal the first time he catches him*: and experience shews us that the same party so treated, seldom offends again. We are a little afraid—protesting that no person can be more forward than ourselves, in the cause of real humanity—that rogues have been rather too much petted, during the run of philanthropy, in the course of the last ten years. The feeling which has led to this result is—supposing it to have occurred—honourable; but it is not so entirely a feeling of disinterested benevolence as the warmest of its disciples imagine; and the cause of its extent and popularity may very easily be traced. The vulgar proverb of “First come, first served,” has an application in all the affairs of human life: the calamity before us—that which *obtrudes* itself upon our notice—we are always very anxious to remedy: sufferings far greater, and deservings far more meritorious, not decidedly thrust upon our observation, pass for very little. The criminal portion of mankind are thrown, by their position, out of the great mass, and under our especial notice; and they reap the benefit, very largely, of that location. Prisons are public institutions: we visit them: feel concerned, nationally, in their competent regulation: then take a pride in them; and in the course of all this acquire a feeling of compassion for the individuals who inhabit them. The same quantity of misery, or a tenfold greater degree, existing abroad in the crowd and bustle of the world, we lament—but it does not come before us in a ready and distinctive form—and, moreover, not within such a compass that we can relieve it. We cannot give bibles and flannel waistcoats to a whole world: and we are apt to give them—without any inquiry, which would be too tedious or too troublesome, into peculiar merits—to the people who stand before us, and who are without them: we forget, when we extend our charity to a thief, who is sentenced to twelve months imprisonment for some tolerably considerable crime, that many an honest man is in quite equal need of that same charity, who is not *in the way* to receive it, simply because he has performed those duties and obeyed those laws, which the whining knave before us has refused to attend to.

We do not mean here to enter into the question, of how much good is effected by the prison honorary regulators—how much “criminal reform?” We believe that, practically, the “reform” produced is so small as not to be worth notice. The creed of a thief in prison, and the tale of a deserter who goes over to the enemy, are likely to be what the French hair-dresser’s religion was—“Any thing that shall please his lordship!” The persons who are not so mixed up, in belief or interest, with the reforming party, as to be capable of forming an opinion (and

we declare, without hesitation, that for the declaration of gaolers or turnkeys—where that party is accustomed to visit—we would not give one farthing) all these affirm, who have had the best means of information, that the real reform effected is very rare, and even the show of it very transitory. Mr. Cunningham's book upon New South Wales, among other authorities, may be consulted with great advantage upon this subject: and, in the meantime, we are quite sure that the principle of giving "more joy to the one sinner that repenteth, than to the ninety-nine just men who have no need of repentance"—however it may be worthy of consideration in the matter of sublunary views, as applied to all worldly affairs, is as direct an offer of a bounty to sin as can well be imagined. It is an ill temptation to hold out before the industrious and indigent labourer, against whose necessities, perhaps his best exertions are scarcely able to make head, the fact that those persons whom the law calls "criminals"—who have seized the advantage which he has often perceived, but refused to avail himself of—that these persons are relieved from labour, better lodged, and as well fed, as himself; and, moreover, made the objects of peculiar care and attention to a large body of his superiors in rank and wealth, by whom his own necessitous condition—and the exertions which he makes fairly to bear up against it—are overlooked, or—deplored with a sort of general lamentation, and dismissed. Men may not be tempted, by these exhibitions, to commit crime: but their apprehension of the ultimate consequence of committing it, will unavoidably be materially lessened. They will not court the prison, for the sake of Mrs. Fry's patronage: but, if the worst should happen, Mrs. Fry's patronage is a capital *pis-aller*. It is a sort of "purse to the losing man." The fight—that is, the robbery—takes its course. If the offender wins—*i. e.* escapes, he has mended his condition considerably: if he is detected, he has a resource (perhaps rather better than his original condition) to fall back upon!

Now a principle like this is wrong: and we believe that the excess of it is practically mischievous. If society draws no distinction between the honest man and the thief, or makes its distinction rather in favour of the latter, the result is that crime *ought* to increase. The trade of theft is more easy, as well as more lucrative, than that of honesty; we have only to make it more creditable—as already we treat it "in pity more than anger"—and the sooner all persons, who have not every thing they can desire, turn thieves the better!

As the law stands, its sentences are very lenient: its successful operation very uncertain. The number of executions, as set against the capital convictions, does not amount to one in fifteen. Transportation, as a punishment, we have already observed, has little terror: and it is too expensive, if it had terror, to be generally employed. The "hulks," again, are maintained at an enormous charge to the country; and, from the indisposition of mankind always to *go on* inflicting punishment after the subject of provocation has ceased, it is generally known that a great proportion of the culprits manage, upon some pretence, to get liberated after a few years of confinement—when they return to society, to commit new crimes—and be returned to their former situation. And the minor species of punishments, as the short terms of imprisonment—and this is almost all that can be apprehended—abundance of persons are always ready to hazard, against the actual profit (added to the chance of entire impunity) gained by engaging in

the trade of theft. The object then would be, if possible, to devise some species of penalty, or course of punishment, which shall be sufficiently displeasing to deter offenders from crime, and yet not of a nature from which, as disproportioned to the offence, humanity will recoil: and this desideratum—sufficiently difficult to be supplied—brings us rather to one of the circumstances which we set out by charging as a cause of part of the recent increase of crime—the stoppage or failure of those drains, by which as short a time back as twenty or thirty years since, the depraved or doubtful part of our population, was accustomed, in a considerable degree, to be carried off.

During the whole of the last twelve or fourteen years, the diminution of our military and naval establishments, has removed a valuable drain that we possessed, for the incipient knavery of the country. Apprehensions, we recollect, were entertained, lest the kingdom should be flooded with offenders, at the time when great numbers of men were discharged from our army; but the real probability of inconvenience lay in the presence of those who would cease to be enlisted into it. We know that we shall be met upon the threshold of this part of our discussion—by the clamour against “looking at our army and navy” as “places of retreat for criminals:” but we will go through with the argument, whatever termination it is to have: there must be a dust-hole in some corner of every house; and the modern philosophy, which says there shall be none, only concludes by leaving the dust scattered up and down, trampling under foot, and doing mischief every where. The fact, too, is one over which the optimists will find it hard to get: the enlistments for the army and navy, in the time of the war, *did* purge the country of its scum, and turned it—as the manure which is a nuisance in one place becomes valuable in another—to purposes of utility and advantage. The recruiting parties cleansed, periodically, the villages and the towns. The poachers, fowl stealers, garden robbers, and other incipient candidates for the gallows, in the counties; dissolute mechanics, stage-struck footmen, and idle apprentices in the cities; all those who only waited for the bribe of a few guineas in hand, and a few days’ drunkenness, to commit some offence which would have fixed their destinies as rogues for life: all these, and a great many others, who had committed small crimes, and whom their neighbours or masters thought better got rid of than prosecuted: all this rabblement—amid the rejoicings of their friends that they met with no worse fate—were regularly, and periodically, carried off by “the soldiers.”

Beyond this voluntary enlistment, both in the agricultural districts and in the larger towns, and especially in the metropolis, minor offences were frequently commuted by magistrates, for the immediate entry of the prisoner into the army or navy. It is a sickly nicety that objects to this: the same aim that did a wrong in shooting at a pheasant, turned to good account when pointed at a Frenchman: the wavering principles of the parties were more likely to be fixed by a drill serjeant than by Mrs. Fry: and the worst of them were at least as fit to figure in the 40th Foot, as to be restored—with the help of greased locks and hymn books—to a place in civil society. In fact, at all events, the profligate, *in esse*, and *in posse*, were the men who recruited our armies, and received bounties as substitutes in our militia: and it was well for them and the country that they did so. They made first-rate soldiers; and were made good subjects: the observation of the elders was of latter years—when

such a character marched away—"He'll come back a better man than he went!" and the comment was a just one. The stern and unceasing discipline of the army; the certainty of punishment, from which (except in avoiding offence) there was no escaping; tamed and regulated those spirits, which, less tightly curbed, would have carried their owner to his ruin. Many a rogue that, at eighteen, shewed every symptom of making a figure at the Old Bailey, made a figure at Vittoria and at Waterloo, and returned to his native village a sergeant. Less fortunate, or less meritorious men, were sobered, if not radically cured, by the habit of restraining themselves; they became cautious—if not entirely honest; and even this is something. The discipline of a battalion does that for the human character, which the bar wig does for the human head; the one equalizes habits, and morals, and temperaments, as the other, without being in any high degree ornamental, levels personal appearance: no one perhaps shews very well—but no one shews very ill—in it. The advantage to society, and to the interests of humanity, from the reception of these people into the service, was incalculable; it was often rather a reckless than an abstractedly vicious spirit which was leading them into mischief: but it was leading them to a course, which society was compelled, at all hazards, to repress, and it would never have been eradicated by any mild or ordinary course of discipline.*

Then when it is considered that, during the war, our enlistments and press system, carried from 20,000 to 30,000 men every year away, it will be evident that the opportunity existed for more than all our knaves to go, and the very best temptation that could be offered to attract them. The question is as to any means by which, under a peace establishment, any approach to the same advantage can be enjoyed. The inconvenience of the existing system is, that the same individual offenders—through a long course of smaller crimes, ending generally in a capital one—continue to pester society often for a long series of years. Thieves, perfectly well known, and from time to time convicted, nevertheless live on, and sometimes become wealthy men, in the exercise of their vocation. Juries—especially where an offence is called capital—although there be no chance of the capital sentence being carried into execution—are unwilling, except upon the most indisputable evidence, to convict. Smaller depredations are punished by terms of imprisonment: and for these, the same men are regularly tried, and convicted, over and over again, session after session. The pickpockets, who are confined from time to time under the "police act," are in the same situation; liberated in one month, and tried for a fresh offence in the next. The result is, that their whole lives are maintained at the charge of the public; for one half their time is occupied in committing depredation, and the other half in expiating the offence in prison. Now, with reference to one description of offenders—the females—there is no help for this. One favourable circumstance is, that their criminality is less dangerous than that of men: and society must be content to keep them in order as well as it may, by an expensive system of confinement, and now and then to make an additional outlay, in the way of transportation, to get rid of them. But, for the male offenders, we are not inclined, for the sake of

* Immediately upon the termination of the war (and of the levies) the amount of crime rose enormously. The number of commitments in the year 1815 (the last year of the war) was 7,818. In 1817, they were 13,500; and they have never decreased materially since.

treating them leniently, to put the country by any means to so much cost. A man who is convicted a second time in a court of justice as a thief, is fixed as a thief for life. A first conviction, in point of fact, generally settles the question of what his future conduct shall be: but beyond a second, the most sanguine reformer (in his senses) can hardly, we should think, entertain a hope. Then there certainly seems to be no reason—or at least we are at a loss to perceive any—why a man should go on living in the community for the sole purpose of committing crimes, if there are any means by which that community can get rid of him. When, we know from experience, that he will go on offending, until he is (say) transported, is it not more reasonable, instead of waiting for his thirteenth offence—if we can do so—say to transport him for the third?

We have, for instance, for the last year, a catalogue of say 2,500 culprits: nineteen of them in twenty thieves: of these not thirty will suffer capitally: not so many as a hundred will actually be transported beyond seas: the rest will all be, within a short time—the greater part within two years—turned out again to prey upon the public: and, during this interval, the active and industrious part of the community—the poor no less than the rich—are furnishing the means of subsistence, in idleness, to the caterpillars!

Our impression is, then, that one of the most important steps that could be taken towards the diminution of crime in England, would be the resort to some species of punishment, which should remove offenders in the beginning of their career, instead of allowing them to remain session after session, and year after year, a pestilence to the community: and which should, moreover—for this is the material circumstance—either get rid of them at a slight expense, or make them, if we are compelled to incur expense, in some way useful to the country in their exile. This is a problem of difficulty; and we know that the scheme which we are about to suggest, will be met by many with objection. In fact, no scheme for disposing of offenders ever could be devised that would not be open to very easy exception. It is scarcely possible to deal very benignantly with such persons, and yet justly with the community at large. There is so much misery necessarily attached to the lot of even honest industry and poverty, that it is difficult to *provide*, especially and directly, for any class of parties, without almost protecting instead of punishing them. Our own view, however, decidedly is, that the true policy is rather the reverse of that now in popularity. We must, even at the hazard of being stigmatized as oppressive, take care that, in all arrangements, we preserve the honest man: the hanged part of society must not have all the preference over the unchanged; and we confess that, in the absence of any more available plan—and we shall be extremely glad to have our attention directed to any—we have a feeling that a good deal might be done by a change in the constitution of our military force employed in the colonies.

The consumption of human life, in our colonial regiments, is enormous. Seven years almost always reduces a regiment entirely to a skeleton; and not unfrequently less than three years—nay even two years, and sometimes one year—is sufficient to produce the same effect. Of course our readers will be aware that this havock proceeds from the unwholesomeness of the climate; there being, in fact, in the islands, no peril or death at all from war. The number of the troops maintained in our colonies

(India excepted) is about 10,000. Of these, some are men who have been sentenced from other regiments, to West India service, for misconduct: but the offences of such soldiers are often slight, and they might very well be dealt with (if such a course were desirable) and retained in their own corps: besides which, this source does not furnish any thing like the whole supply, and troops are regularly raised, in the ordinary way, for colonial service. Then it certainly does not appear to us to be very well ordered, that free and unattainted subjects—or men very nearly in that situation—should be employed in this dangerous and unthankful duty, while convicted thieves—nay thieves for life—convicted half a dozen times over—enjoy the highly preferable lot of being retained as labourers in England, or of being transported to the admirable climate, and every way desirable locality of Botany Bay. If it be objected that these enlistments still (upon the principle we have above described) carry off a number of persons who *would* probably be burthensome to the country, then we answer that *those* persons are good enough for the average service of the army: to the worst men—although this principle is lately a good deal overruled—we would assign the worst duty.

A soldier in a West India regiment, being under orders to embark for Jamaica, absolutely by committing a felony, would raise his fortune, as the law stands, two hundred per cent. For the worst that could happen to him, would be that, in a few years, he would have the means of becoming a free settler in Van Diemen's Land. It is difficult certainly to understand the policy of this arrangement, which allows the better man to be visited with incomparably the worse lot; and we do believe, that, with advantage, it might be changed. We repeat that we are not afraid of bringing degradation upon the army: such a result is no necessary consequence of the course which we propose. The same men who would only be mischievous and dangerous, entrusted with the freedom belonging to a civil condition of society, under the prompt and severe discipline of military law, would, in three instances out of four, become active and effective soldiers. To restrain them from error, and keep them in the way that they should go, they require a degree of coercion, which, as free subjects, cannot be maintained over them: subject to that coercion (which the law of the army is in the habit of exercising) there is no reason why they should not become useful members of society.

Our object is not at present to enter into any of the details which would be connected with the execution of a scheme like this: all we wish is to enforce, as a principle, the utility of clearing England of characters who, at home, can only be burthensome; and who, by the course that we propose, would, not only be removed from the scene where they are a danger and an offence, but enjoy the chance of redeeming themselves elsewhere. It would be easy to form those offenders, who, under the provisions of the law, should become subject to such a penalty, into select corps for the service of the colonies, allowing them the privilege, after seven years of good behaviour, to volunteer into regiments of the line. There could be slight danger of insubordination from such troops, as they need only be employed in conjunction with regular regiments; and of difficulty in dealing with the individuals, we have no apprehension; we believe that the major part would become smart soldiers; and for those who proved incorrigible, punishments would be provided by the rules of military service, which, however painful such a resource might be, there could be no hesitation as to carrying into execution.

The advantage of a system like this would be, that we could thin the ranks of the offenders who, under the present law, are over and over again, turned out to prey upon the country, without either producing a ruinous expense to the public, or shutting the individuals themselves out from all chance of retrieving their station in society. Judges of assize, or magistrates at sessions, might be empowered, on a man's second conviction for minor offences, or on his first conviction for a felony, to sentence him, instead of transportation, to a certain number of years of military service in the colonies. The men would be secure in this situation. They would be past the power of doing mischief. And they would be ten times over in a better position to reform than if they were in confinement: for they would be living in society, and actually performing a useful duty in the state: subject to such *surveillance*, as—incomparably better than withdrawing them from the world—compelled them to honest and active conduct in it. Such a punishment would unite two of the most important, and yet most difficult qualities to blend in any description of penalty: it would be very much dreaded by offenders, and yet not of such a character that we could have an aversion to inflicting it. Of all conditions distasteful to a thief, there is none so very abhorrent as the state of a soldier. Discipline, constant exertion, the necessity for prompt submission, without murmur or appeal; all these are circumstances the most repugnant to those tastes and habits which he quits the course of honesty and industry purely to indulge: and yet they are inconveniences to which the most scrupulous philanthropist could have no hesitation in subjecting him. He is made serviceable: he is placed in an excellent school for curing his ill dispositions: he has still the means, by good conduct, of regaining the position that his offences have forfeited: and—his name does not go on year after year swelling the criminal calendar: until he is reformed, the country is delivered from him.

Objections will be taken to this scheme, in which we admit there is no novelty, and which we shall be glad to see displaced by some proposition more effective: but, in the meantime, we are convinced that if measures are to be adopted, which shall reduce the amount of crime which exists in the country, they must be either some punishments which shall strike terror into offenders, or some arrangement which shall carry them off more rapidly from the country as they do arise. For mere improvements in our regulations of police, we are far from contending that much exertion is not wanting in this department, or that good may not be effected by exertion in it; but we doubt whether that benefit would be extremely extensive: and it is to be recollected that it would be confined entirely to the metropolis. In the counties nothing could be done by “concurrent jurisdiction,” or a change in the “nightly watch:” but the power of getting rid of dangerous and disorderly people there, would be of incalculable value: the curse of the agricultural districts is in the hordes of smaller offenders, who appear over and over again until they are as familiar to the gaoler as his own servants: dividing their time, as we have already observed—but always at the common expense—between residence in gaol, and engagement in depredation.

In London, too, we are inclined to believe that any improvements which may be effected from a change in the state of the police, will be rather in the getting rid of the mass of disorder and riot which now disgraces our streets, than of the depredation which is committed in

them. Or, if this last object is attended to, and any advantage gained in it, such advantage can only be looked for in a very trivial and incompetent degree. In fact, wherever great wealth is abroad, and great traffic always carrying on, the system of prevention must necessarily be inefficient and confined. Every such system can only be founded upon some abridgment of the free agency of the subject: this result, besides any objection attaching to it from other causes, is peculiarly inconvenient—we may say intolerable—in a commercial country: such a system would more than outweigh, in its offence, ten times the amount of protection which it afforded. It is too great a demand upon men's time and patience, that, for the sake of those, towards whom they are inclined to feel with very little forbearance, they should go very far in a system purely preventive. Every man's transactions in trade cannot be made hourly subject to inspection, that a few knaves may not deal in stolen property; nor can the possessions of any other man be so constantly watched, that they may not at some time be attacked by the thief, whose business is to find an opportunity of plundering them. It is necessary—for the trade, if it is to have existence, will not bear this enormous tax—to find some cheaper and more compendious mode of giving protection. To deter by severe example is one course of effecting this object, and one to which, in case of necessity, we should not hesitate to resort. But that of a prompt removal of offenders—combined with such a treatment as should make that removal distasteful rather to the habits of the parties than attended with direct physical suffering—is a result less offensive to the feelings of humanity, and one which might, in some degree, be attained, we think, under the arrangement that we have described.

It remains only shortly to observe upon a few of the points connected with the state of our metropolitan police, in which something like a change (now reform is on foot) would be desirable: and this is a part of our subject which we shall treat very briefly, not only because our limits will not permit us to extend upon it, but because the details which it embraces would be better calculated for the consideration of the authorities immediately entrusted with the administration of that branch of affairs, than interesting or intelligible to the public at large.

Some approach to peaceableness and order in our streets, is of no less value for the general convenience and decorousness maintained by it, than as it would operate to destroy many opportunities for the commission of crime: and in this respect the state of London is disgraceful to the police authorities. The City is incomparably worse regulated than any other portion of the town. From midnight until three or four o'clock in the morning, Fleet-street, at all times of the year, is regularly paraded by gangs of drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes, who render the passage absolutely dangerous to peaceable inhabitants, and to whose conduct of riot and abuse, the watchmen and patrols, having either the cue to that effect from their superiors, or toleration at least from those authorities in their negligence, offer no impediment. In despite of the denials of parliamentary aldermen, there is a general understanding that the influence which certain publicans of this neighbourhood (who gain largely by the expenditure of these wretches) possess in the city elections, induce the London magistracy to endure the scandalous excesses, which go on under their very eye-sight: if this should be proved to be the case—as we think, by the continuance of the nuisance, after so much

complaint, it most satisfactorily is—it is fit, that by a peremptory act of the legislature—without waiting for the city to “give up its privileges”—such a public disgrace should be put an end to.

A second circumstance of consideration, and one of more general importance in any discussion, as to the improvement of our metropolitan police, will be the conduct and regulation of that unhappy class of females, with which, in common with those of most great cities, the streets of London are infested. The subject is an unpleasant one to treat of; but, for a short space, we find it our duty to pursue it: when a nuisance is absolutely driving us from our streets, and even from the windows of our houses, it is too great a fastidiousness to refuse to argue upon the means of abating it. Upon the expediency of tolerating the existence of the miserable class of beings in question, there can be no doubt: but there is no earthly reason why, in England more than in any other country, their conduct should be permitted to become an offence to all society. There is no reason why, in London, after nightfall, it should be impossible for any decent female to pass through the streets, even protected, without being exposed to such insults, and such exhibitions, as it is impossible to think of without indignation: and if it were not that those who make the laws, are, by their wealth and means of equipage and attendance, secured from such annoyances, the state of things is one which would not be permitted, for a single session of parliament, to continue. If thirty members of the House of Commons were exposed, with their families for one month, to the offence, which is endured by the tradesmen (no less respectable in their habits and feelings) between St. Paul's and Charing-cross, within the next week, the London magistracy would receive an intimation, that they *must* “give up” their authority, or use it in some manner more beneficial to the morals and convenience of the public.

There certainly could be no cruelty in protecting the ears of decent persons, and especially of the females, who may be compelled to move through a particular locality, from gross and monstrous obscenity. The permission to use such conduct can produce no advantage to the parties so indulged: all that can be necessary, or advisable, is to give free licence to the trade of these miserable people: without allowing them the privilege (extended to no other class of subjects) of insulting and disgusting—without any gain to themselves—the whole community. The same description of traffic is carried on in other capital cities; in Madrid, in Paris, and in Lisbon: but no where accompanied with any approach to the same open and needless enormities. The abuse forms no necessary part of the character or calling of the beings who commit it: and arises simply from the natural proneness there is about human nature—especially in a degraded condition—to offence, where it is known that such offence will be tolerated. We are aware of the general disposition that exists to treat these unhappy people with forbearance, and we will not question the justness of that disposition: but we owe consideration to other portions of the community besides that part which happens to be vicious; and, besides, the evil which we complain of, six months of firm conduct would be sufficient to put an end to entirely. The same females, who render our ordinary theatres almost unapproachable to decent women, from the offensive obtrusiveness of their deportment, go into the pit at the Opera House—the same individuals—where they know that riot is not permitted—and conduct themselves

in a manner offensive to no one. And, for severity, there needs no iota of it even in the process of abating the evil that we allude to: a woman who haunts the streets for a livelihood, hates confinement sufficiently in nineteen cases out of twenty, to induce her to govern her tongue in order to avoid it: and—for the severity—such a being—soul and body—is better off while she is in prison than when she is out of it.

For the diminution of depredation likely to be produced by a reform of the riot and disorder which now disgrace our streets, we have already stated our opinion, that that reduction could only be of a very limited character. And of the check that can be given to theft by any new description of police arrangement—unless such an one as public opinion would not acquiesce in—we are not disposed to be very sanguine. Some slight alterations of arrangement in the way of detail may have a limited utility; and many of these would be of a character, probably, at first sight, deemed very trifling and unimportant. The slender alteration, for example, in the regulation of the “nightly watch,” of causing it to remain on guard one hour later in the morning, would do more, we suspect, to check robberies in town, than the grand change of the system from parochial to general. This is a little matter of practice; but, nevertheless, very material. The real difficulty of thieves under any system of police will not be in the getting access to property, in London, in the night: but there is considerable difficulty and danger in the work of removing it. The stoppage of persons found abroad with loads at unseasonable hours of the night, or even of those seen putting them into vehicles, is a measure of great restraint to the operations of the larcenous part of the community. Five-sixths of the house robberies that are discovered in town, are discovered by the apprehension of the thieves, not in breaking into the dwellings, but in carrying off the plunder. And almost the only period at which this can be effected, with any tolerable chances of safety, is exactly at day break in the later months of the year—within about one hour—from six o’clock to seven—after the night watch has been withdrawn, and yet the town is not sufficiently alive, or lighted, to make interruption from passengers likely. The keeping the lamps lighted in London for half an hour later from September to April, and the watch at their posts an hour longer all the year round, would be alterations attended with very little expense, and such as would, practically, prevent a great many burglaries. The half hour lost by the guard, is always sure to be the half hour gained by the depredator.

A farther advantage to which the public of London are entitled, and one which would be also obtained at a very slight expense, is an addition to the numerical strength of our evening and night police. By a due attention paid to the placing of a very few extra watchmen or constables, three-fourths of the street robberies attended with violence might be prevented. All those thoroughfares about town, which run through bad neighbourhoods—such as those, for instance, of High-street, St. Giles’s—part of Bishops-gate-street—and Gray’s-inn-lane, should be doubly watched. Stationary watchmen, or police officers, should also be placed, constantly after dark, at the mouths of those avenues which run from ill neighbourhoods into the high streets. Ruffians lurk in crowded thoroughfares, near these points of retreat, for the purpose of attacking passengers; and when once they reach the corner that leads to the general resort, pursuit, on the part of the per-

son robbed, becomes hopeless: these means of escape ought to be cut off, and might be so with very little difficulty: twenty men cannot watch a wolf in his nightly prowlings: but one is sufficient to catch him as he returns to his den with the prey.

A force of one hundred additional watchmen, stationed with judgment, and compelled to be active, would be sufficient to prevent two-thirds of the street robberies which are now every winter committed in town: a hundred more would effect considerable benefit in the outskirts: but, in these—especially in the suburbs on the Surrey side the river—Lambeth, Kennington, Clapham, &c. &c.—all residents will bear us out in our opinion, that, for any material change, nothing less than a decided increase in the severity of our police system can be looked to. If any Secretary of State for the Home Department will take the trouble to walk, a-foot, about twelve at night, from Blackfriar's-bridge to Vauxhall, or Camberwell turnpike, he will be able, we are sure, to satisfy his colleagues of State (if he return alive) that our view of the state of things in these parishes is not exaggerated: and the evil is too widely spread to be cured by any preventive arrangement; a scheme of "watching," to be effective, must watch half the community.

In addition to these considerations, it does appear to us absolutely imperative that some measures should be adopted, to check that most powerful adjunct to the trade of theft—an adjunct without which that trade must speedily stop—the business of receiving, and dealing in stolen goods. That the persons and dwellings of regular receivers of stolen goods out of number should be entirely known to the police, and that no course should be taken to destroy, or even to harass them, does seem to be a state of things, the necessity of which must be proved to us before we can admit it.* The number of persons, too, unfortunately, in town, is known to be considerable, who, without carrying on a distinct trade as receivers of stolen goods, are, nevertheless, far from particular as to the fact where property comes from—purchased in the course of their business, or out of it—provided they can deal advantageously by entering into the bargain. If a public prosecutor is appointed, as it is proposed, no mercy ought to be shewn to persons of this latter description; and every case which bears the semblance of such fraudulent dealing most rigidly investigated; and it is not clear to us, that, upon a second conviction for receiving or dealing in stolen goods, the party (if those convictions

* The greatest part of the difficulty in the way of dealing effectually with these "receivers," arises out of the inconvenience of well regulating the emoluments of our police officers. We can hardly give these people a very active interest in the apprehension of offenders, without weakening the value, at the same time, of their testimony in all cases, by the fact that their livelihood is generally concerned in the conviction of the man that they swear against. As the arrangement stands, it is not difficult for a man who makes large gains by the dealing in stolen property, to purchase the forbearance of an officer, who would gain little or nothing probably by molesting him. And the circumstances under which such dealers are commonly detected—where they are detected—are almost always such as would lead to a suspicion that some practice like this is going on. When a "receiver" is apprehended, and his house searched, there is invariably a large quantity of stolen property—property stolen a long time back—discovered; and the immediate question is—since this man is so perfectly well known to the police, how does it happen that he was not apprehended before? There is not quite so much activity about our magistrates in these matters as might be desired. A police magistrate should be answerable, in some degree, for the condition of his district: he does not sit in his office—or ought not to sit there—merely for the purpose of committing such parties to prison as the vigilance of inferior agents may find it convenient to bring before him.

failed to carry him out of the country) might not with great propriety be made subject to search, at all times, both in his person and in his premises, by the police (without any specific warrant for the purpose granted by a magistrate, for a term of—say ten years—to be fixed by the court which tried and sentenced him.

It will be obvious that, in a discussion of so much general interest, and so extended in detail as the present, only a very brief outline of any change or changes which might be desirable, can be given within the limits of a magazine. We are aware, too, that, in the hints we have thrown out, we shall have exposed ourselves to the hazard of being charged with mere vulgar error—with a recurrence to the antiquated policy of severe enactments, to prevent the increase, or the commission of crime. If every course that has been used and departed from—and the utility of which would seem to be obvious—is, of necessity, error, we must be content to lie under the charge. The whole question, as it seems to us, is one of degree. To be criminal is a condition undoubtedly pitiable and unhappy: but injustice is done to honesty—a consummation we are anxious to avoid—if we fail to treat criminality at the same time as a condition fit to be steadily visited with punishment. In admitting the circumstances connected with crime to be fairly entitled to some commiseration, we by no means recognize the principle, that the mass of crime committed in this country proceeds from either public or individual distress. Distress is a convenient plea for those persons in society who will not endure privations, or undergo the labour of making exertions to avoid them: but it is not distress that makes one-fifth of the domestic servants of England dishonest, and half the rest—male and female—the better paid, notoriously the more impracticable—the most unmanageable class of people in existence.

The crime which fills the country against property is not the kind of crime against property which distress would produce; nor are those individuals who are distressed the characters that we find concerned in the commission of it. Drunkenness brings more people to the gallows than the wants of a wife and four children. Wherever any approach to the fair excuse of distress exists, with all the selfishness that the world is accused of, sufficient, and more than sufficient, disposition exists to shew lenity and allowance: the disposition to severity is seldom if ever found—never but as an exception to the common rule—except where that plea is distinctly negatived by circumstances. The shopkeepers of London, whose passions against larceny are always kept excited by the constant depredations to which they are exposed, and the vital interest they feel in getting rid of offenders—these people never spare a “person in a respectable station of life,” who is caught lifting, or otherwise purloining their goods: but whenever a case of real and pressing want is made out—even without inquiring into the causes which may have produced that want—we almost invariably find them disposed to relieve the offender; and to forego prosecution.

Then against the system of extending too much charity to the thief, painful as the task is, it is our duty to hold up our hands. If we could reward all the virtuous, we should be very glad to see such a practice introduced: but as that scheme is incapable of being acted upon, we must punish the vicious—there must exist the distinction. We sincerely believe that that distinction is not sufficiently marked at present: and—with all the odium which may attach to such a declaration—we add our belief, that a great portion of the indifference as to character

which prevails with the lower orders, arises out of the slender distinction they see taken by their superiors, between the claims of crime and those of honesty. For the rest, it appears agreed that the existing state of things demands some change. That change, to be an effective, must be a vigorous one: if we wish to remove a mass of feculence, we must have recourse to the birch broom; we cannot do it with a camel's hair pencil. Vice, in every nation, and in every state of society, must be restrained by the fear of suffering. All the speculators who deal in lenient systems, make pain—and pain frequently applied in the most objectionable way—their *ultima ratio*. We may regret that the state of human nature demands this resort: but we are not warranted in refusing to have recourse to it.

VILLAGE SKETCHES:

No. X.

THE MOLE-CATCHER.

THERE are no more delightful or unfailing associations than those afforded by the various operations of the husbandman, and the changes on the fair face of nature. We all know that busy troops of reapers come with the yellow corn; whilst the yellow leaf brings a no less busy train of ploughmen and seedsmen preparing the ground for fresh harvests; that woodbines and wild roses, flaunting in the blossomy hedgerows, give token of the gay bands of haymakers which enliven the meadows; and that the primroses, which begin to unfold their pale stars by the side of the green lanes, bear marks of the slow and weary female processions, the gangs of tired yet talkative bean-setters, who defile twice a day through the intricate mazes of our cross-country roads. These are general associations, as well known and as universally recognised as the union of mince-pies and Christmas. I have one, more private and peculiar—one, perhaps, the more strongly impressed on my mind, because the impression may be almost confined to myself. The full flush of violets which, about the middle of March, seldom fails to perfume the whole earth, always brings to my recollection one solitary and silent coadjutor of the husbandman's labours, as unlike a violet as possible—Isaac Bint, the mole-catcher.

I used to meet him every spring, when we lived at our old house, whose park-like paddock, with its finely clumped oaks and elms, and its richly timbered hedgerows, edging into wild, rude, and solemn fir-plantations, dark, and rough, and hoary, formed for so many years my constant and favourite walk. Here, especially under the great horse-chestnut, and where the bank rose high and naked above the lane, crowned only with a tuft of golden broom—here the sweetest and prettiest of wild flowers, whose very name hath a charm, grew like a carpet under one's feet, enamelling the young green grass with their white and purple blossoms, and loading the very air with their delicious fragrance—here I used to come almost every morning, during the violet-tide—and here almost every morning I was sure to meet Isaac Bint.

I think that he fixed himself the more firmly in my memory by his singular discrepancy with the beauty and cheerfulness of the scenery and the season. Isaac is a tall, lean, gloomy personage, with whom the clock of life seems to stand still. He has looked sixty-five for these last twenty years, although his dark hair and beard, and firm manly

stride, almost contradict the evidence of his sunken cheeks and deeply lined forehead. The stride is awful: he hath the stalk of a ghost. His whole air and demeanour savour of one that comes from under-ground. His appearance is "of the earth, earthy." His clothes, hands, and face are of the colour of the mould in which he delves. The little round traps which hang behind him over one shoulder, as well as the strings of dead moles which embellish the other, are encrusted with dirt like a tombstone; and the staff which he plunges into the little hillocks, by which he traces the course of his small quarry, returns a hollow sound, as if tapping on the lid of a coffin. Images of the church-yard come, one does not know how, with his presence. Indeed he does officiate as assistant to the sexton in his capacity of grave-digger, chosen, as it should seem, from a natural fitness—a fine sense of congruity in good Joseph Reed, the functionary in question, who felt, without knowing why, that, of all men in the parish, Isaac Bint was best fitted to that solemn office.

His remarkable gift of silence adds much to the impression produced by this remarkable figure. I don't think that I ever heard him speak three words in my life. An approach of that bony hand to that earthy leather cap was the greatest effort of courtesy that my daily salutations could extort from him. For this silence, Isaac has reasons good. He hath a reputation to support. His words are too precious to be wasted. Our mole-catcher, ragged as he looks, is the wise man of the village, the oracle of the village-inn, foresees the weather, charms away agues, tells fortunes by the stars, and writes notes upon the almanack—turning and twisting about the predictions after a fashion so ingenious, that it's a moot point which is oftenest wrong—Isaac Bint, or Francis Moore. In one eminent instance, our friend was, however, eminently right. He had the good luck to prophesy, before sundry witnesses—some of them sober—in the tap-room of the Bell—he then sitting, pipe in mouth, on the settle at the right-hand side of the fire, whilst Jacob Frost occupied the left;—he had the good fortune to foretel, on New Year's Day 1812, the downfall of Napoleon Buonaparte—a piece of soothsayership which has established his reputation, and dumbfounded all doubters and cavillers ever since; but which would certainly have been more striking if he had not annually uttered the same prediction, from the same place, from the time that the aforesaid Napoleon became first consul. But this small circumstance is entirely overlooked by Isaac and his admirers, and they believe in him, and he believes in the stars, more firmly than ever.

Our mole-catcher is, as might be conjectured, an old bachelor. Your married man hath more of this world about him—is less, so to say, planet-struck. A thorough old bachelor is Isaac, a contemner and maligner of the sex, a complete and decided woman-hater. Female frailty is the only subject on which he hath ever been known to dilate: he will not even charm away their agues, or tell their fortunes, and, indeed, holds them to be unworthy the notice of the stars.

No woman contaminates his household. He lives on the edge of a pretty bit of woodland scenery, called the Penge, in a snug cottage of two rooms, of his own building, surrounded by a garden cribbed from the waste, well fenced with quickset, and well stocked with fruit-trees, herbs, and flowers. One large apple-tree extends over the roof—a pretty bit of colour when in blossom, contrasted with the thatch of the little dwelling, and relieved by the dark wood behind. Although the owner be solitary, his demesne is sufficiently populous. A long row of bee-hives extends along the warmest side of the garden—for Isaac's

honey is celebrated far and near; a pig occupies a commodious sty at one corner; and large flocks of ducks and geese (for which the Penge, whose glades are intersected by water, is famous) are generally waiting round a back gate leading to a spacious shed, far larger than Isaac's own cottage, which serves for their feeding and roosting-place. The great tameness of all these creatures—for the ducks and geese flutter round him the moment he approaches, and the very pig follows him like a dog—gives no equivocal testimony of the kindness of our mole-catcher's nature. A circumstance of recent occurrence puts his humanity beyond doubt.

Amongst the probable causes of Isaac's dislike to women, may be reckoned the fact of his living in a female neighbourhood (for the Penge is almost peopled with duck-rearers and goose-crammers of the duck and goose gender), and being himself exceedingly unpopular amongst the fair poultry-feeders of that watery vicinity. He beat them at their own weapons; produced at Midsummer geese fit for Michaelmas; and raised ducks so precocious, that the gardeners complained of them as fore-running their vegetable accompaniments; and "panting *peas* toiled after them in vain." In short, the Naiads of the Penge had the mortification to find themselves driven out of B—— market by an interloper, and that interloper a man, who had no manner of right to possess any skill in an accomplishment so exclusively feminine as duck-rearing; and being no ways inferior in another female accomplishment, called scolding, to their sister-nymphs of Billingsgate, they sat up a clamour and a cackle which might rival the din of their own gooseries at feeding-time, and would inevitably have frightened from the field any competitor less impenetrable than our hero. But Isaac is not a man to shrink from so small an evil as female objurgation. He stalked through it all in mute disdain—looking now at his mole-traps, and now at the stars—pretending not to hear, and very probably not hearing. At first this scorn, more provoking than any retort, only excited his enemies to fresh attacks; but one cannot be always answering another person's silence. The flame which had blazed so fiercely, at last burnt itself out, and peace reigned once more in the green alleys of Penge wood.

One, however, of his adversaries—his nearest neighbour—still remained unsilenced.

Margery Grover was a very old and poor woman, whom age and disease had bent almost to the earth; shaken by palsy, pinched by penury, and soured by misfortune—a moving bundle of misery and rags. Two centuries ago she would have been burnt for a witch; now she starved and grumbled on the parish allowance; trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by the dubious profits gained from the produce of two geese and a lame gander, once the unmolested tenants of a greenish pool, situate right between her dwelling and Isaac's, but whose watery dominion had been invaded by his flourishing colony.

This was the cause of feud; and although Isaac would willingly, from a mingled sense of justice and of pity, have yielded the point to the poor old creature, especially as ponds are there almost as plentiful as blackberries, yet it was not so easy to control the habits and inclinations of their feathered subjects, who all perversely fancied that particular pool; and various accidents and skirmishes occurred, in which the ill-fed and weak birds of Margery had generally the worst of the fray. One of her early goslings was drowned—an accident which may happen even to water-fowl; and her lame gander, a sort of pet with the poor old woman,

injured in his well leg ; and Margery vented curses as bitter as those of Sycorax ; and Isaac, certainly the most superstitious personage in the parish—the most thorough believer in his own gifts and predictions—was fain to nail a horse-shoe on his door for the defence of his property, and to wear one of his own ague-charms about his neck for his personal protection.

Poor old Margery ! A hard winter came ; and the feeble, tottering creature shook in the frosty air like an aspen-leaf ; and the hovel in which she dwelt—for nothing could prevail on her to try the shelter of the workhouse—shook like herself at every blast. She was not quite alone either in the world or in her poor hut : husband, children, and grandchildren had passed away ; but one young and innocent being—a great grandson, the last of her descendants—remained a helpless dependent on one almost as helpless as himself.

Little Harry Grover was a shrunken, stunted boy, of five years old—tattered and squalid, like his grandame, and, at first sight, presented almost as miserable a specimen of childhood, as Margery herself did of age. There was even a likeness between them ; although the fierce blue eye of Margery had, in the boy, a mild appealing look, which entirely changed the whole expression of the countenance. A gentle and a peaceful boy was Harry, and, above all, a useful. It was wonderful how many ears of corn in the autumn, and sticks in the winter, his little hands could pick up ! how well he could make a fire, and boil the kettle, and sweep the hearth, and cram the goslings ! Never was a handier boy or a trustier ; and when the united effects of cold, and age, and rheumatism confined poor Margery to her poor bed, the child continued to perform his accustomed offices—fetching the money from the vestry, buying the loaf at the baker's, keeping house, and nursing the sick woman, with a kindness and thoughtfulness, which none but those who know the careful ways to which necessity trains cottage children would deem credible ; and Margery, a woman of strong passions, strong prejudices, and strong affections, who had lived in and for the desolate boy, felt the approach of death embittered by the certainty that the workhouse, always the scene of her dread and loathing, would be the only refuge for the poor orphan.

Death, however, came on visibly and rapidly ; and she sent for the overseer to beseech him to put Harry to board in some decent cottage ; she could not die in peace until he had promised ; the fear of the innocent child's being contaminated by wicked boys and godless women preyed upon her soul ; she implored—she conjured. The overseer, a kind but timid man, hesitated, and was beginning a puzzled speech about the bench and the vestry, when another voice was heard from the door of the cottage.

"Margery," said our friend Isaac, "will you trust Harry to me ? I am a poor man, to be sure ; but, between earning and saving, there'll be enough for me and little Harry. 'Tis as good a boy as ever lived, and I'll try to keep him so. Trust him to me, and I'll be a father to him. I can't say more."

"God bless thee, Isaac Bint ! God bless thee !" was all poor Margery could reply.

They were the last words she ever spoke. And little Harry is living with our good mole-catcher, and is growing plump and rosy ; and Margery's other pet, the lame gander, lives and thrives with them too.

M.

LE ROMAN DE ROSE.*

THOUGH an elaborate review of the above work has just appeared in a respectable periodical—which has, in consequence, the indisputed honour of first introducing the author of the *Roman de Rose* to the English reader—yet so far is the subject from being exhausted, that it still retains sufficient of novelty to recommend it. As the writer of that article has not been able to carry away the abundant harvest which he found, but has left something, perhaps much, to be gleaned by succeeding labourers, we also have ventured to enter the field. After the general view which has been taken of that subject, we have no wish to examine it in detail: we can do little more than advert to such pictures of the work as remain unnoticed; and such, if we are not greatly mistaken, will not be esteemed less interesting than those already before the public.

The *Roman de Rose* is, beyond comparison, the most curious document now existing of the languages, history, opinions, and manners of the Normans, from the ninth to the twelfth century. It is a metrical history, in the *romance*, or ancient vernacular dialect of Normandy, of the dukes of that province, from Rou, or Rollo, to our Henry I. It commences, indeed, at an earlier period—with the irruption of Hastings and his royal pupil, Biorn (the son, as is commonly supposed, of the famous Danish king, Regner Ladbrog), who, in the ninth century, committed such dreadful excesses in France. It is a very copious chronicle, containing more than sixteen thousand verses. Its merits as an historical record, however, are not of the highest order: the greater portion of it has little claim to originality. From Hastings to Richard II. it is little more than a translation of Dudo, dean of St. Quentin; and of William, a monk of Jumieges, from that duke to the Norman conqueror. Still it contains many important particulars omitted, or but imperfectly noticed, by the preceding writers; it exhibits a more faithful picture than either of the then existing state of society in Normandy; and it is entirely original from the Conqueror to A. D. 1106. It was undertaken at the instance of our Henry II., who, at the same time, prevailed on a monk of St. Maur to compile, in the same dialect, a metrical history of his predecessors, from the foundation of the duchy. The chronicle of the latter is nearly three times as copious as the *Roman de Rose*: it still remains in MS.; nor can we reasonably hope for its publication, when we consider the nature of our current literature, and the very few persons who are able to read, still less to edit, it.

Of Robert Nace little is known. He was born in the island of Jersey, A. D. 1124; and he died in England in the sixtieth year of his age. He was educated at Caen in Normandy, and, on arriving at the age fixed by the canons, he took holy orders. In 1160 he finished his arduous undertaking, which, at a time when the true principles of poetry were either not understood or disregarded, procured him a high reputation.

* *Le Roman de Rose, et des Ducs de Normandie, par Robert Nace, Poëte Normand du XIIe siècle; publié pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits de France et d'Angleterre; avec des Notes pour servir à l'Intelligence du Texte. Par Frederic Plugnet, Membre de la Société des Antiquaires de France, etc. 2 tom. 8vo. Rouen; 1827.*

So great was the estimation in which the *Roman de Rose* was held at the court of Henry, that to read and recite it was the favourite amusement of "gallant knights and gentle dames." For this poem Nace was rewarded by his sovereign with a prebend in the cathedral of Bayeux—a reward, however, which he appears to have considered as inadequate, and as falling short of the expectations he had been encouraged to form:—

"Li reis jadis maint bien me fist,
Mult me duna, plus me pramist;
E se il tot duné m'eust,
Co k'il me pramist, miex me fust."*

And he concludes his poem in a manner equally disappointed and petulant:—

"Ci funt le livre Maistre Nace,
Qu'in velt avant fere, s'in face."†

For the reason already assigned, we cannot notice the depredations of either Hastings or Rollo in France; but though the expedition of the former into Italy has been related, that relation has not been in the words of our author. Hence we proceed to give it entire, and as much in Nace's manner as the genius of both languages will permit.

After Hastings had laid waste the western provinces of France, and committed excesses the bare recital of which makes us shudder, he found that the country offered very little to tempt the cupidity of his followers; and he resolved to sail for Rome, a city that he believed to be the richest on earth. He accordingly collected about a hundred vessels, and, accompanied by the royal Biorn, passed the straits of Gibraltar, and proceeded towards Italy. Though no mention is, as far as we can remember, made of this expedition in the chronicles of that country, and though the accounts given of it by Nace and the monk of St. Maur possess little of the soberness belonging to history, there appears to be some foundation for it. Luna, then a flourishing city, but now a petty town on the gulf of Spezzio, was the first and only scene of Hastings's depredations in Italy. His arrival at the port, we are told, was predicted in an extraordinary manner:—

"In the cathedral of that city, matins had one morning begun, and proceeded I wot not how far, and one of the choristers was reading a lesson (neither do I know which it was), when he suddenly stopt short, in the very midst of the chapter, and no other thing could he say than, '*A hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' Wherefore the clergy around him inquire, 'What sayest thou? thou takest no heed to the book.' Quoth he: '*I tell you that a hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' So they again: 'Look well at the manuscript.' But still he cried out, '*A hundred ships approach Porto Venere!*' The same thing he said a fourth time; nor for the life of him could he say other. Which thing proved to be a prophecy; for the next morning, when all arose, they espied the fleet of Biorn." (Tom. i. p. 25, 26.)

When Hastings arrived at the port, the city appeared so magnificent that both he and his chiefs were persuaded it must be Rome. Their

* "Formerly the king did me much good: he gave me much, but he promised more. If he had given me all he promised, it would have been much better for me."

† "Here ends the book of Master Nace: if any person wishes to continue the subject, let him do it."

appearance terrified the inhabitants; and all who resided in the vicinity fled within the walls, to claim the protection of the absent governor and the bishop.

"Very deceitful was Hastings, and of marvellous cunning. He saw that, as the city was strong, well defended, and able to hold out, he could never gain it by force; so by force he would not assault it. Since, then, he cannot enter it in this way, he must think of another. Wherefore he sendeth word to the bishop and priests that he meaneth not to do ill to the place; that for this he hath, forsooth, too much to answer, of which it repenteth him sore; that a storm, and contrary winds, have forced him, howbeit unwillingly, to the coast; that he hath been driven about, hither and thither, so as not to know where he is; and that, if his bodily estate were better, he would anon depart. But verily he is sick, so that he cannot continue his voyage: he hath much need of rest. All that he wisheth is, leave to buy food—to come and go to the market. He hath moreover great fear of dying, and wisheth, for his soul's sake, to become a Christian. And for that he hath done much ill to France, he repenteth sore. So they believed him well in that he wished to save his soul: wherefore they do as he desireth; they grant him a truce; and if he willeth to be made a Christian, they will baptize him, and make him right welcome. Surely in an evil hour was this truce granted! So the deceiver feigneth sickness; his visage groweth pale; much he complaineth of his body—much also of his head—and that he hath grievous pains in every limb."

In short, Hastings acted his part so well—he complained so heavily, and made such wry faces—that some even of his chiefs, who had been acquainted with the deception, began to fear that his sickness was real—that he was near the point of death.

"Why need I say more of this deceit? He must and will become a Christian; and, as he cannot walk, he is carried to the church. The bishop preached to him, signed him with the cross, baptized him, and anointed him with oil. The governor was present, was godfather, and held him over the font. When the ceremony was over, and the traitor clothed in the usual garb, —'Verily,' quoth he, 'if I amend, I will do honour to this place; and ye all shall not repent the having honoured me. But I am feeble, and sick unto death: my liver, withal, is diseased; so that I cannot much longer live. Howbeit, when I am dead, lay me, I pray ye, in this church: for this place I love well, and here I wish to be laid. Bury me as becometh one who now believeth, and hopeth to be saved.'"

What could the good fathers do? To deny so small a favour to a son of mother church was not surely in their nature. The promise required was given, and Hastings was carried back to his ship. No sooner did he set his foot on board, than he privily assembled his chiefs, acquainted them with the further design he had in view, and how it should be executed. A few days were suffered to elapse, and he was laid on a bier, covered with a funeral pall, and reported to be dead. Loud lamentations were soon heard among the ships, "as if each pagan had lost a father, son, daughter, or brother." Preparations were speedily made for the interment: a considerable number of pirates, all wearing mourning-cloaks, followed the bier in melancholy procession to the gate of the city, and there another howl of grief was raised. The gate was opened, and all entered.

"The bells began to toll, the citizens to assemble, and there was a great procession of priests, bearing crosses and censers. All pity the mourners, who

walk severally along, and no one suspecteth the treachery. So the bishop, the governor, his barons, and of others a multitude, hastened to the church;—in short, every one was there, as if a saint were to be buried. Wherefore, the church received the body:—better had it remained without! and woeful it was that they suspected not the trick! The master-clerk singeth the office:—a great pity was that!—better had all been confessed, their own death being so near! The bishop singeth the mass. Of pagans present stand a multitude. When the bier was to be raised, that the body might be put into the grave, behold! suddenly up started Hastings, and, with a loud cry, drew his sword! The first blow he struck was at the bishop: he cleft the head of his godfather as if it were that of a brute beast! Therewith all the pagans threw off their cloaks, drew their swords, and closed the doors, that no one might escape. Such a slaughter followeth as is made by a wolf, when it can enter the fold unknown to the shepherd: it worrieth lambs and sheep, and spareth not great or little. In like manner did the misbeliever with the poor Christian flock: he slew the bishop, the governor, and others without number. Afterwards, the men spread throughout the city, from one house to another.”

After this notable exploit, Hastings returned to France, leaving Biorn, with the command of a considerable portion of the fleet, to prosecute other enterprises. His arrival threw the whole nation into alarm: the French king had already a sufficient number of Scandinavians on his hands, without the addition of one so justly dreaded, and whose bands had laid in ashes the most flourishing towns in the western provinces. A consultation of Gallic nobles and prelates was held; and the result was a resolution to offer conditions of peace to the formidable pirate. They were accepted by him; and we do not hear that, during the remainder of his life, he resumed his ruthless habits.

Of Rollo, the immediate successor of Hastings, and the principal subject of the metrical chronicle before us, enough has been said on another occasion. He led his resistless bands into France about A.D. 870; and, in the course of thirty years' war on the feeble descendants of Charlemagne, he founded a powerful dynasty in Normandy, in the possession of which he was solemnly confirmed by the celebrated treaty at St. Clair-sur-Epte, A.D. 912. Having evinced consummate prudence in the establishment of the dukedom, and proved himself as great a legislator as a warrior, he resigned the government to his son, William Long-Sword, and at length died, universally regretted by his subjects, about 931.

The administration of William offers nothing interesting to the English reader. His assassination, in 943, left his son, Richard I., a minor, to struggle against both the turbulent Norman nobility, and Lothaire, king of France. The address of the young duke enabled him to elude the means laid for his destruction by his great enemy; and his valour to triumph over his rebellious vassals. This is the prince who struck the devil at midnight in the cathedral; and to whom his infernal majesty and the angel, on a subsequent occasion, referred the fate of the poor amorous monk, drowned in the Robee. Both these legends are before the public; but two other strange stories—one relating to himself, the other to his hunter—will not fail to interest the reader. The former of these is not so remarkable for the adventure, as for the mystery attending the knight and the lady:—

“There is a country called Corcers, near the Forest of Lions, the which containeth a valley, neither very long nor very wide. Now, after August had

passed away, early one morning rose the duke, who sent his foresters to look out for a fine stag. In the mean time he prepareth his nets, taketh his arrows, calleth together his dogs, and goeth out to hunt. But he commandeth his hunters and varlets to lead the dogs by another path; while he, with his sword girded at his side (the which he always wore), rideth toward Corcers. Hear what a mishap! He was looking before and around him (whether he hoped to find any thing, I cannot tell), when he saw a knight not far off, who appeared very comely, both as to figure and garb. On one side the said knight lyeth a sword, very shining, and well ornamented; on the other sitteth a fair lady, of goodly presence and costly garments, her veil covering her head. He perceiveth the duke approach, so that he cannot flee. But, Heavens! what evil deed hath he done? The lady's head hath he cut off!—Crieth the duke: 'Wickedly hast thou done: in all places, meet it is that a woman be safe.' With that he rideth nearer, and with his sword striketh off the knight's head in like manner. He then gazeth at the two bodies, and great is his wonder at beholding them. Quoth he: 'Never did I see such a beautiful couple before.' On the fourth day caused he them to be buried; but what is strange is, that of no one cou'd he learn who they were, or whence they came. This evil deed which did the duke, in slaying the knight, hath never before been put in writing; but fathers tell it to their children." (Pp. 288-290.)

These mysterious strangers were believed to belong to some other world than the present, or at least as beings of a nature different from ours. Such was the intercourse which the duke was thought to hold with the supernatural powers—so frequent were his adventures with them—that they ceased to inspire him with dread: he cared no more for them than for so many creatures of flesh and blood. The following, which is marvellous enough, relates not to the duke:*

* The reader will not perhaps be sorry to see the original of the above legend:—

"Une altre adventure mult grande
 Avint el chief de cele lande
 A un des veneors li cunte;
 Gardez se fu honur se hunte.
 Un cerf aveient retenu,
 Pris l'aveient et abatu;
 Li cerf aveient escorchié,
 E fet aveient li forchié.
 Un des veneors se hasta,
 Uler s'en volt, si s'en turna;
 A son seignur aler voleit
 Par une veie ke il saveit,
 Une gent pucele ad truvée
 Dedenz li bois, prez de l'orée;
 Bien ert vestue é bien chauciée,
 Bien afublée é bien liée.
 A lié vint, si l'a saluée,
 Et ele altresí s'est levée,
 E kant il la vit en estant,
 Descendus est maintenant.
 Demenda li ki ele esteit,
 En cel broil sule ke faseit?
 Un hoem, ço dist, atendeit,
 Ki cuntre lié venir deveit.
 Par une de ses menches l'a prise,
 Asez li ofri sun servise.
 Ne sai retraire ke il li dist,
 Mes ço dient ke il la prist,

"Another adventure, still more strange, happened on the border of the same country to one of the duke's hunters, and keeper of his honour. A stag had been caught, killed, flayed, and cut up. This hunter hastened afterwards to join his lord by a path which he knew well. Within the wood, and near the border, he seeth a girl marvellously fine, richly attired, and withal vastly sprightly of countenance. Her he approached and saluted, and, on her part, she arose. Seeing her standing, he dismounted. Says he: 'Who art thou, and what doest thou alone in this wood?' Replied she: 'I am waiting for a man who must pass this way.' He seized her by her sleeve, and offered her his service. What more he said to her, I cannot tell; but, as the report goeth, he took her and seated her by his side on the grass. She bore all he did, said nothing, and offered no resistance.—

—When he wished to rise from her side, that he might go on his way, she seized him with great force (whether by the hands or feet, I do not know), flew with him through the boughs and branches, made him rise very high into the air, and fixed him like an owl at the top of a tree. When he wished to look on her, and speak to her, he knew not what was become of her—could not see nor hear her! The hunters, who were carrying the stag, soon passed along the same path. Him they saw on the tree, and great was their trouble to get him down." (Pp. 290–292.)

From the death of Richard I., in 996, to that of Robert the Liberal, otherwise Robert the Devil, who died on a pilgrimage in 1035, and who was the father of William the Bastard, there is little in the Norman annals likely to interest an English reader.

Like almost all the Norman historians, Nace will have it that St. Edward always designed William for his successor—that he invited the latter to his court, and solemnly declared that enterprising prince heir to the crown;—nay, that he prevailed on an assembly of nobles and prelates to sanction the nomination. Though this is contradicted by the positive and perhaps incontrovertible testimony of Ingulphus, we consider the subject of so much importance in English history, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. Hitherto it has not been so much noticed by our own historians, as by those of France: and the reason doubtless is, the difficulty of consulting the MS. of the *Roman de Rose*. We know

Et á terre lez li l'asist :
 Ele esgarda tut é sofri,
 Nule rien ne li desfendi.
 Purpensa sei ke il li fereit
 Com hom e feme fere deit,
 Quant li aut fet ço ke li plaut,
 E relever de lié se vaut,
 E ke kuida de lié partir,
 Ele l'empeint de tet air,
 Ne sai n od piez n od mainz,
 Purmi baanches é parmi rainz
 Le fist haut cuntre mont voler,
 E el faist d'un arbre encroer.
 Quant il vout ele esgarder,
 E k'il kuida á lié parler,
 Ne sont k'ele fu devenue,
 Ne l'ad oie ne ne vene.
 Veneors ki li cerf portonent,
 Ki par cele sente pasauent,
 Lur cumpaignun en l'arbre virent,
 A grant paine le descendirent."

not whether a similar account of Edward's death-bed scene be preserved by the monk of St. Maur.

"The day came which no man could avoid, and King Edward must die. Much he wished that Duke William should have his kingdom. He lay infirm, feeble, and ready to depart. A herald was ordered to assemble around his bed his friends, counsellors, and others. An Englishman first spoke, as Harald had commanded him. 'Sir king,' saith he, 'great grief have we all to lose thee, and much is our dole that we cannot save thee. For as each one must die for himself, so another cannot die for thee: dust unto dust. After thy decease no heir of thy body remaineth to comfort us: thou hast not son or daughter to continue thy royal race. Throughout this thy realm all weep and say, that if thou help them not, they are but as dead—that never shall they have peace; and, verily, I think their saying is true; for, without king, no peace, and, unless by thee, we can have no king. Then, while thou yet livest, give thy kingdom to one who may secure us that blessing. God forbid that we should ever have one to bring us into war: where peace and justice fail, wretched is that realm. Who loveth not both, hath no right to reign. Well hast thou reigned, and served God, and well shalt thou be rewarded. Here are thy friends, the noblest in the land, who are come to beg a king from thee: all pray that Harald be thy choice: better we cannot advise thee, nor better canst thou do.' When that Harald's name was heard, great was the applause of all present, who said that well had the herald spoken. 'Sire,' said they, 'if thou make not Harald king, never shall we have peace.' Then the king, being supported in his bed, turned towards the English: 'My lords,' quoth he, 'well ye know, and often have ye heard me say, that, after my death, the duke of Normandy should have my kingdom, to which thing also some among ye have sworn.' Replieth Harald, who was standing near: 'However this be, Sire, grant that I be king, and that thy realm be mine: I wish only thy consent.'—'Harald,' saith Edward, 'thou shalt have it; but foresee I well that thou wilt soon die: if I know the duke, his barons, and the numbers he doth command, nothing but God can save thee.' Wherefore Harald spoke of the good he meant to do; and to the king he said other things which seemed him fit; that, moreover, he feared not Norman, or any other. Therewith turned the king and said (whether willingly or not, I cannot tell)—'Let the English choose for king the duke, Harald, or any other: to them I leave the choice.'"

This is a subject which continues to be wrapped in great obscurity. That William had received some encouragement to hope for the crown many years before the death of the Confessor, is unquestionable; and it seems equally clear that he visited the court of England—whether merely as a kinsman to Edward, or to receive from the latter an assurance of the succession, is doubtful. It is, however, certain that, during the king's life, he was regarded by many as one who would inevitably succeed to the throne. Of this Harald was well aware; and, whatever may be our esteem for that brave Saxon nobleman, we cannot exculpate him from the heavy charge of duplicity brought against him by the writers of that period. If William was an usurper, so also was he; and to him, indeed, more than the other, must be attributed the mischiefs which so long afterwards desolated the kingdom. Had he drawn his sword, not in the defence of his own guilty ambition, but to support the just claims of Edgar Atheling, he would have left behind him a name gloriously immortal.

While William was making his mighty preparations for the invasion of England, the favourable termination of the enterprise was predicted by a certain priest, who, with a view perhaps of obtaining a richer guerdon, took care that his prediction should be flattering enough to the ambition of the future conqueror:—

"So the week before he left the Somme, came a learned clerk, well versed in astrology and magic, and believed, as he had foretold so much, to be a good diviner. Wherefore he divined for the duke, who, said he, should safely pass over the sea, and fulfil his purpose without fighting. Harald would submit, and consent to hold his lands as William's vassal; after which things, the latter would return in surety. Well did he foretel concerning the good end; but as to no fighting, there, indeed, he lied. When the duke landed on the English coast, remembered he the diviner, for whom he inquired. Replieth one of the sailors: 'He is drowned, and the ship lost which bore him.' Saith the duke: 'Little doth it matter: a pretty conjurer truly! Not well could he divine of me, seeing that he could not divine of himself: if he could foresee every thing, why not his own death?' (Tom. ii. p. 150-151.)

The remaining events recorded in the *Roman de Rose* belong to English history, and are too well known to be noticed here.

From the extracts which have been made, the reader will perceive that Nace's merit as a poet is not of the highest description. In carefully perusing both the volumes, we do not remember to have met with a single poetic image—not one allusion to the objects which are so familiar to the "sons of song." Never did the world produce two such rhymers as him and Benait de St. Maur. Yet, strange as it may seem, neither were ignorant of the immortal inspirations of the Roman muse. During the darkest periods in the middle ages, Virgil was read in the cloisters; and it is difficult to conceive why no portion of his divine soul was infused into the reader. To say that his beauties were not understood, would be a libel on the monastic character. Perhaps the frigidity of feeling engendered by the seclusion of the cloister, and by a total absence of the incentives which animate the rest of men to tread the paths of glory or wealth, may explain—at least in a considerable degree—the lifeless, we might say the soporiferous, chronicles of former ages. Yet the simplicity with which Nace executes the task assigned him by his royal benefactor; his excessive credulity; his faithful picture of the manners and opinions of the times; his general accuracy as to events not derived from his two usual guides; and, above all, the language in which he writes, will ever make him both an amusing and an instructive author. To the historian of Normandy, he cannot fail to prove of invaluable service; and by the historian of England, he may be consulted with profit. Of the latter, his account of the battle of Hastings, and his enumeration of the valiant barons who fought with the Conqueror on that eventful day, are especially deserving of notice. That the *Roman de Rose* should be here for the first time published, is not very creditable to the present age, or to those immediately preceding; nor do we think that London has much reason to rejoice that Rouen has, on the present occasion, cast her boasted spirit of literary enterprise into the shade.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA :

No. II.

THE WITCH.

THERE are accidental circumstances connected with the *Witch* of Thomas Middleton, that would alone give it peculiar claims upon our attention, even if it were without those poetical and dramatic merits which in fact it possesses. It is unquestionably the source from whence Shakspeare has drawn one of the finest inspirations of his genius: it includes that wild chaos, out of which he has created a little world of poetic power and wonder. The great general mass of the "reading public" (and it is to *them* especially that we would be understood to address these papers on our "Early Drama") are perhaps little aware that Shakspeare is neither the original inventor of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*, nor even the adopter of them, from the vague traditions, or still more vague superstitions of the country, in connexion with which we find them placed in his noble drama. The truth is, that, long previous to the writing, or probably to the conception of that drama, the wild enchantresses who perform so extraordinary a part in it, already existed in the play which we have chosen for the subject of our present paper: they existed there under the same forms, bore the same names, and exercised the same natures—they even acted, and made others act, with a view to the same purposes, and used occasionally the very same language. In short, all that Shakspeare has done for the Witches in *Macbeth* (but what an "all!") is, to give them "a local habitation," and to invest them with a power, a grandeur, and a consistency of moral purpose, which have changed them, from a hideous and incoherent dream, into a high and passionate reality—a reality of the imagination only, it is true—but assuredly not the less real and impressive on that account. We shall, if our limits permit, endeavour to prove this to the reader before we close the present article. In the mean time we must add, that the above was not our only or even chief reason for choosing the *Witch* of Middleton as a subject for abstract and examination. In fact, the intrinsic merits of the *witch* part of this drama are little or nothing; and if they were a thousand-fold more than they are, they would all be counteracted and destroyed by the horrible and nameless brutalities into which the execution of this portion of his play has lead the author. Its merit consists in having given rise to one of the finest existing displays of poetical power, directed and held in order by the most perfect judgment that was ever yet allied to such a power: for if there still remain a doubt as to the supremacy of Shakspeare's *judgment*, it can only be in the minds of those who have never duly considered any *one* of his works. The judgment displayed in the particular instance before us—though relating to a small portion of one work alone—is in fact quite sufficient to decide the question; for where a particular quality of mind like the judgment is once exercised, consistently and consecutively, with a view to an express end, and it achieves that end, *there* it must exist. The inference is, that, wherever what is called judgment appears to be absent from the works of Shakspeare, be sure it is either from a want of time, or of inclination to exercise it, or from an advised determination to sacrifice it to other objects: which latter case, by-the-by, is but another exercise of the judgment—since judgment is neither more nor less than the power of creating

and adapting means to ends. Let us now turn at once to the drama before us; for, as we have hinted above, it possesses intrinsic merits and sources of interest, which make it fully worthy of fixing our exclusive attention for a time.

The plot of the *Witch*, if not very skilfully, is at least very artfully constructed, with a view to extracting a moral interest from a certain wild kind of poetical justice—a justice, however, rather more consonant with the seeming views of nature than of those metaphysical philosophers who have of late years been kind enough to interpret her voice to us: for all the leading persons of the drama would, with one beautiful exception, be pronounced monsters of moral guilt by the class of casuists just alluded to; and yet all of them arrive at their respective ends, and are made happy at last.

The opening scene of the *Witch* is constructed with great dramatic skill—since it places before us, in the most natural manner, and with the utmost clearness and brevity, the motives of all the principal persons of the drama, and at the same time justifies the views (as much, at least, as any thing *can* justify such views), the development of which forms the main business of the piece. This fine scene, too, has enough both of poetical merit and of characteristic manner, to fit it in all respects for our main purpose, of making the subjects of our notice in these papers explain and illustrate themselves. Before giving the chief portions of this scene, it may be well to premise that the general scene of the drama is placed at Ravenna, in Italy, and that it opens at the house of Antonio, a lord of the Duke of Ravenna's court, on the day of the marriage of Antonio with the Governor's niece, Isabella—a lady previously betrothed to and loving Sebastian, who has long been reported dead, but has this day returned, before the supposed commencement of the play, and having heard of the marriage, has taken upon himself the disguise of a servant, and contrived to introduce himself into the house of Antonio, the bridegroom.

A Room in ANTONIO'S House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and FERNANDO (his Friend).

Seb. My three years spent in war have now undone
My peace for ever.

Fer. Good, be patient, Sir.

Seb. She is my wife by contract before Heaven
And all the angels, Sir.

Fer. I do believe you!
But where's the remedy now? You see she's gone;
Another has possession.

Seb. There's my torment.

Fer. This day, being the first of your return,
Unlucky, proves the first too of her fastening.
Her uncle, Sir, the Governor of Ravenna,
Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom,
As he's fair-spoken, Sir, and wond'rous mild—

Seb. There goes the devil in a sheep-skin—

Fer. With all speed
Clapt it up suddenly. I cannot think, sure,
That the maid over-loves him: though, being married,
Perhaps for her own credit now she intends
Performance of an honest, duteous wife.

Seb. Sir, I've a world of business. Question nothing:

You will but lose your labour. 'Tis not fit
 For any—hardly mine own secrecy—
 To know what I intend. I take my leave, Sir.
 I find such strange employments in myself,
 That unless death pity me, and lay me down,
 I shall not sleep these ten years—that's the least.

[Exit SEBASTIAN.

Fer. That sorrow's dangerous can abide no counsel:
 'Tis like a wound past cure. Wrongs done to love
 Strike the heart deeply: none can judge on't
 But the poor sensible sufferer, whom it racks
 With unbeliev'd pains, which men in health,
 That enjoy love, not possibly can act—
 May not so much as think. In troth I pity him;
 His sighs drink life blood in this time of feasting.

* * * * *
Enter Duke, Duchess, Lord Governor, ANTONIO, ISABELLA, and FRANCISCA.

Duke. Why surely, my lord Governor,
 Bacchus could ne'er boast of a day till now
 To spread his power, and make his glory known!

Duch. Sir, you've done nobly; though in modesty
 You keep it from us, know we understand so much.
 All this day's cost 'tis your great love bestows,
 In honour of the bride, your virtuous niece.

Gov. In love to goodness, and your presence, Madam:
 So understood, 'tis rightly.

Duke. Now will I
 Have a strange health after all these.

Gov. What's that, my lord?

Duke. A health in a strange cup, and 't shall go round.

Gov. Your grace need not doubt that, having seen
 So many pledged already. This fair company
 Cannot shrink now for one, so it end there.

Duke. It shall, for all ends there. Here's a full period.

[Taking out a cup formed of a skull.

Gov. A skull, my lord?

Duke. Call it a soldier's cup, man.

Fy!—how you fright the women! I have sworn
 It shall go round; excepting only you, Sir,
 For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
 Whose health it is.

Isab. Marry, I thank Heaven for that.

Duke. Our Duchess, I know, will pledge us, though the cup
 Was once her father's head; which, as a trophy,
 We'll keep till death, in memory of that conquest.
 He was the greatest foe our steel e'er struck at:
 And he was bravely slain. Then took we thee
 Into our bosom's love. Thou mad'st the peace
 For all our country—thou—that beauty did.
 We are dearer to thee than a father—are we not?

Duch. Yes, Sir, by much.

Duke. And we shall find that straight.

Ant. That's an ill bride-cup for a marriage-day;
 I do not like the face on't.

Gov. Good, my lord,

The Duchess looks pale: let her not pledge you there.

Duke. Pale?

Duch. Sir, not I.

Duke. *See how your lordship fails now :*

The rose not fresher, nor the sun at rising

More comfortably pleasing.

Duch. Sir, to you, the lord of this day's honour.

Ant. All first moving

From your grace, Madam, and the Duke's great favour :

Since it must—

* * * * *

Duch. (*aside*). Did ever cruel barbarous art match this?

Twice hath his surfeits brought my father's memory

Thus spitefully and scornfully to mine eyes,

And I'll endure 't no more: 'tis in my heart since.

I'll be revenged, as far as death can lead me.

(*Act I. Scene 1.*)

It can scarcely be necessary to point out to the reader the truly dramatic spirit of all this, or its striking effects in exciting the attention and awakening the curiosity, by opening a vista into the future proceedings of the principal persons of the drama. We cannot, however, refrain from dwelling for a moment on two passages in particular, which we conceive to possess an extraordinary degree of poetical merit, and precisely that *kind* of merit which springs from a *dramatic* power in the writer. We allude to the passages printed in italics. Nothing can be finer than the first, as indicating the fearful state of Sebastian's mind, and at the same time preparing the way for what that state of mind may afterwards be expected to lead to. And the second, by its vivid appeal to the imagination of the reader, places him in the position of an actual spectator of what is passing. He sees the poor Duchess, first "pale" with suppressed horror and indignation at the outrage about to be practised upon her filial feelings; and the next moment flushed with womanish fears, lest her savage tormentor should guess the nature of her thoughts.

From the foregoing extract it will be seen that this drama has two distinct plots;—one growing out of the endeavours of Sebastian to regain possession of his betrothed love; and the other arising out of the Duchess's desire to revenge the repeated outrages put upon her by her husband. These two plots are made to run parallel with each other throughout the piece—a practice very common with the old dramatists. The plot of the lovers takes the lead; and in the very next scene we find that the vague and unsettled purposes which had hitherto been floating about in the mind of Sebastian have already (on the same night) taken a sort of half-formed consistency—which, however, still remains uncertain, both in its character and ultimate tendency, till moulded by circumstances external from himself. And, undoubtedly, this vagueness and uncertainty as to his own views—this "infirmity of purpose," on the first contemplation of guilty thoughts by a mind to which they are new and strange—is no less true to nature than it is conducive to striking dramatic effects. How often, too, are the most important determinations and actions of our lives dependent on, and directed by, the merest trifles of the passing hour—a thought, a look, a word dropped by a companion, or even a stranger. Precisely thus it is with the naturally noble-minded Sebastian. His purposes, good or bad, are at the mercy of that over which he himself has no control; and he does not dare attempt to *form* those which his conscience would disapprove, but waits, in a state of vague and restless misery, till circumstances make them form them-

selves. From the brilliant hall of banquet, in which the drama commenced, the scene now changes at once to the dim horrors of the witch's habitation. The first portion of this extraordinary scene, which is occupied by the conferences and operations of the witches among themselves, includes too much of what is simply disgusting to permit of our extracting it entire. It also includes, however, one or two touches of poetic beauty that well deserve to be rescued from such a neighbourhood. Hecate, the principal witch, is giving directions to the rest about the due performance of their horrible incantations, and she inquires,—

“Are the flames blue enough?”

The hag who is tending them answers,—

“The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect azure.”

Shakspeare himself never produced any thing more exquisite than this ; and the intrinsic beauty of the illustration is, if possible, heightened by the singular manner in which it contrasts with, and as it were counteracts the otherwise unmingled deformity of the scene and characters before us. Its effects are like those of a slender ray of moonlight, penetrating into the confines of a dungeon filled with rottenness and death, and bringing with it from without images and associations made up of gentleness and beauty. There is another short passage in this part of the scene, which, if not so exquisitely beautiful, produces somewhat similar effects upon the reader, in virtue of the host of pastoral images and associations it calls up. Hecate is luxuriating in the mischief she intends to do to some one who has offended her, and includes, among other ill turns, the sending some of her familiars, in the form of snakes, to milk his kine ; and she adds,—

——“The dew'd skirted dairy wenches
Shall shake dry dugs for this, and go home cursing.”

This is Shaksperian.—The middle portion of this scene in the witch's cave we shall extract entire, on account of the great merit of all Sebastian's part of it, and because it fixes his hitherto vague and floating purposes, and thus far shews the progress of the plot.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Heav'n knows with what unwillingness and hate
I enter this damn'd place ; but such extremes
Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religious knowledge,
That, were I led by this disease to deaths
As numberless as creatures that must die,
I could not shun the way. I know what 'tis
To pity madmen now ; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithless vows.
I fear they're now a-kissing. What's o'clock ?
'Tis now but supper-time ; but night will come,
And all new-married couples make short suppers.

He now addresses the Witch.

Whate'er thou art, I have no time to fear thee.
My horrors are so great and strong already,
That thou seem'st nothing. Up, and laze not !

Had'st thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so ;
 'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
 Beyond thy ointments. I would I were read
 So much in thy black power,* and mine own griefs !
 I'm in great need of help : wilt give me any ?

Hecate. Thy boldness takes one bravely. We're all sworn
 To sweat for such a spirit. See, I regard thee ;
 I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish ?

Seb. Oh ! my heart swells with it ! I must breathe first.

Hec. Is't to confound some enemy on the seas ?

It may be done to-night. Stadlin's within ;
 She raises all your sudden ruinous storms,
 That shipwreck barks, and tear up growing oaks ;
 Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini
 Out of a rich man's chimney (a sweet place for it !)—
 He would be hang'd ere he would set his own years there :
 They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
 A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on't :—
 His rotten, diseased years !—Or dost thou envy
 The fat prosperity of any neighbour ?
 I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
 Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle ;
 Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows ; or in one night
 Transport his dung, hay, corn, by recks, whole stacks,
 Into thine own ground.

Seb. This would come most richly, now,
 To many a country grazier ;—but my envy
 Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or vines :
 'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.

Hec. Is it to starve up generation ?

To strike a barrenness in man or woman ?

Seb. Ha !

Hec. Ha ! did you feel me there ? I knew your grief.

Seb. Can there be such things done ?

Hec. Are these the skins
 Of serpents ? these of snakes ?

Seb. I see they are.

Hec. So sure into what house these are conveyed,
 Knit with these charms and these retentive knots,
 Neither the man begets, nor woman breeds ;
 No—nor performs the best desires of wedlock :
 Being then a mutual duty. I could give thee
 Chiroconita, adincantida,
 Archimadon, marmaritin, calicia,
 Which I could sort to villainous barren ends ;
 But this leads the same way. More I could instance,—
 As the same needle thrust into their pillows
 That sows and socks up dead men in their sheets :

* * * * *

—Yet all's there, Sir.

Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness
 To part them utterly, now ? Could you do that ?

Hec. No : time must do it : we cannot disjoin wedlock :
 'Tis of Heav'n's fast'ning. Well may we raise jars,
 Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
 Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master

* Query—"as mine own griefs"—without the comma ?

Upon that penitent miracle. But the work itself
Our power cannot disjoint.

Seb. I depart happy,
In what I have,* then; being constrain'd to this.
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag again!

[*Exit.*

Hec. I know he loves me not, and there's no hope of it.
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this,
And that we're sworn to the first oath we take.

(*Act I. Scene 2.*)

All this is very spirited and effective, and it forms a bright exception to what we have said above, as to the general want of merit of the witch part of this drama. Above all, nothing can be finer in its way than the first passage marked in italics, where the questionings of Hecate are made to probe into the secret heart of Sebastian, and drag thence thoughts and wishes that otherwise he would never have dared to utter, even to himself. Again, the comparison of the "jealousies, strifes," &c. to "*a thick scurf o'er life*," has a fearful beauty about it, the effect of which can never leave the mind of the reader or spectator who is duly impressed by it. It is a passage that, if once felt, is felt for ever.

The second act opens on the morning after the marriage of Antonio with Isabella, and discovers the former suffering under the consciousness of the effects worked upon him by the *charm* given to Sebastian by the witch. It also introduces Francisca, sister to Antonio—a person brought forward for no very obvious purpose, but that of confusing and overloading the plot, by connecting it with a sort of under-plot, which is rendered doubly objectionable by its gratuitous grossness. As the whole of this portion of the drama has no necessary connexion with the chief plot, we shall pass it over altogether—merely observing that we fear—or, rather, we hope—those kind of additions were absolutely necessary—or at least were considered so—in order to propitiate the, in some respects, gross tastes of the audiences of our early theatre. They are so almost universal among even the finest and the purest writers of the time in question, that no other interpretation can be put upon them.

Towards the end of the first scene (which is a very long and ill-conducted one), Sebastian appears, under his disguise of a servant, in the family of Antonio,—where he has contrived to place himself, in order to watch the progress and effects of his secret machinations. But neither now, nor for a considerable time after, is he able to discover any thing, in the words or bearing of Isabella, which promises future success to his (now unlawful) love. She is still, calm, and self-possessed; and as silent as to her former love, as if it had never existed. In fact, the character of Isabella is conducted throughout with great truth and beauty—but especially up to the period at which she is led to believe that there is just cause for her to cast off the engagements which (believing Sebastian dead) she has suffered herself to be half forced into with Antonio. Then, but not till then, it appears that they press upon her secret heart with a weight,

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life;"

and that her love for the wrong'd Sebastian is still the moving spirit of her thought. Her bearing, up to the period of the present scene, is beau-

* He refers to the *charm* she has given him—the snakes'-skins, &c.

tifully described by Sebastian himself; and also his own conflicting feelings under the perplexing circumstances of his situation. After the exit of Antonio, who has evinced, by his words and manner, that the witch's promises have not failed Sebastian, the latter, after a brief exultation over the misery of his rival, turns all his thoughts towards Isabella.

—"How well *she* bears it!

Hardly myself can find so much from her,
That am acquainted with the cold disease.
Oh, honesty's a rare wealth in a woman;
It knows no wants—at least it will express none,
Not in a look. Yet I'm not thoro'ly happy.
His ill does me no good. Well, may it keep me
From open rage and madness for a time;
But I feel heart's grief in the same place still.
What makes the greatest torment 'mongst lost souls?
'Tis not so much the horror of their pains
(Though they be infinite) as the loss of joys.
It is, that Deprivation is the mother
Of all the groans in hell; and, here on earth,
Of all the sighs* bred in the hearts of lovers.
Still she's not mine, that can be no man's else
Till I be nothing. If religion
Have the same strength for me as 't has for others,
Holy vows witness that our souls were married."

(Act II. Scene 2.)

Assuredly, in the age alone to which this drama belongs, and neither before nor since, has the female character been truly appreciated and justly depicted. Neither has the true nature of dramatic language and versification been felt and practised much better. How perfectly simple, for instance, is the passage just cited! There is not a word in it, nor a collocation of words, that any of us might not utter in the common talk even of the day in which we live. And yet how perfectly does it all arrange itself into that modulated harmony, without which *poetry* cannot exist, and which of itself alone almost makes poetry!

The plot now leaves the lovers for a time, and returns to the Duchess, and her projects of revenge against her lord,—who, it appears, has just finally fixed her till now relenting purpose, by again coming to her bedside at the dead of midnight, and repeating his strange outrage upon her filial feelings.

Duch. He lives not now to see to-morrow spent,
If this means take effect—as there's no harm in it.
Last night he played his horrid game again;
Came to my bedside at the full of midnight,
And in his hand that fatal, fearful cup;
Wak'd me, and forc'd me pledge him, to my trembling,
And my dead father's scorn: that wounds my sight,
That his remembrance should be rais'd in spite.
But either his confusion, or mine, ends it."

(Act II. Scene 2.)

* The edition of this play published from the MS. discovered by Mr. Isaac Reed, has this line thus:—

"Of all the *redd-sighs* in the hearts of lovers."

The alteration is adopted from the suggestion of the editors of a later edition.

In this scene the Duchess, in concert with her woman Amoretto, arranges and prepares her plans of revenge; and, at the commencement of the third act, they appear to have reached their accomplishment, by Amalchides having been induced to believe himself beloved by the Duchess, and to have engaged in the secret murder of the Duke, under the promise that he himself shall occupy the vacant throne and bed. The remainder of the third act is occupied with the practices of Sebastian (still disguised as Celio, servant to Antonio), to persuade Isabella that Antonio is false to her bed.

Nothing can be more beautiful, in point of character, than the way in which Isabella receives and entertains the suggestions of Sebastian, touching this matter. At first she rejects them with indignation, as unworthy to be admitted even into her thoughts. But when the supposed Celio's persistence in his charges against Antonio, and his offers to prove the truth of them, seem to render that truth "probable to thinking," mark how all her views and feelings change in an instant!—

Isa. Art thou yet
So impudent to stand in it?

Seb. Are you yet so cold, Madam,
In the belief on't? There my wonder's fixt,
Having such blessed health and youth about you,
Which makes the injury mighty.

Isa. Why I tell thee
It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
To find out such a thing: thou dost not look
As if thou'rt made for it. By the precious sweets of love,
I would give half my wealth for such a bargain,
And think 'twere bought too cheap. Thou canst not guess
Thy means and happiness should I find this true.
First, I'd prefer thee to the lord my uncle:
He's Governor of Ravenna: all th' advancements
I' th' kingdom flow from him. What need I boast that
Which common fame can teach thee?

Seb. Then thus, Madam,
Since I presume now on your height of spirit,
And your regard to your own youth and fruitfulness
(Which every woman naturally loves and covets),
Accept but of my labour and directions,
You shall find both your wrongs (which you may right
At your own pleasure) yet not miss'd to-night
Here in the house neither. None shall take notice
Of any absence in you, as I've thought on't.

Isa. Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever.

(*Act II. Scene 2.*)

This act concludes with a short witch scene, introduced without any very obvious purpose, unless it be that of keeping of the witch machinery full in the reader's imagination throughout the whole piece. This short scene, however, must certainly be made an exception to what we have said above, as to the general want of merit of this portion of the drama; for it includes great poetical beauty, and considerable power of affecting the imagination. It merely consists of a conference between the three principal witches, preparatory to their ascent into the air on their nightly rambles; and it includes that fine song and chorus (sung up in the air by the attendant witches, spirits, &c.) which was afterwards adopted literally by Shakspeare into a similar scene in *Macbeth*:—

"Come away! come away!" &c.

As there happens to be "no offence in't," we may give the first part of this scene, as a specimen of the author's manner in this portion of his work. It is in a strangely wild harmony with the highly poetical chorus which concludes it. Mark, too, how finely the character of the evening is indicated by the very first line:—bright, but stormy:—for it is only when the winds are careering swiftly among light broken clouds, that the moon seems to "ride briskly."

Hec. The moon's a gallant: see how brisk she rides.

Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.

Hec. Aye, is't not, wenches—

To take a journey of a thousand miles?

Hoppo. Our's will be more to-night.

Hec. Oh, 'twill be precious. Heard you the owl yet?

Stad. Briefly in the copse,

As we came through now.

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times,

As we came through the woods, and drank her fill:

Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still:

The very scritch-owl lights upon your shoulder,

And woos you like a pigeon. Are ye furnished?

Have ye your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight then:

I'll overtake ye swiftly.

Stad. Hie, then, Hecate!

We shall be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach ye quickly.

(Act III. Scene 3.)

The opening of the fourth act finds the Duchess fully persuaded of her husband's death by the hand of Amalchildes; but the report of the murder having occasioned a movement among the people, which threatened the power and safety of the Duchess, she (once stepped into crime) immediately determines on getting rid of her instrument, and turning her favour towards the governor of the city, who has the public voice at his command. The latter seemingly yields to the views of the Duchess, in order the better to counteract them.

Meanwhile Sebastian (as Celio) puts in practice his awkward and complicated plans, utterly unintelligible without the most fixed attention, yet equally unworthy and incapable of exciting any—by which he hopes to persuade Isabella of her husband's falsehood—but the sole effect of which is, to bring into suspicion with Antonio the honesty of Isabella herself: which latter end is also furthered by the concurring plans of Antonio's sister, Francisca.

All this portion of the play is crude and confined to the last degree, in point of plot and arrangement; and this defect is not made up for by any very striking merits in the details. We may, however, extract two passages, which possess, together with much truth of character, considerable poetic beauty. Sebastian is endeavouring to justify, to his friend Fernando, the somewhat questionable measures in which he is engaging his assistance.

Seb. If ever you knew force of love in life, Sir,
Give to mine pity.

Fer. You do ill to doubt me.

Seb. I could make bold with no friend seem'tier
Than with yourself, because you were in presence
At our vow-making.

Fer. I am witness to it.

Seb. Then you best understand, of all men living,
This is no wrong I offer, no abuse
Either to faith or friendship; for we're registered
Husband and wife in heaven, though there wants that
Which often keeps licentious men in awe
From starting from their wedlocks—the knot public.
'Tis in our souls knit fast: and how more precious
The soul is than the body, so much judge
The sacred and celestial tie within us,
More than the outward form—which calls but witness
Here upon earth to what is done in heav'n.

(*Act IV. Scene 2.*)

What follows includes Sebastian's self-reflections on a particular position in which he finds himself placed in regard to Isabella:—

Seb. I cannot so deceive her: 'twere too sinful.
There's more religion in my love than so.
It is not treacherous lust that gives content
To an honest mind: and this could prove no better.
Were it in me a part of manly justice,
That have sought strange hard means to keep her chaste
To her first vow, and I t' abuse her first?
Better I never knew what comfort were
In woman's love, than wickedly to know it.
What could the falsehood of one night avail him
That must enjoy for ever, or he's lost?
'Tis the way rather to draw hate upon me;
For, known, 'tis as impossible she should love me
As youth, in health, to dote upon a grief;
Or one that's robb'd and bound, to affect a thief.
No—he that would soul's sacred comfort win,
Must burn in pure love, like a seraphim.

(*Act IV. Scene 2.*)

We are now at the end of the fourth act, and yet the *dénouement* of both plots seems as far off as ever. Antonio, after making a mad attempt upon the life of Isabella and her supposed paramour, is suddenly undeceived as to her supposed guilt—but not till he imagines that he has (in the dark) destroyed her; and, in his mingled rage and remorse at his sister's acknowledged guilt and his own fatal mistake, he swallows poison (as he thinks), and administers the same to his sister and her lover. Meanwhile, Isabella is equally misled by the attempts of Sebastian to inculcate Antonio; and the fifth act opens with a crude and ill-conducted scene, in which the various explanations of all these complicated matters take place,—only, however, for them to become involved anew, by new mistakes and intrigues; and the scene ends by Antonio being again led to believe his wife false with Celio (Sebastian); and by Isabella supposing herself irretrievably disgraced by her attempts to discover a just ground for breaking off her hated marriage.

We are now once more conducted to the witch's habitation, where the Duchess comes to seek the means of privately destroying Amalchides.

This scene has nothing remarkable in it, except that it closes with the well-known incantation, beginning

“ Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,” &c. ;

which, probably, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our readers have hitherto believed to be the composition of Shakspeare. This brings us to the last scene in the play ; and yet no step seems made towards the winding-up of the plots. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this is not effected at last in the most natural or satisfactory manner. It is, however, managed better than the previous conduct of the piece leads us to expect ; and the somewhat violent changes that are worked in the principal characters was permitted at least, if not absolutely looked for and approved, by the audiences of that day. As this concluding scene is not without poetical merits, we shall let it perform its own office of explanation, by extracting the principal parts of it.

A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Lord Governor, ISABELLA, SEBASTIAN, FLORIDA, FRANCISCA, ALBERZANES, &c.

Isa. My lord, I've given you nothing but the truth
Of a most plain and innocent intent.
My wrongs being so apparent in this woman
(A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort
Where'er she fastens), I could do no less
But seek means privately to shame his folly.
No farther reach'd my malice ; and it glads me
That none but my base injurer is found
To be my false accuser.

Gov. This is strange—
That he should give the wrong, yet seek revenge.
But, sirrah, you (*to CELIO*)—you are accused here doubly :
First by your lady, for a false intelligence
That caus'd her absence,—which much hurts her name,
Though her intents were blameless : next by this woman,
For an adulterous design and plot
Practis'd between you, to entrap her honour,
Whilst she, for her hire, should enjoy her husband.
Your answer.

Seb. Part of this is truth, my lord,
To which I'm guilty in a rash intent,
But clear in act ; and *she* most clear in both—
Not sanctity more spotless.

Enter HERMIO (Servant to ANTONIO).

Her. Oh, my lord !

Gov. What news breaks there ?

Her. Of strange distraction :

Here stands the lady that within this hour
Was made a widow.

(*To ISABELLA.*)

Gov. How !

Her. Your niece, my lord.

A fearful, unexpected accident
Brought death to meet his fury : for, my lord,
Entering Fernando's house, like a rais'd tempest,
Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,—

From a false trap-door fell into a depth
Exceeds a temple's height, which takes into it
Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
Under the castle.

Gov. Oh, you seed of lust!

Wrongs, and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
You do present yourselves to wretched man
When his soul least expects you!

—Yet all this clears not you.

(*To CELIO.*)

Seb. Thanks to Heav'n

(*He discovers himself to be SEBASTIAN.*)

That I am now of age to clear myself, there!

Gov. Sebastian!

Seb. The same, much wronged, Sir.

Isa. Am I certain

Of what mine eye takes joy to look upon?

Seb. Your service cannot alter me from knowledge:
I am your servant ever.

Gov. Welcome to life, Sir!—

Gaspar, thou swor'st his death.

Seb. And I *was* dead, Sir,

Both to my joys, and all men's understanding,
Till this my hour of life; for 'twas my fortune
To make the first of my return to Urbin
A witness to that marriage: since which time
I've walk'd beneath myself and all my comforts,
Like one in earth whose joys are laid above.
And though it had been offence small in me
T' enjoy my own, I left her pure and free.

Gov. The greater and more sacred is thy blessing:
For where Heaven's bounty holy ground-work finds,
'Tis like a sea, encompassing chaste minds.

Enter Duchess.

Her. The Duchess comes, my lord.

Gov. Be you then all witnesses
To an intent most horrid.

—Madam!

Duch. My lord!

Gov. This is the hour that I've so long desired:
The tumult's full appeas'd: now may we both
Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm,
And practice to make love-knots—thus!

(*He draws a curtain, and discovers the Duke laid out as a corpse.*)

Duch. My lord!

Gov. Thus, lustful woman, and bold murd'ress, thus!
Bless'd powers, to make my loyalty and truth
So happy!—

Look there, thou stain of greatness—shame of honour!
Behold thy work, and weep before thy death!
If thou be est blest with sorrow and a conscience,
Which is a gift from Heav'n, and seldom knocks
At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort.
See this, thy worthy and unequall'd piece—
A fair encouragement for another husband!

Duch. Bestow me upon death, Sir ; I am guilty,
And of a cruelty above my cause.
His injury was too low for my revenge.
Perform a justice that may light all others
To noble actions. Life is hateful to me,
Beholding my dead lord. Make us as one
In death, whom marriage made one of two, living,
Till cursed fury parted us. My lord,
I covet to be like him.

Gov. No—my sword
Shall never stain the virgin brightness on it
With blood of an adúlteress.

Duch. There, my lord,
I dare my accusers, and defy the world,
Death, shame, and torment. Blood I am guilty of,
But not adultery—not the breach of honour.

* * * * *

(*Here she clears herself of the last-named charge.*)

Gov. My sword is proud thou'rt lighten'd of that sin.
Die then a murtheress only !—

Duke (*rising*). Live a duchess !
Better than ever lov'd, embrac'd, and honour'd.

Duch. My lord !

Duke. Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Banish all wrongs ! Thy former practice dies.
I thank thee, Amalchides, for my life,
This lord for truth, and Heav'n for such a wife—
Who, though her intent sinn'd, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends.
What griev'd you then shall never more offend you.
Your father's skull with honour we'll inter,
And give the peace due to the sepulchre :
And in all times may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy, and honest love !

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Thus ends (not in the most natural or satisfactory manner, it must be confessed) the *Witch* of Thomas Middleton—a play possessing, together with glaring faults and deficiencies, much that is valuable on account of its intrinsic merits, and more that is highly curious and interesting on account of the results that have sprung from it. In regard to the intrinsic merits of this play, much of them which consist in detail we have laid before the reader, for his own judgment and approval. In regard to the *dramatic* merits of this work, it may be said generally that the principal characters are conceived and drawn with great truth of feeling, and also with a full and firm trust in the power of that truth to affect the spectator, without the aid of overstrained sentiments, and violent moral contrasts. Moreover, they shew a faith in the feelings and knowledge of the *audiences* of those days, which was highly creditable to both parties. It would evince rashness, rather than a judicious boldness, in a modern dramatist to present an audience with even one (much less three in one play) such character as either Sebastian, the Duchess, or the Duke—neither of them endued with any thing essentially bad in their nature, yet each led to perform the worst actions from the worst motives ! We of the nineteenth century do not give our sympathy to such people. To satisfy our modern audiences, a character must be either utterly bad, or absolutely good ; and for a murder to be

committed, or even contemplated, by any but a *murderer*, is a solecism in the dramatic morals of the day. In short, those characters which act from mixed motives—which are made up of a “mingled yarn, good and ill”—are not for our money. We know better. And, accordingly, our dramatists know better than to offer such characters to our notice. It was not so with the play-writers and play-goers of the sixteenth century: the one could conceive and depict, and the other could recognize and sympathize with, whatever formed part of our common nature—whether of good, or evil, or of the two inextricably linked and blended together. And the consequence is, that we owe to that age, for our mingled delight and instruction, a body of poetic truth and beauty—beautiful in every case where true—which no other age of the world ever produced, either before or since, and which (it must be confessed) no other age is likely generally or justly to appreciate.

Our limits forbid us to say more at present on the use which Shakspeare has made of the *witch* portion of this play; but the subject is one of so much interest and curiosity, that we may perhaps take a future occasion of devoting a short paper to it alone.

UNIVERSITY OF BONN.

[FROM AN OXONIAN.]

MY DEAR A.:

Bonn, August 1827.

My silence hitherto has probably induced you to think that my experience has confirmed your doubts of the advantages that would attend my passing the long vacation on the banks of the Rhine, in preference to some quiet spot in Wales or the Isle of Wight. You may, however, forthwith undeceive yourself; for the short time I have been here has at once satisfied me that I have as much leisure for fagging as the most tranquil village in England could secure, and has given me a foretaste of the pleasures attending a diligent inquiry *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

My present quarters are at the Star at Bonn, where I have arrived by so quick a process of locomotion, as to leave little space for notes by the way. This I shall make amends for on my return; and, for the present, leaving the Netherlands, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Cologne to another opportunity, I shall proceed to give you some account of Bonn—my *meta viarum*.

The facilities of travelling are really too tempting to a restless spirit; you will hardly believe me when I say that I arrived here to a late dinner on the fourth day after my departure from London (a distance of nearly 370 miles), and that without the slightest fatigue, having had my regular sleep each night. The first day lands you at Ostend, 140 miles; the second takes you by canal to Bruges and Ghent, there trans-

ferring you to a diligence, and setting you down at Brussels at nine o'clock—85 miles; the third day carries you, to your utter astonishment, by an *accelerated* diligence, through Louvain and Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle—91 miles; and, on the fourth, you are received into this seat of science by means of the Prussian diligences, and after a two hours' rest at Cologne, which breaks the day's journey of 50 miles.

Whilst I am upon the Prussian diligences, I may here, once for all, express my approbation of their neatness, punctuality, and system of regulation. The passenger having taken his numerical place, and paid his *passagiergeld*, is thereupon warranted free from impositions by coachmen and guards. A printed billet is put into his hand, containing the thirteen rules ordained by his Prussian majesty in regard to the diligences. The ninth and tenth rules prove the laudable care of the king for the health and comfort of his subjects, though they make an Englishman smile:—"Rule 9. Sick persons, especially the epilechi, and those afflicted with eruptions and humours, as also children under four years old, are not allowed to travel.—Rule 10. The conducteur and travellers are forbidden to smoke tobacco, or to have large dogs with them." The ordinance touching smoking is, indeed, more honoured in the breach than in the observance—as every man that enters brings a pipe with him, and civilly presumes you have no objection to tobacco. It certainly does not suit a traveller in Germany to have any such objections; and I accordingly make a practice of dissembling my utter dislike to the herb and its abominable appurtenances.

There are few places where I could have had better opportunities of mixing in good German society; for so I call the company of the eminent men that adorn this university. I have become acquainted also with many of the students from distant parts of the kingdom, and, in my rambles to the neighbouring villages, have seen something of the country people; and since my raptures at the wide and swelling Rhine, at the green island of Rolandswert, and the castled tower of Drachenfels, are beginning to tranquillize, you will, I dare say, be glad to receive a sober sketch of the attractions that this town contains within itself.

Bonn is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at that point where the scenery changes from mountains to the plain, and where the father river quits its narrow course through castellated rocks, to expand its surface as it approaches the manufacturing country near Cologne, Dusseldorf and Elberfeld, and the flats of Holland. The houses are of white stone, and slated: there are about 1,200 of them, and 10,000 inhabitants, including the University. I entered by a long avenue of trees on the Cologne side, and crossed the moat, which still remains, though of the fortifications little is now left—scarcely enough to remind you of Julian the Apostate, who founded *Bonnensia Castia*, as our friend Tacitus says. The situation of the place has made it famous for treaties, councils, coronations, sieges, and other events in European history; and it was not without a feeling of national pride that I was informed it had surrendered to Marlborough in 1703. Our vanity is now so wholly absorbed in Waterloo, that the numberless places of glorious memory in the Netherlands and this part of Germany are not even thought of, by the passers by, as worthy of either honour to the brave, or a sigh for poor human nature. If it were part of the law of nations, that, on the field of every action, a stone should be erected, stating the number of

killed and wounded, I fear such memorials would be so frequent as to verify the foreboding of Campbell :—

“ Shall war’s polluted banner ne’er be furled?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?”

But, as these reflections are somewhat episodic, I was going on to say that Bonn is quite destitute of architectural beauties: its streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved; and the houses are not equal, in size or appearance, to those of the Netherlands, or of many German towns—such as Coblenz, Mayence, or Frankfort. The only open spots worthy of being called *places* are the market-place, which you arrive at from Cologne, through *Kolnstrasse*, or Cologne-street, and *Bonn-gasse*, or Bonn-street. The other open place, the *Vierrechtsplatz*, is between *Hundsgasse* (Dog-street), leading to Coblenz, and the river. The sight of an open place is what I always expect to be gratified with in a foreign town—lamenting, as I do, that no such enjoyments for the public exist in London, or our large towns. An open square in a town gives of itself the idea of freedom, particularly when surrounded by shops, and used as a public parade. At Bonn, the market-place was used for this latter purpose; but since the walks in the neighbourhood have been so much improved, they are naturally resorted to for the evening’s promenade. I know few more delightful shades than that of the chesnuts, which extend nearly a mile from the University to Poppelsdorf, a village in the road to the hill of Creugberg. At Poppelsdorf is the old *château* of Clemensruhe, a sort of appendage to the University, containing cabinets of mineralogy, botany, zoology, and chemistry, and apartments for several of the professors. Here also is the botanical garden of twenty acres, where the professor of botany (Dr. Nees von Esenbeck) occasionally gives peripatetic lectures, much in the same way as Dr. Buckland’s geological expeditions from Oxford. There is a striking difference in the attention paid to natural history by the English and the foreign universities: in the former it is considered a mere superfluity; and I hardly knew six men in Oxford who had any knowledge of animal anatomy, or could tell the calyx of a flower from the corolla. Latterly, we have had some little attendance given on the geological and mineralogical lectures in Oxford; but I fear it is more attributable to the novelty of these researches, and the popularity of the professor, than to these sciences having fairly struck root. In every college in Germany, the Netherlands, and, I believe, in France, natural history is a principal branch of education; and the traveller is immediately struck with the cabinets and gardens as an indispensable appendage of the university. And if education be something better than the mere cramming of boys with a jargon of (to them) senseless dead languages—if it be really valuable, not for the matter which is taught, but for the habits of attention and observation that it secures—if its object, in short, be to form virtuous and intelligent men—how can such objects be better attained than by introducing the student to the powers of God, displayed in the several kingdoms of nature?

These reflections occurred to me whilst resting under one of the fine cypresses in the Poppelsdorf garden, looking full upon the seven hills on the other side of the father river. One of the students came and sat down on the bench with me. He had an intelligent forehead, bright eyes, and

a pale complexion, and his yellow hair fell in ringlets down his neck, according to the fashion. He wore a cap—for hats here are unknown—and smoked one of the German pipes which you have seen: the bowl of it was ornamented with the portrait of a lady-fair, and with two broad stripes of black. This latter mark, he told me, was to denote that he was a Prussian: for the Prussian students consider their presence an honour to the Rhine University, and look down on their brethren who live in this neighbourhood. He proposed a walk to Creuzberg, and we proceeded through the wood till we reached the summit, on which stands a pretty church, belonging to the demolished convent of the Servitians. Here the view was really magnificent: the seven hills (*Sieben-gebergen*) to our right reared their heads in a regular line: the prospect extended along the right bank of the river to Cologne, whose spires and towers, glittering in the distance, in the midst of the plain, formed a striking contrast to the hills to our right. The student and I had, by this time, become intimate, and as he knew French enough to help out when my German failed, we conversed without difficulty. He told me that his period of study was the happiest that he expected in life, and seemed to feel none of that joy which we anticipate, when, having taken our degree, we say—

*"Post tot naufragia tutus—sum
Baccalaureus artium."*

On the contrary, the prospect to a German of entering a profession, or of becoming one of the literati, or, in other words, journeymen writers, is gloomy enough; for the field is full. I have seen an advertisement from the rector of the University of Heidelberg, published at the desire of the Grand Duke of Baden, cautioning parents from sending their sons into the medical classes, they being already too crowded to admit of any hope of success in that profession. We need not wonder then that London abounds with literary Germans, as well as English, who live by their wits, and that so poor a living they make of them.

My friend the student has since introduced me to one of the drinking parties, the nature of which is pretty well known from the accounts of other travellers. The quantity of the thin white Rhine wine consumed was enormous: three bottles a man was thought nothing of—and yet they seemed to stand it stoutly. It was, indeed, a saturnalia! At first one of the party acted as king of the symposium, and parts were assigned to the rest; but, latterly, it was nothing but the clash of six voices singing and roaring at once. Some of the songs were witty and pointed, and I regret the confusion left my recollection of them so indistinct. One of them celebrated the superior happiness of the free burschen (students) over any monarch living; and it accordingly went through a catalogue of the powers of Europe thus:—"The grand signor is a very good fellow—but he has no wine. The pope is also a very good fellow—but he has no women. But how much happier are the burschen, who have both wine and women!" &c. &c. I could not prevail on my friend to give me copies of the choicest songs, as he seemed to consider it a sort of breach of confidence: he, however, handed me the following, which, though of no very high flight, may serve as a specimen of a German drinking song:—

DRINKLIED.

Gott Bacchus gab uns Reden,
 Drum lasst uns frohlich seyn,
 Nichts kostlicher in leben
 Giebt's als ein gut glass wein!

Cupido ist ein knabe
 Von blinder wuth ermannt
 Drum sei bei Bacchus gabe
 Der kleine gott verdannt.

Uns tũchish zu verwunden
 Gelingt ihm nur zu schnell
 Wir, aber, wir gesunden
 An Bacchus feuerquell.

Die schönen werden kalter
 Und welken mit der zeit—
 Der wein gewinnt, je alter,
 Je mehr an tũchtigkeit.

Strahlt auch von meiner nase
 Ein lichter purpurschein,
 Was thuts? habe ich ein glase
 Nur immer guten wein.

Ha! freunde wenn im kreise
 Ihr volle rœmer schwingt
 Oh! dann auch ans den gleise
 Ein datzend hoffe springt.

Schwort nur zu meiner fahner
 Trots fasten und kastein,
 Ihr edlen drink-kampaner,
 Es wird euch nicht gerein.

DRINKING SONG.

God Bacchus gave us command,
 Therefore let us be merry;
 There is nothing more precious in life
 Than a good glass of wine.

Cupid is a boy
 Excited by blind rage;
 Therefore by the gift of Bacchus
 Let the little god be condemned.

In wounding us cunningly,
 He succeeds but too quickly;
 But we are cured
 By Bacchus, the source of fire.

The fair become colder,
 And fade away with time—
 Wine, the older it is,
 Increases the more in virtue.

There blazes also on my nose
 A purple shining pimple—
 What of that? if I have always
 A glass of good wine.

Ha! friends, when in a circle
 The full goblet passes,
 Oh! then also out of its course
 An additional hope springs.

Swear now to my altars;
 Despise fasting and chastening;
 My noble drink-companions,
 You shall not repent of it.

I was much struck also with "Wo ist der Deutches Vaterland:" a song composed by a professor of Bonn, who was expelled by the government on account of his liberal opinions. What his conduct may have been in other respects I know not: but I honour him for the warmth of feeling expressed in his verses. It was new to me when I received a copy; but I do not insert it here, understanding that it has been published lately in London, with a translation.

The University is a noble building, on the south side of the town. It is surrounded by plantations and gardens reaching to the river. It was originally built for a palace, by the Elector Joseph-Clement, in 1717: the University was established by the Elector Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Joseph, but was suppressed by the French during their possession of the country. The edict of the king of Prussia, dated the 18th of October 1818, restored it; and its utility may be estimated by the fact that there are now 1020 students—a surprising proof of the wants of the neighbourhood, and of the attraction of its eminent professors. The students exceed half the number of the whole of those at the six Netherlands universities, of which we hear so much. The fact is, that the latter are on too small a scale, their average numbers being only three hundred

each; and with education for two thousand, out of a population of six millions, the Netherlands are not much better off than England, which reckons about five thousand at Oxford and Cambridge, out of twelve millions of inhabitants. The central situation of Bonn obtains for it many young men from the Netherlands and Switzerland, and a few English and Scotch. Its cheapness is also no small recommendation. I speak under the mark when I say, that for 20*l.* a year to the University and professors' fees, and 40*l.* more for lodging and necessaries of all kinds, one may have here a first-rate education. The students live like independent men, and are in no way under the control of the rector, except whilst they attend the lectures. The characteristics of Bonn, as distinguished from Oxford, are—1st. Its limited expense; 2d. The earnestness shewn by the students in the prosecution of their studies; and, 3dly. That it is unconnected with any particular form of religion. In fact, the plan is entirely the same as that proposed for the new establishment in London; and I am happy in hoping that the care of the council in selecting the London professors, will probably raise its fame, as has been done at Bonn.

Of this establishment, Professor Niebuhr, the Roman historian, holds the first rank in the estimation of the Germans, and, indeed, of all Europe. He is a Dane by birth, and is the son of the famous traveller in Arabia and the East. He held for many years the office of Prussian minister at the court of Rome, and has subsequently resided altogether in Bonn. The two volumes of his great work, which he was led to produce by the topographical researches he had made in Rome, is now too well known to require any comment. It is only to be regretted that the first edition has been translated into English since the publication of the second edition: it was contrary to the express wishes of the author and his friends, who look forward with more confidence to the promised translation by Messrs. Hare and Thelwall. When the remaining volumes appear, and when our countryman, Mr. Arnold (who is much spoken of here), brings forth his promised work on the same subject, a bright light will indeed be thrown on Roman history. Niebuhr is in the mean time lecturing on the geography and ethnography of the ancients, and on those branches of political economy which comprise finance, currency, and banking. He resides in Kolnstrasse, was married not long ago, and has several children. He is thin and slight in his person, and is somewhat of an invalid. His house contains several choice Italian pictures: and the professor is now become quite a lion to travellers, I suspect somewhat to his annoyance, though his civility and kindness always ensure a hospitable reception.

Professor A. G. Schlegel is also well known in England for the extent of his historical researches, particularly into the ancient history of India and the Eastern nations. He is remarkably neat in his appearance, and gave me more the idea of an English man of fashion than a German historian. He is lecturing for the ensuing year on Herodotus's description of Egypt, which he illustrates in Latin, historically and geographically; and on general history, up to the overthrow of the Western Empire. He also gives, *privatissime*, to a select few, an interpretation of the *Rameidos*, an Indian heroic poem, of which there are few, indeed, who know even the name.

I have obtained a programme of the lectures for the year 1827-1828,

which will give you at once an idea of the arrangement of the studies and of the professors employed. I wish it may fall into the hands of any of the council of the London University, as information of this kind cannot but be useful to them. The divisions, you will observe, are fourfold—three professional, and one philosophical branch.

The first order is *Catholic Theology*, with four professors.

The second, *Evangelical or Protestant Theology*, with four professors, including Dr. Nitysch, who is now engaged in preparing a second refutation of Mr. Rose's calumnies on the German Protestants; although it has been done once effectually by Dr. Bretschneider.

The third order is *Law*. Nine professors, who embrace the whole field of jurisprudence—Roman, feudal, German, and French—as well as natural, criminal, ecclesiastical, and commercial, ancient and modern.

The fourth order is *Medicine*. Eleven professors; one of whom devotes himself to the useful task of giving general advice for the preservation of health.

The fifth order is that of *Philosophy*, with twenty-nine professors. This includes history, logic, mathematics, languages, natural sciences, political economy, and every branch of learning not comprised in the other orders. Niebuhr and Schlegel are in this list.

There are also extra lectures for architecture, music, painting, statuary, and, as might be expected in a German school, teachers of gymnastics. The library contains above 70,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in classics. It is well arranged, and is open to the public at all reasonable hours—an accommodation which it would be well if our English collections afforded. The publicity of the churches and libraries in most parts of the Continent is indeed enough to shame our chapters and curators into more liberality. "Time and the hour" will, however, at length make them yield to the general good. There is an academy of statuary with many good models, and a very large collection of Roman antiquities; found in the neighbourhood of the Rhine. It is, however, not so extensive as that of Neuwied, which, though highly curious, has been but little visited. So great value is attached to the Roman monument inscribed "Deæ Victoria sacrum," lodged in the place St. Remi at Bonn, that that square is now generally called the *Ræmerplatz*. The music warehouse of Simrock is one of the best in Germany: lithographic engraving is chiefly used, and it would be difficult to name a piece of music that is not to be found there. Some English ladies, whom I met at the *table d'hôte*, told me that Simrock's collection was the largest they had met with in the course of a long tour.

Apropos of the *table d'hôte*—that at the Star is abundantly provided, and very cheap. One usually meets several of the professors, and such company as may be in the house. The apartments are clean and neat, and a drawing-room up-stairs is better furnished than that of most inns in England. The landlady is noted for her *embonpoint*, and not less for her good humour and civility. There are other good hotels, as the Angel, the Hôtel de Cologne, &c.; but the Star is decidedly the best. The early dinner-hour (one o'clock) makes a supper at nine necessary, which is a very social meal, and gives the traveller the opportunity of mixing twice a day in pleasant company.

After what I have said of the University, you will perhaps wish to have my thoughts on the German system of education. The influence

which that system exerts upon the national character is undeniable ; and the same may be said of our own institutions—as witness the heaps of prejudices that are instilled into us at Oxford and Cambridge ; for who can deny (I speak not with reference to any particular subject) that the English are the most prejudiced people in Christendom, considering the degree of information and experience within the means and memory of all classes in Great Britain ? The Germans seem to fall into the other extreme ; and, instead of having any bias in favour of received opinions and established institutions, seem often to delight in overthrowing them, merely because they are such. They are so rejoiced at the discovery of novelty, that we should be very cautious how we adopt the new lights which, from time to time, emanate from these giants of literature ; because, by the time we may have resolved to admit them as worthy of credit, they may not improbably be blown out by the authors themselves. When we call to mind the eagerness with which Lavater's physiognomy, and, latterly, Gall's phrenology, have been received here, and the absurd notions of magnetism, idealism, polarity, and a thousand others that have been engrafted on more rational views of philosophy, I cannot but admit that the Germans lack, in some measure, that sober judgment on which John Bull is so disposed to pride himself ; and, I believe, if discipline at the universities was more strictly enforced, and theses or essays were instituted, calculated to make the students think more deliberately upon given subjects, it would prove a good check to that rhapsodical turn of mind for which the youths and the men are alike remarkable.

Do not suppose that, like Mr. Rose, I am enraged at the Germans for questioning those old opinions which he is pleased to think preservatives against infidelity. I acquit them, on the whole, of such a charge, though they may, perhaps, in some cases, not have taken sufficient pains to reconcile the discoveries of history and philosophy with that religion, the purity and sanctity of which every good man must acknowledge, though he may disregard the various traditions and ceremonies that have been handed down with and engrafted upon it. I have heard, upon good authority, that the tide of religious opinion is beginning to turn in Germany ; and that not a few of those lofty minds, who have been wandering for a season into spheres beyond the comprehension of human reason, have returned earthward, with the sober conviction that the Gospel is the only safe rule of faith and practice.

The extent of their biblical researches, their profound knowledge of Hebrew, of oriental manners, and of the geography of Palestine, joined to a perfect acquaintance with the various philosophical systems of antiquity, have convinced the judgment of many, whom the dogmas of an orthodox church might try in vain to turn, or the mere light of reason be insufficient to keep in the right path. If my information be correct, as I have every reason to believe, you will agree with me that the result will be attended by the happiest effects for the republic of letters, and will form the most splendid triumph that the Christian faith has yet achieved.

OXONIENSIS.

SCENE IN A DALECARLIAN MINE.

"Oh! fondly, fervently, those two had loved;
Had mingled minds in Love's own perfect trust;
Had watched bright sunsets, dreamt of blissful years:
—And thus they met!"

"HASTE, with your torches, haste! make firelight round!"

—They speed, they press—what hath the miners found?

Relic or treasure, giant sword of old?

Gems bedded deep, rich veins of burning gold?

—Not so—the dead, the dead! An awe-struck band,

In silence gathering round the silent stand,

Chained by one feeling, hushing e'en their breath,

Before the thing that, in the night of death,

Fearful, yet beautiful, amidst them lay—

A sleeper, dreaming not!—a youth, with hair

Making a sunny gleam (how sadly fair!)

O'er his cold brow: no shadow of decay

Had touched those pale bright features—yet he wore

A mien of other days, a garb of yore.

Who could unfold that mystery? From the throng

A woman wildly broke; her eye was dim,

As if through many tears, through vigils long,

Through weary strainings:—all had been for him!

Those two had loved! And there he lay, the dead,

In his youth's flower—and she, the living, stood

With her grey hair, whence hue and gloss had fled—

And wasted form, and cheek, whose flushing blood

Had long since ebb'd:—a meeting sad and strange!

—Oh! are not meetings in this world of change

Sadder than partings oft? She stood there, still,

And mute, and gazing, all her soul to fill

With the loved face once more—the young, fair face,

Midst that rude cavern touched with sculpture's grace,

By torchlight and by death:—until, at last,

From her deep heart the spirit of the past

Gushed in low broken tones:—"And there thou art!

And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part

As for a few brief hours!—My friend, my friend!

First-love, and only one! Is this the end

Of hope deferred, youth blighted? Yet thy brow

Still wears its own proud beauty, and thy cheek

Smiles—how unchanged!—while I, the worn, and weak,

And faded—oh! thou wouldst but scorn me now,

If thou couldst look on me!—a withered leaf,

Seared—though for thy sake—by the blast of grief!

—Better to see thee thus!—for thou didst go,

Bearing my image on thy heart, I know,

Unto the dead. My Ulric! through the night

How have I called thee!—with the morning light

How have I watched for thee!—wept, wandered, prayed,

Met the fierce mountain-tempest, undismayed,

In search of thee!—bound my worn life to one,

One torturing hope!—Now let me die!—'tis gone!

Take thy betrothed!"—And on his breast she fell.

—Oh! since their youth's last passionate farewell,

How changed in all but love!—the true, the strong—

Joining in death whom life had parted long!

—They had one grave—one lonely bridal bed—

No friend, no kinsman there a tear to shed!

His name had ceased—her heart outlived each tie,

Once more to look on that dead face—and die!

F. H.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

IN the year 1571, there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after-times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shewn, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness, to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to shew their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once

a-year, and shews the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petier Bolt, the Sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law, with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hardheartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning;—he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience, as well as he could, with this opiate, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro

as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to shew his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and, supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought; and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

“If I had only time,” he said to himself—“if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it.”

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass-windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, “Forgive me, dear lady, if I take

from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—Oh no!—it is for my wife and children.”

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certain y the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched, aye firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not 'till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?—"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.—"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.—"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."—Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph, was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.—"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton;—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards

every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.—“I would rather,” he exclaimed,—“I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead.” This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—“Do you fear the dead?”—Hans stoutly replied, “They are not half so dangerous as the living.”

“Indeed!” said the Burgomaster. “Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?”—“In the way of my duty, yes,” replied Hans; “not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters.”

“Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?” continued Adolph.—“Yes, Mr. Burgomaster.”

“Do you fear them?”—“No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest.”

“Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night: it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window.”—“I see how it is,” answered Hans: “the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts.”

“Put a light into your lantern,” said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. “Be silent, and follow me.”—“If you bid me,” said Hans, “I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master.”

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to shew the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopt, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

“That is an excellent custom,” said Hans; “one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men.”

“Excellent!” replied Adolph; “but go on.”

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd, wayward

habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master;—"I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man: "there sits our deceased lady, on the altar, in a long, white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.—"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne.*

THE COMING OF SPRING.

The voice of Spring—the voice of Spring!

I hear it from afar!

He comes with sunlight on his wing,

And ray of morning's star:—

His impulse thrills through rill and flood,

It throbs along the main;

'Tis stirring in the waking wood,

And trembling o'er the plain!

The cuckoo's call, from hill to hill,

Announces he is nigh:—

The nightingale has found the rill

She loved to warble by:

The thrush to sing is all athirst,

But will not, till he see

Some sign of him—then out will burst

The treasured melody!

He comes—he comes!—Behold, behold

That glory in the east

Of burning beams of glowing gold,

And light by light increased!

Already Earth unto her heart

Inhales the genial heat—

Already, see, the flowers start

To beautify his feet!

The violet is sweetening now

The air of hill and dell;

The snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,

As he retreated, fell,

Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers

Where late the wild storm whirled;

And warmer rays, with lengthening days,

Give verdure to the world.

The work is done;—but there is ONE,

Who has the task assigned,—

Who guides the serviceable sun,

And gathers up the wind;

Who showers down the needful rain

He measures in his hand;

And rears the tender-springing grain,

That joy may fill the land.

The youthful Spring—the pleasant Spring!

His course is forward now:—

He comes with sunlight on his wing,

And beauty on his brow:

His impulse thrills through rill and flood,

And throbs along the main—

'Tis stirring in the waking wood,

And trembling o'er the plain!

March 18.

C. W.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo.; 1828.—Of Columbus and his renown, few perhaps remember the time when they had not heard something. The greater part of people know and speak of him as the discoverer of America, and scarcely suppose more is to be known, or can be worth knowing—every body can sketch the outline of his story, that he, for instance, taking the sphericity of the earth as indisputable, proposed to get to the east by the west—that he had great difficulty in gaining credit for so paradoxical an excursion, and greater still in persuading royal personages to fit out a fleet—that at last, however, he did succeed with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain—that in three or four voyages he discovered the New World, and laid the foundation of a colony or two—that, in the prosecution of his toils, he encountered revolts among his crews, and ingratitude at home, and died, worn out with disappointment and sorrow; but few have traced, or will take the trouble, with the documents hitherto within reach, to trace the exact and successive steps of his discoveries, and many, even of reading people, will be surprised to learn that, excepting the Honduras and Mosquito coasts, Columbus himself never touched upon the continent of America, and that he died in the belief that St. Domingo was Japan, and Cuba the extremity of China. The truth is, that though slight and glancing accounts are to be met with in every book of geography, we know not where any thing like a detailed narrative is to be found—more detailed, we mean, than Robertson's for instance; but Mr. Washington Irving has had the benefit, not only of consulting the recent and voluminous publication of Navarette, during his residence at Madrid, but has been admitted freely to the family papers of the Duke of Vargas, the descendant and representative of Columbus.

The history before us is far too circumstantial for us to give any thing like an adequate view of it; but we may in a page or two convey to the reader some notion of what he will find in this very full, and accurate, and readable piece of biography. Mr. Washington Irving could not but execute respectably whatever he undertook, but we doubt if he has done wisely in thus tasking and straitening his powers, which plainly require a freer course for their activity than history allows.

Of the early life of Columbus, the author has done little but call into doubt the few points that were received as unquestionable. It may be concluded that he was a native of Genoa, the descendant of a family distinguished in the naval service of that state, and himself early engaged in it; and that

wherever else he might go, he certainly went with an expedition directed against the pirates of the Barbary coasts, and accompanied John of Anjou, in his invasion of Naples. Other events, probable or improbable, may, however, be passed by till we find him in Portugal, drawn thither probably by the hope of sharing in the discoveries then undertaken in the African seas.

It was here, apparently, where nothing but discoveries were talked of, that his thoughts were more particularly turned to the east. By whatever steps he arrived at it, the conclusion was fixed in Columbus's mind, that the earth was round—and that, therefore, the east was accessible by pursuing a westerly course. He supposed an open sea to interpose between Europe and Asia. Ptolemy, whose authority no scholar ventured to question, had divided the equator into twenty-four hours, of fifteen degrees each; and of these, fifteen hours were supposed to be known to the ancients, extending from Gibraltar, or the Canaries, to the city of Thinae, the eastern boundary of the known world. The Portuguese, by advancing to the Azores, had discovered one more, and therefore there remained eight hours, or one-third only of the globe yet unexplored; and how much of this was filled up with the undiscovered parts of Asia, who could tell? The length of a degree, too, had been supposed to be not more than 56 miles, which again lessened the intervening space. Then again, according to the narratives of Marco Paulo and Sir John Mandeville, Cathay extended far beyond the boundaries of ancient knowledge, and islands, particularly Antille and Cipango, lay still beyond—so that, on the whole, the probability seemed to be, that either these islands, or the continent of Asia, were within 4,000 miles of the Portuguese coast. That lands really existed in the western direction there were numerous indications;—a pilot, for instance, sailing 450 leagues to the west of St. Vincent's, had picked up a piece of carved wood, evidently not laboured with an iron instrument. In Porto Santo, again, a similar piece of wood had been taken up, drifted from the same quarter. Reeds of an immense size had floated from the west, such as Columbus imagined had been described by Ptolemy as growing in India. At the Azores, again, trunks of immense pines had come ashore, and two dead bodies, with features differing from every known race of men. The probability, then, in the mind of Columbus, rose to certainty, that India was approachable in this direction, and, of course, by a much shorter route than by circumnavigating Africa, supposing it to be indeed circumnavigable, which supposition, however, de-

pendent solely upon nothing but the reports of the ancient geographers, for no one had yet gone beyond the south of the equator.

With a belief thus fixed, and his imagination inflamed, he dwelt upon the thought, till he believed himself destined, and especially appointed, by Providence, to open this western route to Asia, and he accordingly moved heaven and earth to accomplish his destiny. John II. of Portugal, though himself not indisposed to adventures, was urged in vain—his counsel pronounced the scheme chimerical, though an under-hand attempt was made by certain influential persons to ascertain the truth of his story, and anticipate the glory, by despatching vessels—which, however, effected nothing. Indignant at this treatment, Columbus appealed to Spain; but Spain was otherwise engaged—the Moors were to be driven from Granada; but at length, overcoming difficulties opposed to him on all sides—what will not perseverance like his overcome?—after laying siege to the court for seven years, Isabella herself undertook to fit out three small vessels; and, stipulating for the appointment of viceroy over all the lands he should discover, and a share of the plunder, for such it must be termed, and the title of admiral—all which was finally conceded—in the year 1492, then in his 56th year, he sailed from the port of Palos.

After encountering the frequent resistance, and almost mutinies of his crews, and when despair—if despair could ever find a seat in so sanguine a breast—had perhaps almost seized himself, he came suddenly upon the Bahamas, and made his first landing on what is now called Cat Island; and from thence, sailing along the northern coast of Cuba, onward to the west, he came to Hispaniola, where one of his vessels was wrecked, and another, commanded by Pinzon, deserted him. Here, then, proposing to return to Spain for reinforcements, he built a fortress, by the name of La Navidad—uninterrupted by the natives. Every where indeed he found them gentle, confiding, easily conciliated—in a state of absolute nudity—the country beautiful and fertile, but wealth there was none. Small pieces of gold were seen on their persons, and with these they readily parted for toys; and observing the eagerness with which gold was seized, they made signs that there was abundance in the far off mountains. Thus much accomplished, and with this intelligence, Columbus lost no time in returning to Spain—leaving thirty-nine men at the fortress, with special directions to survey the island, and collect all the gold in their power—hoping, as he said, to find on his return at least a ton of it, and that in three years, wealth enough would be obtained to conquer Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre.

Narrowly escaping shipwreck, and some treachery on the part of the Portuguese, he at length reached Spain, and was received

with the very highest marks of distinction by his sovereigns—even to seating him in their presence—and active preparations were forthwith made to start him afresh with augmented resources. Ferdinand's rapacity was now inflamed by Columbus's magnificent anticipations—no less than the means of leading 50,000 foot and 10,000 horse against the infidels. In the following spring he set sail with a fleet of seventeen ships, and 1,500 men on board. The first land he made, this time, was Dominica, from discovering it on a Sunday; and after cruising some time among what are now termed the Windward Islands, he arrived at La Navidad—when he had the misery and mortification to find nothing but destruction, and not a soul left to tell the tale of their fate. From the natives it was gathered, eventually, that no sooner had the admiral quitted the shore than all subordination was at an end—the passions of lust and avarice raged uncontrolled—till the patience of the mild and enduring natives was exhausted, and plenary vengeance inflicted.

The first step Columbus took—nothing repulsed—was to choose another spot, on the same coast, for settling a colony—the next, to despatch twelve of the vessels to Spain, and solicit for farther reinforcements and provisions. To break the disappointment of the king, he proposed, most iniquitously, if we are to judge of the act by modern sentiments—and we see not why we should not, for Isabella's accorded with them—to make an exchange of the natives, as slaves, for live stock and provisions, to be furnished by merchants—the settlement would thus be benefitted, the king's exchequer replenished, and the natives themselves be made Christians, and put in the way of salvation. In the meanwhile, detachments were despatched to explore the interior, and search for gold—followed, for quarrels soon ensued, by Columbus in person. Returning from thence to the settlement, he prosecuted his discoveries in the direction of Cuba, and, sailing from the eastern point of Cuba towards the south, he dropped upon Jamaica, and from thence reverting again to Cuba, he coasted along the southern shore of that island, till it trended to the south, and he could see no termination. Concluding, with confidence, that he had found the continent of Asia, he returned to the settlement, where business enough was prepared for him. Partly from the just resentments of the chiefs, particularly Canoabo, a chief of no common vigour, and of the Caribbee race—and partly from the quarrels of the Spaniards among themselves, and the treacheries of Don Margarite and Father Boyle, affairs were in sad disorder. The presence of the admiral quieted matters at the settlement; and as to the natives, prompt and thorough-going measures were taken, and the matter ended by

the capture of Canaobo, the subjugation of the whole island, and the imposition of a tribute—followed by the discovery of the Hayna Gold Mines, which Columbus determined to be the Ophir of Solomon.

In the meanwhile, Margarite and Boyle, who had quitted the island, were busy in Castile in blackening the reputation of the admiral, and so effective were their misrepresentations, that a commissioner, Aguado, was actually despatched to inquire into the real state of things, and the conduct of Columbus. Aguado came of course, prejudiced against Columbus, and employed himself, from the first moment of his arrival, in collecting evidence against him; and as soon as he had gathered what appeared sufficient to crush him, he returned to Spain, and Columbus did the same. This was in 1496. His reception at the port was a striking contrast with the congratulations and triumphs of his former return; but at court he was welcomed in a manner far more flattering than he had reason to expect—his enemies had not succeeded in completely alienating Ferdinand—he had still some reliance on Columbus's realizing his magnificent promises.

The admiral's first object—finding his reception thus comparatively friendly—was to solicit the means of prosecuting his discoveries—particularly in Cuba, which he affirmed to be the rich and splendid continent of Asia. Immediate compliance was pledged by the king: but impediments interposed—wars—the marriage of his daughter—but above all, the crafty delays of Fonseca, whom Columbus had offended; nor was he able to sail again for two years—not till the spring of 1498. Steering now farther to the south, he discovered Trinidad; and passing along the Gulf of Paria, his imagination kindled at the sight of pearls round the necks of the natives—aided by sundry speculations of his own, and the extreme beauty of the country, he pronounced it to be the very seat of Paradise. From thence he proceeded to the settlement in St. Domingo—where new troubles and vexations awaited him. His brother Bartholomew had been left in command, and one Roldan, a protégé of Columbus, thinking himself as clever as any body else, resolved to be second to none in authority. The consequence of this and other cabals was the ruin of the prosperity of the colony—the suspension of the mines—and the extinction of the hopes of unbounded wealth. The horrors of famine followed close upon those of war. Nor was the presence of the admiral able to do much; he issued proclamations, and did all in his power to enforce order and obedience, and was at last obliged to accommodate with Roldan on his own terms. Other mutinies of officers, and revolts of the natives followed thick upon each other, while some, who had been expelled from the colony, returned to Spain,

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and made the most outrageous misrepresentations of his conduct to the court; and the court, indiscreetly, to say the least, commissioned Bobadilla, as they had before done Aguado, to go to St. Domingo and “inquire,” and, moreover, empowered him, if he found the admiral guilty of crimes, or extraordinary imprudence, to supersede, and send him home. Of course Bobadilla's first step was, not to inquire, but to supersede, and, without farther ceremony, he threw Columbus into chains, and despatched him to Spain.

Bobadilla's conduct had been so manifestly precipitate and presumptuous, that, without waiting for any inquiry into the reality of Columbus's offences, the king and queen ordered Columbus to be instantly released, and invited him to court—where his reception was signally kind and sympathizing. No notice was taken of the charges against him—Bobadilla was recalled; but Columbus *was not replaced*. In vain were all representations and remonstrances—Ferdinand was inflexible—he had given up what now appeared to him too much for a subject, and he was resolved to make use of the present opportunity of resuming the grant. Ovando was despatched to replace Bobadilla, and with difficulty was Columbus at last allowed, in May 1502, to set forth again with four small vessels, whose whole crews did not exceed 150, expressly to pursue discoveries, and prohibited landing at St. Domingo in his outward voyage.

The object of this fourth, and his last, voyage, was to discover a strait or passage through Cuba to the Indian Sea. He had found the coast of Cuba going off to the south, and observing the currents between the east point of Cuba and the gulf of Paria, setting towards that part of the coast, which he supposed to go far to the south, he was satisfied an opening would be found, which would take him at once to the Indian Sea. To discover this opening then was his object; for the Cape of Good Hope had now been doubled; and to contend with the Portuguese in Indian discoveries, was a point of honour and glorious ambition. In pursuance of this object he, coasted the Honduras, the Mosquito, and Veraguas—still taking them for Cuba—his continent—in vain; “but if,” says Mr. Irving, magnificently, “he was disappointed in his expectation of finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien, it was because nature herself had been disappointed, for she appears to have attempted to make one, but to have attempted it in vain.”

The new settlement he commenced at Belen met with nothing but disasters, and he finally quitted the coast of Veraguas for Jamaica, where his vessels stranded, and his misfortunes increased ten fold. With the loss of power came the loss of respect; and mutinies, even with his small party,

again followed. Applications for relief were made to Ovando at St. Domingo, and for a time disregarded; and all his mortifications were aggravated by the intelligence he received of the oppressions practised on the natives, and the general ruin of that beautiful island. The population, which has been stated at a million, though probably above the mark, was utterly annihilated, by wars, hard work, and cruelties. Africans were introduced to supply their place; and Columbus had himself indeed brought negroes from Spain—such as were born there, and brought up Christians—which was the introductory step to the African slave trade for the West Indies. Obtaining at last a ship from Ovando, he landed at St. Domingo, and after being treated with some shew of civility, he finally returned to Spain—to seek redress, and the restoration of his honours and authority; but his patroness was now on her death-bed, and Ferdinand still impracticable; and Columbus himself, worn out with labours and exertions, shortly afterwards followed his royal mistress. His son had somewhat better luck—he married into one of the noblest families of Spain, and through the influence of his new connexions, recovered some of his father's rights, and transmitted them to his descendants.

So much for the outline of Columbus's story, which Mr. Irving has in general well filled up. Columbus, apparently, was not a man calculated to conciliate his contemporaries. He was for carrying all by force of argument, and when others doubted, was offended. He was peremptory on points, which he could not demonstrate. He was a foreigner¹ and unsupported—and jealousies were naturally excited against him. Ferdinand, too, had conceded to him powers and privileges which perhaps no services could rightly claim—which were granted without calculation, and which, had they been executed, would have made him greater than his master. His personal authority was great, but of course his *presence* was indispensable, and he could not be everywhere. He had not, besides, taken a due measure of his crews and agents; he looked upon them as machines, and they regarded themselves—incurring such risks as they did—as fellow-adventurers—companions—entitled to share in the goods the gods should grant them. Had he been obeyed, no doubt the kindness of his nature would have kept him abhorrent from cruelties, and St. Domingo might quickly have become profitable and flourishing in its own population; but the low passions of low men made enemies where he would have made friends, and his absence was the signal for licentiousness and misrule. On the matter of discovery, and the rights which discovery gave, he was a perfect fanatic; he had no scruples or reserves on the right of invasion. Christians might justly enslave heathens—

though he would himself have treated them kindly, had they submitted quietly. To remedy the mischiefs of others, he was tempted to do, what cost him something to reconcile to his sympathies—the dispatching slaves *from* the island in exchange for provisions,—but then they were all to be made Christians, and that was a cure for all enormities. Never did any one man, in the records of human nature, commit, and cause to commit, more complicated mischief—more intolerable oppression—more insolent tyranny. The interests of his fellow-creatures were forgotten or scorned, in the pursuit of personal distinction. Benefits to the country that employed him, no doubt, he anticipated to be great; but they were promoted at the cost of others, and he never for a moment lost sight of his own reward. He is over-estimated—our admiration of his abilities, and his persevering resolution, and a New World, as we bombastically phrase it—blind us too much to the moral defects of the man. Isabella had glimpses of this, and did something to counteract consequences. We should like to see another American, Dr. Channing, handle Columbus's character—Mr. Washington Irving is too ready to extenuate and apologize.

Sketches of the War in Greece, by Philip James Green, Esq., late British Consul for the Morea, &c.; 1828.—This volume of the Messieurs Green, the British Consul and Vice-consul for the Morea, is not by any means an unimportant or unwelcome one. It presents, indeed, no favourable view of the conduct of the Greeks in the prosecution of their unexceptionable cause; but then it is not statements put forth to answer particular purposes, whether favourable or unfavourable, that the public require, or in the long run will approve of, but truth and truth only. Unluckily, however, this truth which the public require—meaning those who have no personal bias—no interests to warp their sentiments—is the hardest thing in the world to get at, and can indeed be got at by no other process than the severest exercise of the coolest judgment—in shaking and sifting the opposing materials, which prejudice and partiality, for one or the other, is pretty sure to be busy—pour into the critical sieve; without these opposing materials the judgment must be utterly at fault. But who will furnish materials save those who are on the spot, and immediately concerned?—and this concernment it is that alloys the pure gold of truth. Of those who have given us information relative to the Greeks, some have been either in the service, and well or ill-treated, or wishing to be in it—some employed as agents by loan-making friends—others closely connected with the Turks, officially or commercially—some, prompted by the conviction that things had been exaggerated, took the common course of setting them right by excessive dis-

paragement; and the few, who *could*, by capacity and talent for observation, perhaps, have given the fairest representations, were too full of the relics and ruins of antiquity to record modern events—too much dazzled by the brilliant achievements and magnificent effects of older times, not to ascribe too much of the same splendid character to their—in all but their resistance to oppression—degenerate successors.

The consul, it is pretty clear, is unfavourably disposed towards the Greeks, that is, he has evidently a bias—he has suffered by the Greeks—had they been quiet, he had been still at Patras—and this alone must make us distrust at least his opinions and conclusions. This need not throw discredit on the reality of the facts he presents, because few of any respectability—of any experience in life, will forge facts; and, besides, if we had not that security, we have another, in the very facilities of detection, which the readiness and abundance of modern communication furnishes; but facts may easily be discoloured and distorted: and though ever so fairly stated, conclusions which the facts will not legitimately warrant, may easily be palmed upon careless readers, who look more to the bare conclusion than the premises or the truth of the deduction. This is unquestionably Mr. Green's case. Nor is our confidence in him a whit strengthened by the deprecations he puts forth in the preface. "Instead of adopting," says he, "the terms Infidels and Christians, I have made use of those of Turks and Greeks—it must not thence be inferred that I am prejudiced against the Greek cause. On the contrary, it is impossible to be indifferent in such a cause—it is impossible not to wish the liberation of any people from a state of thralldom, so degrading as that of the rajahs under the Ottoman dominion." And yet the fact is, that it *is* impossible for the readers of this book of his not to conclude him prejudiced against the said cause—or why should he, solicitously as he does, apologize for the cruelties of the Turks, and leave, as he quietly does, those of the Greeks to shift for themselves? The Turks were the unquestioned oppressors; and the Greeks, as the party attempting to shake off oppression, had a natural claim to sympathy, and the best title to consideration and allowance. Cruelties and massacres abound on both sides through the contest; but when the Turks are the agents, Mr. Green laments: when the Greeks commit the same atrocities, he is horror stricken. He talks of the Greeks trafficking in the sale of their Turkish captives, but not a word of the Turks enslaving Greeks. Throughout the correspondence he is perpetually predicting disasters to the Greeks, and ultimate triumph to the Turk. This is all the tone of a partizan. The Greeks have not been worse than the Turks, though they may not

have been much, if anything, better—but they have had provocations—have been, by his own shewing, oppressed. Mr. Green may have his palliative—or, to speak more correctly, he may have good reason for his leaning towards the Turks; he was officially connected with them—where he resided they were the masters, and the Greeks the slaves, and equality of intercourse would of course rather be sought with the master than the slave; but then he should not pretend to regard with favour the Greeks, when his feelings are so warmly kindled towards their oppressors, that he cannot even controul his language.

Mr. Green was residing at Patras, as consul, when the revolution burst at that point, in April 1821—at a time when, as appears by his letters, notwithstanding the thickening rumours, he treated the expectation of a revolt as a matter of the utmost improbability. By the advance of the Greeks, he lost his furniture and a valuable horse; and in June quitted the peninsula for Zante, and from that period was alternately at Patras and Zante, but by far the greatest part of the time at Zante, till the fall of Missolonghi, in April 1826, when he finally returned to England. Extending through these five years, in the volume before us, we have a series of letters, commenting on the chief events, as they occurred—few of which fell under his own personal observation—and for the rest he must have been indebted to the information of others. It must be admitted he was favourably situated, and he talks much of his official correspondence with the consular agents. Captain Blaquiere is charged in no civil terms as being defective in this respect—as seeing little with his own eyes; but really, from Mr. Green's own accounts, we must say, Capt. B.'s opportunities were little inferior to his own. Mr. Green's book must not be taken as a consecutive sketch of the history—there are material omissions—some only to be accounted for by the bias to which we have adverted—for instance, the Turkish massacre and destruction of Scio.

One thing struck us as odd—and we are inclined to ask why Mr. Green took the professional opinion of a civilian—and one not officially connected with the government—on the legality of the blockade, by the Greeks, of the Gulf of Patras—when the Ionian Commissioners had virtually, if not expressly admitted it—and when the natural course in any difficulty surely was to apply to the government at home? This opinion is paraded at full length in the appendix—and is made to justify some parts of his conduct towards the Greeks.

When the report reached him of Lord Cochrane joining the Greeks—this is the tone he takes—

I am inclined to doubt that his lordship seriously intends joining the Greeks, or even supposing such

to be the case, I cannot imagine that the British government can permit such a proceeding. Any one acquainted with the Turks and their government must be well aware of the difficulty of persuading them that it is not a national measure; and failing in this, a rupture would in all probability follow. But there is too much cause to fear that that would not be the only unpleasant result; as in the event of Lord Cochrane's joining the Greeks, accompanied by frigates and steam vessels, there can be little doubt of his obtaining great successes over the Turks, in which case an indiscriminate massacre would probably take place of British subjects residing at Constantinople and Smyrna. The mere report of such a powerful acquisition has caused great joy among the Greeks; but if his lordship's proposed assistance is to benefit them, he must not delay, as otherwise, it is more than probable they will have little need of his services.

So much for the consul's predictions, and his knowledge of Greeks and Turks!

Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, by Jared Sparks; 1828.—This is a volume of some interest, and, upon the whole, well executed—relative to a man of no common, nay of very uncommon qualities—a man whose extraordinary energies, unchecked by early discipline, or too masterful to be checked by discipline, early or late, or any restraints, gentle or severe, drove him centrifugally from the dull routine of ordinary life, to roam at large, and seek gratification in his own peculiar way. He was of a temperament too restless to know repose—too resolute to quail before toil or trouble—too sanguine to anticipate misfortunes, or to guard against them—the vigour and vivacity of his spirit prompted him to active and adventurous employment, and he must find it or die. It was intolerable to his compelling ardour to tread in the same path that others had trodden, or to do what others were doing. Distinction was the thing he panted for, and for which he was ready to toil—it was of a generous cast, for he sought it only by conferring extraordinary benefits on the world. In the midst of poverty and rags, a sense of independence and desert bade him stand upright before his fellow-men, and forget the superiorities of rank and station. Though soliciting and accepting assistance, he had that within that would amply repay—powers to face and surmount difficulties which others shrunk from encountering. Though actually overcoming immense difficulties, under which the mass of mankind must have sunk, in almost every thing he undertook, he was unsuccessful—he had no luck. Generally the unlucky are the imprudent, and Ledyard must be numbered among those who attempt more than the course and complication of circumstances, which fetter them on every side, and which they refuse to calculate, allow them to perform. His self-reliance prompted him too often to trust to the chapter of accidents, and they, as they will, failed him. Yet it is no uninteresting spectacle to contemplate

such a man's career—though he took no lesson, he may give one.

Descended from an American family, John Ledyard was born in 1751, at Groton, in Connecticut, within a few hundred yards of Fort Griswold, so well known in the annals of the American revolution. His father was captain of a West India trader, and died early, leaving three sons and a daughter, of whom Ledyard was the eldest, and an estate, which he possessed, by some neglect or chicane, reverted to his own father, and was thus lost to his children. After some years, the widow—a lady of many excellencies, according to the biographer, of person, character, and intellect—married again, and Ledyard was taken into his grandfather's family, and, on the grandfather's death, being transferred to his guardian's, a respectable attorney of Hartford, who had married an aunt, was by that gentleman destined for his own profession. But neither the "profound wisdom," says Mr. Sparks, "nor the abstruse learning, nor the golden promises of the law," had any charms for Ledyard. He was for something more stirring and free, and that was not easy to be found. He was now nineteen. For once in his life he deliberated, but chance rather than choice at last decided. Dr. Wheelock, the amiable and pious founder of Dartmouth College—an institution established at Hanover, to educate missionaries for the conversion of the Indians—had been the intimate friend of the grandfather, and now invited young Ledyard to join him. His mother, too, was earnest in the cause; and to her wishes and advice he perhaps mainly yielded, though, no doubt, the prospect of difficulties in this "labour of love" had charms for him which the law could not give, and a missionary he would have become, could he have cut the training. To this place he however set out, but in his own way—not on horseback—the college was far in the interior—as others did, but in a crazy gig, where there were no roads, to enable him to carry some theatrical apparatus; for the thought of nothing but dry and sedentary study was intolerable to him. From the college, before he had been there three months, he suddenly decamped, and, at the end of another three or four months, reappeared; after wandering, it is supposed, to the borders of Canada, and the Six Nations—apparently with a view to reconnoitre the missionary ground. The view probably was repulsive, for nothing more was heard of missionary schemes. He soon now grew heartily weary of the college, and becoming more irregular than before in his attendance on lectures, and receiving sundry admonitions from the superiors, which he chose to consider as indignities, he resolved to make his escape; and, even in his escape, must take his own course. He contrived to cut down a large tree on the margin of the

Connecticut, and, with the aid of his fellow-students, he shaped it into a canoe, fifty feet long and three wide, and launched it; and with some provisions, a Greek Testament, and an Ovid, actually, in spite of all difficulties from falls and rapids, arrived in safety at his uncle's at Hartford, a distance of 140 miles.

His next scheme was to set about the study of theology, to qualify for a preacher at home; but, impatient of the drudgery, he was quickly on the move to solicit immediate ordination—sometimes meeting with encouragement, and sometimes discouragement, till at last, in despair or disgust, he gave up the attempt and the church, and within a few weeks was found on board a vessel bound for Gibraltar and the Barbary coast. He had entered as a common sailor, but the captain had been his father's friend, and treated him rather as an associate than one of the crew. At Gibraltar—again wishing for a change—he enlisted in a British regiment of infantry, and was found by his comrades strutting in regimentals; but being released at the solicitation of the captain, he returned to the ship, and to America.

At a loss, again, for employment, he suddenly bethought himself of going to England, to look up some wealthy relations, of whom he had heard his father speak. No steps of prudence were of course taken—no inquiries made where they were to be found—no documents prepared to identify himself; but, on arriving in London, and hearing accidentally of a gentleman of the name, he presented himself to claim the rights of relationship; and, though not treated precisely as an impostor, he was required to furnish some written testimony. This was, of course, too much to brook; he withdrew in a rage—determined to prosecute the inquiry no further, and renounce for ever all who bore the name.

His object was now to accompany Captain Cook in his third voyage; and, to accomplish it, he enlisted in the Marines, and by his address got into Cook's presence, made himself acceptable, and was appointed a corporal. In this capacity he accompanied Captain Cook, and was on all occasions distinguished for his activity—ready for every thing, volunteering where others flinched, and proving equal to whatever he undertook. Through the whole voyage he kept a journal; but on his return, all papers of this description were demanded by the Captain, and Ledyard's among the rest—to prevent imperfect accounts of the voyage being published before the Admiralty one. These papers Ledyard never recovered; but about two years after, in America—he had by that time deserted from the British ship, which brought him to the coast—he was induced by a bookseller to write an account—necessarily an incomplete one, for the want of documents—varying, in some particulars, from the orthodox report, but the variations

relate chiefly to occurrences, as to which, says the biographer, "he had probably a better opportunity for personal knowledge, or concerning which, for various reasons, it was the policy of the leaders of the expedition to preserve silence. The train of events at the Sandwich islands, which led to the death of Captain Cook, is narrated by Ledyard in a manner more consistent and natural than appears in any other account of it. The precipitancy of the officers, and of Cook particularly, or at least their want of caution, which was the primary cause of the tragical issue, was kept out of sight by the authorised narrators, and a mystery long hung over that catastrophe, owing to the absence of any obvious coherency between causes and effects. On this point Ledyard's narrative is full and satisfactory."

Again at large, his thoughts speedily turned to some new employment. Ever since his voyage with Cook, he had been filled with visions of extraordinary advantages to result from trading in furs on the NW. coast of America, and exchanging them at Canton for the products of China. The Russians at Onolaska, with whom he had talked in his voyage, he knew had done great things in this way. To accomplish this scheme he was now perpetually planning, at home and abroad, in public and private—first in America, then going to Cadiz, then to L'Orient, but constantly baffled. Once in France with Paul Jones, a spirit something like his own, all was arranged—steps actually taken, and the measure in progress; but, with Ledyard's usual luck, the thing again fell to the ground. While in France, he was frequently with Jefferson, then ambassador, and La Fayette, apparently on terms of great intimacy; but neither of them seem, whatever they may have thought of his schemes, to have promoted them. Resolute, however, not to abandon a visit to the NW. coast, when he found he could not get there by sea and in company, he proposed to tramp through Siberia, cross Behring's Strait, examine the coast, and then cross the American continent to the United States—trusting for the execution to his luck. In this wild scheme he was so far assisted by Jefferson, as to get him permission from the Empress to go into Siberia. While waiting for this permission, and when, through impatience of delay, on the point of setting out without it, he received a letter from Sir James Hall—a man almost as eccentric as himself, who had introduced himself to Ledyard a short time before, and proffered him twenty guineas—summoning him to London. On his arrival there, he found a ship ready to sail for the Pacific. Sir James introduced him to the owners, who offered him a free passage, and promised to set him ashore at whatever point he pleased. The vessel dropped down the river, and in a few days put to sea. Ledyard

was at the summit of his wishes—nothing seemed to stand between him and his hopes; but, again, before the ship was out of sight of land, a government order overtook her, and the voyage was broken off—and the matter left unexplained.

Nothing daunted still, he revived his Siberian scheme, and a subscription was set on foot by Sir Joseph Banks and his friends to start Ledyard with a certain sum, which seems not to have been very magnificent; for in a few weeks he was at Hamburgh, in high spirits, sound health, and *ten guineas* in his pocket. At Hamburgh he heard of Major Langhorne's being at Copenhagen, and from the accounts he received of him there and at London, he was seized with one of his irresistible impulses to see, and persuade him to go with him to Siberia. No sooner said than done—to Copenhagen he flew, and at Copenhagen, on the 1st January 1787, he found Langhorne, from the neglect of common precautions, in distress and difficulty. Without a care or a thought, Ledyard's ten guineas were instantly advanced; but no arguments could prevail on Langhorne to accompany him. Ledyard had now lost time, and gone out of his way, to no purpose; and finding the passage across the Gulf of Bothnia, from the state of the ice, unsafe, he determined forthwith, in spite of all perils and obstacles, to go round the head of it; and, nobody knows how, actually reached Petersburg in March. The Empress was then on her well-known tour to the Crimea, and he was compelled to wait for a passport, which was at length, though with difficulty, obtained, and luckily he was allowed, how brought about does not appear, to join Dr. William Brown, a Scotch physician, going to the province of Kolyvan, in the service of the Empress. He had thus a conveyance and a companion for 3000 miles. At Yututsk, however, where he arrived in September, he was detained, almost perforce, for the winter, under pretence of the impracticability of reaching Okotsk—a period which he spent in active inquiries relative to matters which he was fond of contemplating. Here, too, he met Billings, who had been an officer of Cook's, and was then employed by the Empress, to very little purpose, on a voyage of discovery. In the spring, when preparing for the prosecution of his purpose, he was suddenly arrested by an order from the Empress, forced back through Siberia, with little attention to his accommodations, placed upon the frontiers, and bidden to go where he pleased, so that he did not return to Russia. The cause of this violent abduction was, probably, some apprehensions, that eventually the fur-trade in the Aleutian islands would be interfered with.

Again defeated, when almost within sight of the very coast he had so long laboured to revisit—though what he was to do when he got here is not very obvious—he returned

again to England; and immediately on his arrival, Sir Joseph Banks introduced him to Beaufoy, Secretary of the African Association, who proposed his going into the interior of Africa, under the auspices of the Association. The route proposed was from Cairo to Sennaar, and from that point westward, in the same latitude, and in the supposed direction of the Niger. Beaufoy asked him when he would be ready—"Tomorrow morning" was the prompt reply; and in a few days he actually set out, and in a short time, by the way of France, arrived at Cairo,—where, when just on the point of setting out for Sennaar under the most favourable circumstances, he was taken ill, and swallowing an over-dose of vitriolic acid, he died some time in November 1788, in his 38th year—a very memorable example of determined purpose and defeated hopes.

Wherever it was practicable, the narrative is carried on by means of Ledyard's own letters, and extracts from his journals—very agreeably relieving the somewhat heavy style of the biographer—for Ledyard's language is striking—and his thoughts distinct and direct. Some of his speculations on the affinity of nations are well worth reading, and his remarks on the Nile, and the prepossessions and the blindness of travellers relative to it, good. "You have the travels of Savary," he says—"Burn them."

The White Hoods, by Mrs. Bray. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—Mrs. Bray, late Mrs. C. Stothard, is in full activity. In the course of last year we noticed her *De Foix*, and here in a few little months we are called on again; and, moreover, a third story is already announced, as "preparing for the press." This, perhaps, is no bad policy. Activity may be a good thing in novel-writing as well as in war. The novel-reading world is very likely to give way before reiterated attacks, where the assailant shews no symptoms of self-distrust—where no time is given to breathe—to recover the shock, and close up the breach again. The confidence of the garrison is shaken at the valour that quails not at a first repulse, but resolutely, with fresh and fresh vigour, returns to the charge; and Mrs. Bray will evidently lose nothing by relaxing—she is indeed more likely to carry the fort than keep it.

To speak soberly, Mrs. B., we fear, lacks the essential quality of a successful novelist; she has no creative power; but she has industry, and is capable of acquiring, and in no ordinary degree of retailing and recasting her materials. She has seized upon Froissart, and means to novelize him, we suppose, from beginning to end. He is, indeed, a treasure for the purpose; he is full of details and petty occurrences, and of incomparable value to the describer and the transcriber. War must be as much out of the lady's beat as of ours, and she must know

as much of marshalling a field as a "spinner," or a reviewer; but Froissart is all before her, and he delights in the toils and tumults of battles—with very little labour convertible, and all he possesses is fair plunder. Castles, and courts, and dresses, and processions, he paints like a Flemish artist; and in castles, and churches, and domes, and arches, Mrs. B. is herself quite at home; and Ghent she accordingly describes like a native, born and bred on its waters in the fourteenth century.

The scene of the story is Flanders, the period the fourteenth century, and the occasion the revolt of the city of Ghent, whose adherents, from the distinguishing part of their dress, were called the White Hoods. Lewis de Male was Earl of Flanders at the time, and the rebellion was occasioned by his interference with some of the privileges of his good city of Ghent. These privileges were thus invaded on the promptings of *private interest*—a very common case, we take it—and not from any desire of encroachment on the part of the prince. A low intriguing fellow gets the ear of the Earl, suggests some new charge upon the customs, the execution of which must fall upon the dean of the pilots, whose office he himself covets, and who he knows will resist—and thus eventually supplants him. John Lyon, the dean, in revenge, joins a discontented party, who take advantage of the dissatisfaction, and rumours of new attempts on public liberties, and a rebellion is got up in the Jaffier style. With the execution and final defeat of this rebellion, which is an historical fact, is mixed up a tale of domestic events.

The disgraced dean had a very beautiful daughter, whom, to promote his own aspiring views—for he was before of an intriguing turn—he contrives to introduce to the gaieties of the court and the observance of the Earl. The Earl is a widower, still young and ardent, and is with difficulty dissuaded from marrying her; but though thus defeated, he is too deeply enamoured to give her up quietly, and makes divers fruitless efforts to win her on easier terms. His mother, the Countess d'Artois, a lady of most imperious and royal spirit—the chief obstruction to her son's matching with Anna—condescends to truckle with Gilbert Mathew, her son's favourite, to remove Anna out of the Earl's way, and his appointed course is to blacken John Lyon, and blast his fortunes. The father thus dismissed from his office, and publicly disgraced, in the heat of resentment, joins a set of conspirators—men of broken fortunes and profligate habits, at the head of which was his own nephew Du Bois; and just before the party are about to commence operations, John Lyon, in a brawl at an inn with Mathew, the man who had supplanted him, unluckily kills Mathew's brother. Though he escapes, he is in immi-

nent peril from the vengeance and the interest of the favourite; and his presence is indispensable to the success of the conspiracy. A pardon must, therefore, by fair means or foul, be procured; and Anna is accordingly called in requisition. She must present herself to the Earl, and solicit her father's life. To expose herself to the hazards of misconstruction, she, the most delicate of human angels, is of course reluctant; but the peril of her father, of whose disloyalty till now she knows nothing, forces her to consent. Baffled in her first attempt to put the petition into the Earl's hand in public, she is, luckily, in the midst of her embarrassments, rescued from them by the encounter of a young gentleman, whom she had not seen for two years before, but whom she had known as a student at St. Omer's, and to whom she had given her entire affections. Of him and his friends she knew absolutely nothing, but he now undertakes to procure her an interview with the Earl—warning her, however, against committing herself, in any way, with him—for he is a man to take advantages. Though warned, yet driven to desperation by the inflexibility and artifice of Lewis, she does so far commit herself as to consent to wear a gold necklace which the Earl insists upon, and which is to entitle him to conference on demand. The sight of the necklace excites a little uneasiness in the lover, but not much, and we wonder at it.

John Lyon, now abroad again, the rebellion ripens apace, and we are admitted to the secret councils of the conspirators, and to the midnight diableries of one of the prime agents—a sorceress—one of Sir Walter Scott's viragoes, whose stirring energies, at will, rouse or paralyse those of all who come in contact with her. The explosion at length comes, and one of the first acts of the Earl, in revenge for the father's treason, is to get forcible possession of the daughter; but just as he is worked up by her resistance to actual violence, the rebels break into the palace, and he is compelled to drop the prey, and escapes himself with extreme difficulty. The rebels now advance towards Bruges, headed by John Lyon, accompanied by his daughter, and Bruges is taken that very night by surprise. The Earl's mother is there, and celebrating a feast, which the chiefs of the rebels make no ceremony in joining; and before the party break up, through her worthless agent Mathew, the Countess contrives to poison John, and his lovely daughter escapes only by the whispered warnings of her lover, who happens to be present also, and who now proves to be no less a person than Sir Walter D'Anghien, the Earl's nephew. In a subsequent encounter with the rebels, this Sir Walter, by an act of headlong valour, falls into their hands, desperately wounded, and is taken to the very house where poor Anna resides, who of course be-

comes his nurse, and when she has cured him, escapes with him. This Sir Walter is a very Paladin, and on the strength of his feats he ventures, very thoughtlessly we think, considering how well acquainted with the circumstances he is, to introduce the lady to the Earl, and solicit his protection for her, while he again pursues the rebels. The Earl, it seems, was subject to sudden fits of rage, and now jealousy and disappointment combine to work him to fury; the storm of passion blows a perfect hurricane. He is, however, the very soul of honour; and as he had been betrayed into a pledge of protection, will give it, but solemnly protests, if the young gentleman marries he shall lose his head, and the young lady, on her side, promises not to marry without his consent.

While under this his loyal protection, the rebels again come down upon the Earl, and drive him from his palace, and in company with Anna and Sir Walter, he flies, and again narrowly escapes from extremest dangers—more than once, by her vigilance, she saves his life, which at last works something like remorse and pity in the bosom of the proud Earl, and he is fast preparing to abandon at once his resentments and his hopes.

The rebellion is now at its height, and the rebels are headed by the son of the illustrious Van Ardaveld, the hero of Ghent. Assistance from the young king of France, Charles VI., is obtained, and the Earl, still accompanied by Anna and Sir Walter, joins the French troops with his own, and after several skirmishes, preparations are made on both sides for deciding the contest at Rosebeque. On the eve of that day D'Anghien conveys the young lady for safety to a neighbouring convent; but by the treachery of Mathew, the evil genius of Flanders, they are intercepted by Du Bois, and carried to the rebel camp, and D'Anghien is rescued by the king and his chivalry, at the very moment when he is tied to the stake, and archers are bending their bows to shoot him like a crow. The rebels are by this decisive day crushed; the Earl recovers his authority and his temper, and the young lady becomes Sir Walter's bride. And so ends of course the tale.

The historical parts are no doubt accurately given—at least as accurately as Froissart gives them, and with these we have nothing to do; but the characters, several of them, the Knight of Ghent, and particularly Philip Van Ardaveld, are exhibited with some spirit; and generally the tale is told with more simplicity and distinctness than the former effort led us to expect—there are no brilliant or conspicuous scenes—the whole is respectable—rather perhaps above par than below it.

Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy, 1819—1822, with Illustrations of the present State of Religion in that

Country; 1828.—Skipping the devotional verbiage, which our abhorrence of cant compels us to do—and all violent thrusting in of biblical phrases—all uncalled-for profession of confidence in the source of all creation, must wear the semblance of cant, and as such should be known and shunned, and is known and shunned by persons of common propriety or modesty—skipping this verbiage, with which these pages abound, we find the volume to be a very lively one—lively not from vivacity of remark, or eloquence of wit, or piquancy of anecdote, for of all this there is really nothing, but from the skilfulness with which the author, a lady, hits off scenes and ceremonies—the very delicate tact with which she selects the telling points, and passes the superfluous—such as are sufficiently implied for the imagination readily to supply. The lady is of the evangelical class, whose motive for quitting her native shores was no idle “desire of seeing foreign countries, or of seeking amusements in them, which were not to be found in her own”—but domestic ones—that is, to rejoin her sister's family, during her residence with whom she witnessed the death of that sister's daughter and husband, which throws a serious and lugubrious air, and a double portion of the language of piety, with which, however, on so mournful an occasion, we can well sympathize.

The particular object of the book—as distinguishing it from similar publications—is somewhat ostentatiously put forward in the title page, as intended to illustrate the present state of religion in Italy; but this is done chiefly by detailing a few instances of superstitious practices, which she need not—coming from Ireland too—have gone so far to find, and describing the processions and observances of pope, and cardinals, and priests, with all which we assure the good lady, notwithstanding her declaration that this has not been made a prominent object in any recent travels, her numerous predecessors have made us acquainted even *ad nauseam*.

But her views are far from being confined to such matters; she has eyes for every thing; and in her eagerness to see and know all, she occasionally looks and listens with other people's eyes and ears, and answers for more than she can know.—“Aricia, about a mile from Albano,” she says, “is little better than a village, though one of some antiquity—being mentioned by Horace!” And to an equal degree of antiquity almost every village in Italy may lay claim, whether mentioned by Horace or not. But at this little place, this excellent Protestant lady was shocked by an inscription, *in Latin*, on the church door—“Sacred to Maria, equal to God the Father.” We have not the Latin, and the lady professes herself to know nothing of that language, but one of her fellow travellers she undertakes to say did; and it is no

novelty for us to judge of what we know not, and to take upon ourselves to *decide* that another understands what we do not. But near this place also were "discovered, it seems, several sepulchral urns, deeply imbedded in lava, which, from their peculiar forms, are supposed to be antediluvian—no similar urns, or even models, having ever been seen before." Of any thing, except bones, pretending to be antediluvian, we never before heard, and suppose the supposition must be the lady's own.

At Appii Forum the party could get neither chairs nor tables, and her fellow traveller told her that Horace—again—notices this place as one of bad accommodation in his time. Now, notwithstanding the authority of her fellow traveller, Horace says no such thing; and if the good lady was resolved to quote Horace, why not herself consult a Smart? Horace only says he could not eat because the water was so abominable: but the fault was probably in his own want of appetite, for his companions found a dinner, and apparently a very good one—they exhausted Horace's patience at least by sitting over it longer than he liked. At Meta, she went into the church during service; but "the gospel for the day, in Latin, was rather gabbled over than read."—See what prejudice will do for us; the lady, though understanding nothing of the language, judges of the reading of it—"while," she adds, though we do not at all know what she means, and no doubt she makes some mistake—"while guns were continually firing, as a mode of evincing the joy of the people at the event."

At Pompeii the lady exclaims—

How shall I relate to you the wonders of this town—its houses, temples, and streets, all again brought to view, where, from many vestiges still remaining, the very employments of its inhabitants may be traced? In one place, *supposed to have been a coffee-house* (it does not appear by whom) the marks are still to be seen where the wet cups had stained the slab of marble before the door. In a shop, where oil had been sold, the jars still remain. In another house, all the apparatus of a lady's toilette was discovered, combs, needles and rouge; the last is exactly the same kind as now made (*se judice*)—the combs so rough and coarse that they would scarcely be used upon horses—the needles as large as bodkins (though not as to the sizes, the lady may be mistaken as to their uses). There was found likewise a whole dessert of fruit, chestnuts, raisins, bread, wine, oil, &c. &c. The wine and oil in powder, the fruits reduced to ashes, but still preserving their forms; there were also eggs unbroken, &c.

Reverting to the destruction of Pompeii, she says, in her way—"in vain did they call on their gods to deliver them—they were metal and stone—they could not hear them."

At the Vatican, when roaming through the rooms, she saw, she says, "a statue of M.M. New Series.—Vol. V. No. 28.

Euripides, greatly prized on account of the *rarity* of statues of this poet." The good lady would be puzzled, probably to find another, or to establish the genuineness of this.

But, leaving the statues, the ignorance of the natives astound her—particularly of the ladies, and above all their geography, e. g.—

In the hearing of an Italian Signora, at a conversazione, the Marquis C. said that the Conde de F., being sent by the king of Portugal from the Brazils on an embassy to the pope, to congratulate him on his restoration from his exile and captivity under Bonaparte, found, on being presented to his holiness, that he had forgotten his credentials; but, added the Marquis, luckily he had only left them at the Farnese-palace—had it been at the Brazils, months must have elapsed before he could have performed his embassy.—"You astonish me," cried the Signora; "I had no idea that Corsica could be so distant; are not the Brazils part of Corsica?"—"No, Signora," answered the Marquis, with a gravity which at least an *Irishman* could hardly have commanded—"the Brazils are in America."—"America! and where is America?"—"America is the new world."—"Is there a new world?"—"Yes, surely, discovered by Christopher Columbus."—"O che bella novita!" And she called aloud to the company to announce the wonderful intelligence—"A new world is discovered by Christopher Columbus, and an ambassador has been sent to congratulate the pope."—"From whom have you heard this?" exclaimed different voices.—"Eccola," cried the Signora, directing every eye to the Marquis, as she said, "Signore Marchese, la prego mi dica da chi l'ha inteso?"—"Dal mio nonno," answered the Marquis, "ed il mio nonno l'ha inteso dal nonno suo."

But she has another story. "A nobleman, who was one of her most constant visitors, asked her sister, who wrote Tasso—who translated it into Italian—and whether Virgil were the author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*?" The good lady does not seem to suspect the sister was quizzing her.

A little scrap on the ladies we must find room for—

I expected much more beauty than I have seen amongst the women of Italy. Many of them, however, are interesting in their appearance; fine dark eyes and eye-lashes, and an intelligent countenance, prevent their being deemed ugly; but in general there is a want of feminine softness; they scream in a guttural discordant voice when speaking; their clothes, particularly in the morning, seem hung on them; and their great gold ornaments render their dirty, untidy appearance more conspicuous. Their motions are all hurried; exactly the opposite of that beautiful description which you and I have read together, and have so much admired, of what women ought to be. I asked our Italian master why the females here screamed so loud, while the men spoke in a moderate and not displeasing accent? He said, because the women are "*si orgogliose*," and "*si piene di rabbia*." You would have laughed had you seen the action which ac-

compacted his words. He shook his head, made a grimace, to intimate the angry spirits which the women manifest.

More than once the good lady expresses her fears that in all this gossiping about strange places and strange persons much valuable time is lost; and once, after describing the tombs at Sorrento, she apologizes—adding, “I fear there is too much amusement and interest in these curious investigations; at least in my own case, I find my thoughts often occupied with them, to the exclusion of better things. Yet here, too (and this is a most lucky recollection—it reconciles all) a lesson of instruction may be received, where we are *forcibly* reminded that generation after generation pass away. And where are now this crowd of immortal spirits once inhabiting this earth,” &c. &c.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo; 1828. When swords constituted a part of fashionable dress, the wearers were liable occasionally to be called upon to make use of them, and some dexterity in handling the weapon was of course indispensable. Fencing accordingly became a branch of a gentleman's education, and the professors of a *science*, to speak profanely, thus exclusively belonging to gentlemen, by a very natural blunder claimed themselves to be something approaching to gentlemen. The pretensions of these persons—supporting them as they did on what was for the most part merely ornamental—a very subordinate part of the more substantial structure—were of course generally most contemptible. Exceptions there were, as there are among players and fiddlers, and Angelo, the father of the Reminiscent, was one of them. He was the son of a merchant of Leghorn, who gave him a liberal education, and then left him, we suppose, to carve his own fortunes. He came into this country at a time when foreigners were all in all—none but foreign artists and professors were patronized by the royal family and their attendants—and being well introduced, and possessing tact enough to see the weakness of others, and with confidence in his own adroitness, he set about turning his accomplishments to a profitable purpose. He could ride and fence; he commenced teaching both, and made himself acceptable to the rank and opulence of the country by his skill, or his reputation for skill, in horse flesh, and thus worked himself into the acquirement of £2,000 a year, and sometimes, says his son, £4,000. This success, coupled with some companionable qualities, not only admitted him to the tables of the great, but enabled him also to gather round his own professional men of all sorts—choice spirits and *bon vivants*, with excellent appetites, but bare boards and empty cellars at home.

Henry Angelo, the author of this volume of *Reminiscences*, which is soon, it seems, to be followed by another, was the son of

the elder Angelo, as the son takes pains to designate him, and followed the profession of a fencer till a very late period—never with the success of his father, for, by the changes of fashion, Angelo's “occupation” was in fact “gone.” But with his father's friends he was of course mixed up, and especially with those whose professions and merits bring them conspicuously before the public—such persons flock together, however different their actual pursuits—publicity is the common link—and accordingly players and playwrights, musicians, painters, quacks, poets, and paper scribblers, come naturally together. In society of this kind was Henry Angelo born and bred, and with his talent for mimicry and conviviality, he maintained his position, and was long a welcome companion at clubs and coffee-houses, when clubs were very different from the dry and unsocial things they are now become.

Angelo was himself sent to Eton, and of being an Etonian he is not a little proud, and forces it accordingly pretty often upon his readers—being as anxious to establish his own gentility as his father's—though talking about such a thing is not perhaps the best way of establishing the claim. But no matter: gentility is after all a comparative matter, and few people use the same standard. After leaving Eton, Angelo was sent to France to learn the language, and complete the circle of his accomplishments, being destined, it seems, for the army; but the fates were against him, and the next best thing to wielding the weapons of war in the field, was to teach the use of them, in mimic battle, in a quiet apartment at home. He had, however, the satisfaction of getting commissions for three of his own sons in after life.

“After having mixed”—says he (with a very innocent sort of vanity)—“for more than half a century, in every class of society, with princes and peers—I say it with reverence and respect—with authors, composers, musicians, poets, painters, players, and having been a member of many clubs and communities of highly talented worthies of all professions, I may be presumed” (be allowed to presume—does he mean?) “to enrol my name among those who are said to have ‘seen life.’”

Of course he has as good pretensions to present his *Reminiscences* as Reynolds, and Dibdin, and others, with which we have recently been deluged; and Angelo's volume is of the same stamp precisely—not on the whole perhaps better, and certainly not on the whole worse. The same conspicuous names are perpetually recurring in all of them, and often the very same stories: for instance, Wilkes and the Lord Mayor—and again the painter Jervas, and “poor little Tit;” but Angelo has got more among the painters and caricaturists than the players; and, aided by the records of

his father's reminiscences, he has introduced a number of odd fellows, of whom his predecessors, in his line, could know nothing. The jokes and the stories, the reader will anticipate, are of the coarser cast; and, unluckily, things which once set the table in a roar—and a party at a table are easily set a roaring—will seldom bear repeating in print—like certain French wines, which will not bear exporting—too light and frail to stand the shaking of the passage. Take a story. One Signor Dominecetti, a quack doctor, of great celebrity in his day, was once at Eton, magnificently dressed, with a frogged coat, embroidered waistcoat, a finely frosted wig, and a bag unusually low, and very highly scented. Foote was of the party; and his nose was exceedingly offended at the doctor's scents. After dinner—little Angelo was one of them—a fishing party was proposed—

A punt, with chairs and tackle, was provided at Piper's, by the bridge; and as we stood at the door of the old boatman, and talking of the learning of the college, and asking how I got on in Latin, Foote, working his nostrils, moved back, saying, "Pshaw! confound your scents! I hate all scents!"—"Vat is it for, mine Gote, you hate *sente*, Mistare Footes? You who are the greatest of wits!"—"No, no," exclaimed the player, "I hate fops and fools."—"Ah, dat is good," replied the doctor, "ha, ha, ha." We were on the water until after dusk, and caught no fish. "Varee strange!" cried the doctor.—"Strange!" echoed Foote, "damme, doctor, they smelt you, and would not bite."

Now this excited, no doubt, shouts of laughter—but where is the wit or the humour?—there is nothing but the ventings of vexation and contempt. A man must be ready primed for fun to explode thus at a spark.

Theodore Hooke, in his last Sayings and Doings, speaks of dining in company with Colman at a party, where he was a stranger, but where the expectation was highly excited, as if Colman

"—— could never ope

His mouth but but there flew a trope."

Till dinner, and for some time at dinner, Colman said nothing, but being helped to some venison, he was asked whether he would take some sweet sauce. "No," says he, "I never take sweet sauce"—which was received with a general shout, though one lady of the company confessed to her neighbour she could not see the point of it. Happy would Angelo be, if his readers came to his book as ready to be delighted as Colman's admirers.

We can only notice an odd thing or two as we go along. When at Paris, Angelo boarded with one M. Livier, who had been one of the first dancers at the Italian Opera House, and maitre de ballet at one of the London theatres—

He was addicted to self indulgence, loved his ragout and fricandeau, made too free with the

Burgundy and Champaigne, and keeping late hours à l'Anglaise, smoked his pipe, and drank oceans of punch. These excesses, operating upon a crazy constitution, and a sensitive mind, engendered periods of hypochondria. During these paroxysms, he exhibited a number of comical pranks, fancied himself Apollo, and taking his fiddle, would make a circle of chairs, and play to them, as the nine muses, with the most extravagant grimaces. Sometimes, during these aberrations, he was possessed with a calculating freak; and among other numerical exercises, would reckon on his fingers how many dinners he had swallowed within a given time, and how many more the *belly gods* would grant him on this side the Styx. "Hélas, hélas, encore un autre diner est passé," he would exclaim on finishing his meal, &c. Foote said of him, "Livier is the true compound of French and English—the fellow is always merry or sad."

Tate Wilkinson and Ned Shuter were both of them frequenters of Whitfield's Tabernacle, the first, perhaps, merely for purposes of humour; but the other, though a man of the most dissolute habits, was, according to Angelo, a "fanatical conventionalist." Wilkinson was in the habit of taking off Whitfield, if that can be called "taking off," which was the very life—in this way. Supposing the text to be, "May we all work the harder"—thus illustrated—

There was a poor woman, and she was a long while before she was converted; she was threescore years and ten. Yes, she was; she was threescore years and ten. "Sir (says she to the good man that converted her) Sir (says she) I am threescore years and ten. I have been a long time about it; but, Sir (says she) I will work the harder; yes, Sir (says she) I will work the harder!" And, O! may you all—all—all—like that dear good woman—all work the harder.—What (looking down from his desk in a sudden rhapsody) what—you young ones! You are some of you twelve, some fourteen years of age, yet you don't think of going to hell. What, twelve and fourteen years of age, and not think of going to hell! O ye little brats, you!" And then he shook his white wig, and growled exactly like my performance (says Wilkinson) of Squintum, &c.

Whitfield's chapel in Tottenham Court Road was supported by the voluntary contributions of the followers of the preacher; and Shuter being a liberal contributor to its funds, Whitfield, very strangely, as his congregation thought, not only permitted, but actually recommended, in his pulpit discourse, that they should attend Shuter's benefit; but for that night only. No doubt, with such a license, Ned played to a crowded house.

Can this be credible? If it be not the fact, the fabrication is a joke far too poor to be grinned at.

Dr. Rossy was the last mountebank doctor who exhibited in London, about forty years ago.

Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-west colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by

a broad step ladder. On one side was a table, with medical chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced his operations, he advanced, taking off his gold laced cocked hat, and bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad literatim*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist.—An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair; she had been deaf, nearly blind, and lame to boot; indeed she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's three warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response in his Anglo-German dialect.

Doctor.—Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you?

Old Wom.—I be almost eighty, Sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style.

Doctor.—Oh! tat is an incurable disease.

Old Wom.—O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches.

Doctor (smiling).—No, no, good voman—old age is vot is incurable; but by the blessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is else. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hosipetals have you been in?

Old Wom.—Three, Sir; St Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's.

Doctor.—Vot, and you found no reliefs? Vot none—not at all?

Old Wom.—No, none at all, Sir.

Doctor.—And how many medical professioners have attended you?

Old Wom.—Some twenty or thirty, Sir.

Doctor.—O mine Gote! Three sick hosipetals, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora voman has become mine patient. Dr. Bossy gain all patients bronounced ingurables; pote, mid de blessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Coode peoples, dis poora voman vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater). Can you hear dat pell?

Old Wom.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—O den be tankful to Gote. Can you walk round dis chair? (offering his arm).

Old Wom.—Yes, Sir.

Doctor.—Sit you down, again, good voman. Can you see?

Old Wom.—Pretty so so, doctor.

Doctor.—Vot gan you see, good voman?

Old Wom.—I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton pyeman, with the pye-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him).

Doctor.—And vat else gan you see, good voman?

Old Wom.—The poll-parrot, there (pointing to Richardson's hotel).

"Lying old bitch," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter.

Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided,

and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom—" 'Tis no lie, you silly pird, 'tis all true as is de Gosbel."

Travels in Buenos Ayres and the adjacent Provinces, &c., by T. A. Beaumont, Esq.; 1828.—The details of this volume—marked as they are with the characters of truth—will go far, we should think, to put an effectual stop to all further attempts at money-making by emigration-schemes—at least in countries not under our own control. No auspices could have appeared more favourable than those under which the Association for Colonizing the Provinces of Buenos Ayres commenced. Mr. Barber Beaumont, the father of the author of the volume before us, and the originator, we suppose, of the association itself, was especially invited to collect colonists, and superintend the emigration; advantages of an extraordinary kind were held out, and every temptation employed to bring him there. In March 1826, accordingly, his son embarked with two hundred emigrants—men of the labouring classes, with their wives and children—to settle them on the lands purchased by the Rio de la Plata Agricultural Association, in the province of Entre Rios. Before their actual embarkation, intelligence had been received of the blockading of the River by a Brazilian squadron, but assurances were at the same time conveyed to the parties, that no impediment would be thrown in their way—that before their arrival the blockade itself would be broken up, and if not, that an understanding existed, and even licenses were actually obtained—the Buenos Ayreans stuck at nothing—for the English emigrants to pass unimpeded. The facts, however, proved very different; for, on their arrival at Monte Video, permission to pass up the river was peremptorily refused—and no body knew any thing about these licenses.

But though Buenos Ayres was not to be got at, the Brazilians were ready to snap at the colonists; and to alleviate Mr. Beaumont's disappointment, they assured him that at Rio Janeiro there was a ready market for English industry—that the Emperor himself was most anxious to encourage English settlers in his dominions, and had actually issued a decree offering free grants of land, and even assistance till the cultivators got returns from their labour. Not knowing what better to do, Mr. Beaumont proposed the alternative to some of the men, who readily acceded; but before the necessary arrangements were finally completed, their comrades were seized with a panic—they had been alarmed by reports that they were to be sold to the Brazilians, and absolutely refused to embark in the ship that had been prepared for them, or to quit that in which they had come from England; and the captain of that ship would not take it to Rio, being determined to return forth-

with to England. The consequence was, that about fifty went ashore to remain in the country, and the rest Mr. Beaumont had the mortification to see sail away with the captain. They were safely landed at Plymouth in July—after being six months afloat—all at the expense of the Association.

The vexation which this unfortunate event gave me (says Mr. B.) was aggravated by the intelligence that the Buenos Ayres government had deceived us—that they would not allow any settlement of Englishmen to succeed within their territory—that all they wanted was our money and men; both of which they would turn to their account—that the settlers in the province of Entre Rios were exposed to the greatest hardships—that they had been despoiled by their pretended friends the Republicans, even more than by the nominal enemy of the province, the Imperialists—and that it was impossible for any settlement in that province to succeed so long as the war continued, for that there was no security for property, or even life.

The obvious and immediate cause of the failure of this Rio de la Plata Agricultural Association was the war with Brazil, and the blockade of the rivers—

But we much deceive ourselves, adds Mr. B., by attributing the failure wholly to the war and blockade—that cause did not operate against a small colony which was sent out from Buenos Ayres to Entre Rios, and who were driven out by the natives, just before the arrival of the Rio Plata Agriculturists—nor against the San Pedro settlement—nor against the Rio Plata Mining Association—nor the numerous other companies which have been raised in Buenos Ayres, or for the objects of Buenos Ayres, all of which have ended in disappointment and immense loss. No; the predominant and enduring causes of all these failures are the bad faith of the government, and the rapacity and treachery of the leading political people.

On the arrival of the associated agriculturists, all interests were found to be in array against them. The landholders in the towns, who had land occupied by farmers or gardeners, saw nothing but loss to themselves in the competition of the new comers; the working farmers and gardeners of the country, though very few in number, thought that their occupation was gone; the bakers at Buenos Ayres, who are likewise millers frequently, were strongly opposed to the agricultural settlements; and the merchants, who had made the importation of corn and flour from distant countries their staple article of commerce, were naturally inimical to the success of an enterprise, which had for its object the rendering the country independent of foreign supplies of flour; and the jealous and prejudiced natives, generally, were filled with apprehensions, that the establishment of colonies of Englishmen within their territories would endanger their political independence.

When to these apprehensions and feelings against the success of the settlements were added the immediate and personal advantages to be derived from the dispersion of the settlers, the partition of their stores and funds, the procuring

emigrants for soldiers, or sailors, or artisans, to fight or work for them, and above all, the delight of deceiving and overreaching their confiding friends in England, it is perhaps not very much to be wondered at, that the prospective benefits to the country, to be derived from the projected agricultural settlements, were sacrificed to the present gains and gratifications of individuals.

Here is perhaps something of the tone of disappointment; but no doubt there was roguery on the one side, as well as credulity on the other.—At Monte Video, Mr. B. succeeded in getting employment for the fifty emigrants who remained; and then started over land to Buenos Ayres, to see the actual condition of the Entre Rios settlement, and procure, if possible, something like redress from the government. In this journey it was that Mr. B. had the opportunity of contemplating much of the country, and giving the very satisfactory account of it he has done. At Buenos Ayres, the president received him very cavalierly. Though he had received civilities and attentions, without number or measure, in England, from Mr. B.'s family, he presently made the young gentleman understand that Mr. Rivadavia, in London, and Don Bernardino Rivadavia, president of the Argentine Republic, were not to be considered as one and the same person. He was superciliously referred to the ministers, and from them not the slightest redress could be obtained, and he accordingly lost no further time in turning his back upon Buenos Ayres—and all emigrations, we should suppose—for ever.

Keeper's Travels in Search of his Master. New Edition.—By successive augmentations this very popular little volume, excellently designed to impress upon children the claims of sympathy on the part of dumb animals, and the duty of kindness towards them, must now, not altogether to its advantage, be taken out of the class of children's books, and referred—we scarcely know where; at all events, it is no longer a child's book, and, therefore, Keeper's Adventures lose their interest, and are of no farther value than as they are occasions, for which any thing else would do as well, to introduce the author's sentiments—sentiments which are all of the most amiable philosophy, and illustrated by no common communications; and though sometimes quaintly expressed, and unskilfully argued, are amply compensated by the earnestness of the general tone, which shews the whole to come warm from the heart, with the testimony of deep-felt conviction.

Speaking of domestic animals, and especially of cats, and the superstitions relative to cats, he says—

If we are to sum up the whole, it is the share of reason and of sympathy with the human race, and human wants and inclinations, which undoubtedly belong to the cat, that are at the bot-

tom of all the superstition, and of all the seeming marvel; and yet, if the cat had not derived from nature this degree of resemblance to ourselves, and this sympathy with human wants and feelings, how should she ever have become the inmate of our houses, and (as I may finish the sentence by saying) the nestling of our bosoms? It is only when we deny the natural qualifications of the cat, that we can be misled into the ascription of supernatural. But depend upon it, that all those animals which readily live in our society (and the number of species might even be multiplied at our pleasure) have more or less natural resemblance to ourselves. It is true that they cannot speak—that is, that they cannot articulate our words; but we understand their cries and voices without the aid of words, and they, on their part, understand our words, not as words, but as cries, and as sounds of our voice, and, therefore, as expressions of our feelings. To understand our feelings, however, they must feel like us; for there can be no understanding where there is no sympathy, or sameness of feeling.—If animals feel like ourselves, their feelings, therefore, are to be treated in the same manner as our own. For my part, after the remark that I have made, I hardly know how to call animals “dumb;” but if dumb they are, I must consider them as no other than our dumb *friends*. They live with us; they sympathize with us; they attach themselves to us; they weep (it may almost be said) with us; they rejoice with us; they understand much of what concerns us; they feel hot and cold, and soft and rough, and (what is more uniting still) kind and unkind, like ourselves; and I cannot think (knowing these truths as intimately as we do) that we should permit ourselves to act as if those truths were not such, only because the animals cannot tell us of them *in words*.

We may give another specimen of the writer's turn of thought—

Your remark upon the cat's sitting or lying upon a woollen or other cloth, reminds me of a habit which is shared both by cat and dog; I mean that of placing themselves upon even the smallest piece of paper, rather than upon no bed at all; for it is evidently a bed that they seek, and that for the sake of warmth beneath them, willingly (while in a robust and healthy state) leaving their backs to brave the atmosphere. And the pertinacity with which animals always avail themselves of the nearest approach to what they want, is highly worthy of remark. Exposed in a field, the horse, or ox, or sheep, will place itself on the sheltered side of a tree or post. The shelter obtained may be next to none; but if it be the best within reach, it is sure to be clung to. In like manner, a dog or cat possesses itself of the smallest scrap of paper for a bed, in preference to no bed whatever; and especially so if it is to lie upon a cold horse-hair chair or sofa. It takes to the stuffed horse-hair in preference to the floor; but it obstinately avails itself of even a scrap of paper, in the way of protection from the glossy and cold horse-hair. Paper is doubtless a kind of linen or cloth; and the dog and cat accept it in that quality.

A cottager had been kind to Keeper when maltreated by some mischievous boys,

and one of the children of the Lady Bountiful of the village proposes some reward—which gives occasion to the following very obvious, perhaps, but also very sound distinction—and one that is apt to be forgotten where it is most wanted—

The peculiar reward of goodness is not worldly gain; and we do but mislead and corrupt people of humble condition, when we *pay* them, literally speaking, for every mere act of moral duty. The reward of virtue is not bread, but something better; that is, it is a pleasure of the heart, an inward satisfaction, which the world, nor its gold, can neither give nor take away. You shall carry little Jemmy a play-thing—and yet I almost think that even that will be better at another opportunity—I would have no one in this village taught to do a good deed, as the forerunner of some worldly gain from those a little richer than themselves. Our visit, and our expressions of feelings like her own, will be Nelly's best reward; and I am sure that she is a young woman of such right ideas, and so well brought up, that she will think them so. We do well when we pay the poor for their labour, and for their services; but when they do only what goodness of heart or justice of principle requires of them, there is an indelicacy upon the one hand, and a mischief upon the other, both of which we should equally shun. We ought to learn them the true, and more honourable, and more useful belief, that such things merit more than any of their superiors have it in their power to bestow; and that they are to be practised alike by rich and poor, not for worldly gain, but for something far above it.

But the great point of interest with the author is the defence of hunting and shooting, as chargeable with cruelty towards animals. The subject is largely (occupying almost half the volume) though loosely discussed—we mean in a rambling style—and the best defence that a man, evidently of no common intellects, can make—we know not that a better can be made—is, that hunting and sporting is a natural passion implanted in our frame, because the earth produces animals destructive to the comforts and labours of men, and must be kept down by the exertions of men; that if the passion were repressed and tamed down to apathy, the consequences would soon be sorely visited upon us, and we should be overrun with violence and vermin;—that town sports and field sports are essentially different—the town sports being justly chargeable with cruelty, because neither necessity nor utility can be pleaded—for to worry a cat, or bait a badger or a bull, or to set dogs a fighting, the animals must be already in possession, and the parties be prompted by wantonness, or a worse motive—

It is not the rural sportsman that baits or worries the animals he chases; but it is specifically the townsman, who, at a ring, or in a pit, or in an amphitheatre, unites himself with lazy crowds, to sit, or stand, and look upon the efforts and sufferings of so many brute prisoners, and to gamble upon the chances of their strength, and misery,

and death. Who will confound for a moment, under any aspect whatever, such things as these with the pastimes of the field? They are sports peculiarly the share of the rabble of towns, and not those of what I will make bold to call the chivalry of the fields.

The author, we believe, is Mr. Kendall, the writer of several works of no inconsiderable power—particularly his *Letters on the State of Ireland, On Trial by Battle, and the Crested Wren, &c. &c.* In the volume before us, he announces the “true history of the unicorn, along with that of the mermaid, sea-serpent, craken, ogre, werewolf, vampyre, leviathan, behemoth, &c., under the title of *Errors, Fables, and Obscurities, concerning the natural history of the heavens, the earth, mankind, and the animal and vegetable kingdoms; to which is added contributions to the natural and civil history of various animals, as the whale, the dolphin, the camel, the sheep, the dog, the cat,*” &c. &c.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character, Literary, Professional, and Religious, of the late John Mason Good, M.D., &c. &c., by Olinthus Gregory; 1828.—Who, beyond the narrow circle of Dr. Mason Good’s friends and acquaintance, are likely to read Dr. Olinthus Gregory’s bulky biography of him, we have no conception. Active, and even useful and successful, as he may have been in his professional capacity, and indefatigable as a scribbler as he unquestionably was, we know of no performance of his possessed of such permanent value, or any merits or services which can so have impressed the public mind, as to make the detail of his life, or the survey of his sentiments, of any the slightest importance to any human being—that narrow circle excepted, to which we allude, and which almost every man’s memory commands. Dr. Olinthus Gregory, however, thinks otherwise; and as, unluckily, his book has fallen into our hands, we must give some account of the man, and of the matter of the book. The author, to be sure, has an object which we have not—Dr. Mason Good, in his later days, became a convert to Evangelism, after associating twenty years with Socinians, and it is of consequence with a party to swell the bead-roll of its saints and adherents.

Dr. Mason Good’s publications have occasionally fallen in our way, for the last twenty years, and we have seen enough to settle in our minds that he was pre-eminently in possession of the qualities that lead to book-making—a man of ready apprehension—capable of great labour—with a facility of acquiring, and a fluent pen, which prompted him to communicate as soon as he had acquired—of a sanguine temperament—prone, therefore, rather to find resemblances than to detect distinctions—fond, consequently, of generalizing and of

weaving systems, and impatient of dwelling on points and facts, and indisposed to arrive at truth by that surest path—the examination of details. Nothing daunted—nothing puzzled him—he could grasp with equal ease the circle of the sciences, and the world of language, and, in fact, left scarcely any thing untouched, and wanted nothing of being himself a perfect encyclopædia, *totus teres atque rotundus*, but a little mathematics, of which Dr. Olinthus Gregory, who must know, seems to think he did not know much.

This commanding person was born, it appears, in 1764—he was the son of a dissenting teacher, and his mother the niece of Mason, the author of the “well-known” treatise on *Self-knowledge*. He was educated by his father, and at the usual age of fourteen, was apprenticed to a surgeon at Gosport, and, in due course, commenced operations as a finished performer at Sudbury. In 1793 he removed to London, and was so far successful, as to make an income of £1,400 by his professional practice; and, in 1820, with a Scotch diploma, he started as a physician, and met again with a degree of success, that made him regret he had not made an earlier attempt. His death occurred in January 1827, accelerated by the multiplicity of his pursuits, and exertions beyond his strength—exertions, which neither his circumstances, nor his reputation, nor any anticipations of extraordinary usefulness, seem in any respect to have exacted.—Now to his literature.—

From his earliest years he was given up to acquirement; and, very early also, the possession of knowledge, thus acquired, to an unusual degree, was too much for him to keep, and he accordingly proceeded to pour it forth, in amplified forms, for the benefit of his generation. We cannot enumerate one half of his numerous publications, but when he once began there was no stopping him—he had no rest in his soul. Poems, plays, translations, essays, critiques, fell in showers from his prolific pen; but among his more important and acknowledged works must be reckoned his *Dissertation on the Diseases of Prisons and Poor Houses*—collected, we presume, in his way, from books—he could at the time have had little personal experience of these places—a prize essay, and published at the request of the Medical Society (in Folt-court, Fleet-street). This publication first introduced his name to his brethren. In the following year (1794) a stir was made among the doctors to separate the apothecary and the druggist, and a society was instituted under the title of *The General Pharmaceutical Association*, of which Mr. Mason Good was an active member, and, after his manner, shewed his activity by writing a book, entitled the *History of Medicine*, so far as it relates to the profession of the apothecary, from the earliest accounts to the present period, which, according to the biographer, aided greatly

the views of the association; and though the said association did not accomplish all it projected, yet it led the way to reformation; and druggists are now men of liberal education, and run no risk of blundering in the disgraceful manner of their predecessors. "Before this auspicious reform," says Dr. Gregory, apparently on his own knowledge, "some drug-dealing grocers at Marlow, mistook arsenic for cream of tartar, and tinctures of opium and jalap for senna and rhubarb. And at Croydon, a druggist, after spelling out the words *cucurbita cruenta* (which we believe means a cupping glass—we remember the word in Juvenal—but Dr. Gregory should not have left us to the chance of a frail memory) applied to another Esculapius, and found them to mean an *electric shock*. While at Worcester, a physician prescribing "Decoct. Cascarilla ʒvij. Tinct. ejusdem ʒi," was requested by the druggist of the town to substitute something else for the Tinct. Ejusdem, as he had no tincture called Ejusdem by him, and none was to be got in the town," &c. But the days for these blunders are, it seems, gone by; and, of course, when we hear of such things in the papers—one occurs in the *Times* to-day—like the rest of the broad sheet, it is not to be credited. But we are forgetting Dr. Mason Good.

From 1797 to 1803 he was fagging away for reviews, particularly the Analytical and Critical Reviews, the British and Monthly Magazines; and in 1803, his labours were still more multifarious. He was finishing his Translation of Solomon's Songs, carrying on his Life of Dr. Geddes, and walking from twelve to fourteen miles a day to visit his numerous patients. In addition, he says himself, in a letter to Dr. Nathan Drake, "he was editing the Critical Review, besides writing several of its most elaborate articles—every week supplying a column of matter for the Sunday Review; and at the time of writing, had for some days had the great weight of the BRITISH PRESS upon his hands."—"So great a variety of occupations," remarks Dr. O. Gregory, "would have thrown most men into confusion; but such was the energy," &c.

But, besides all this, he was at this very time toiling at his translation of Lucretius, which he had commenced so early as 1797. This task was accomplished while tramping the streets on his visits to his patients—with what benefit to them it is not easy to determine. Think of a man arriving at a patient's door, with an unfinished line floating in his brain—Apollo defend us! This translation was finished in 1805. It is in blank verse, and, with a multitudinous mass of annotation, fills two stout quartos. It is undoubtedly the best we have. Busby's, which appeared a few years after, is comparatively loose and redundant—the sense could hardly be missed by any body. Bus-

by, who was nothing but a coxcomb, had, indeed, to struggle with the fetters of rhyme, but that was his own choice. Lucretius is not a poem addressed to the imagination, but to the understanding; it is a system of philosophy—such as it is—and the first merit in the translation of such a thing is closeness and accuracy—with rhyme, that is impracticable. Mr. Mason Good made the better choice, and his execution is respectable—the language is clear—the construction sometimes easy, and the cadence occasionally some music in it. But though a better translation be conceivable enough, it is worth nobody's labour, we think. The notes are full of varied and valuable matter—constituting a running commentary on the whole poem—with a profusion of observations on the peculiarities of the ancient schools of philosophy (not always accurate; the reader must not expect so much; the writer had too much to do to be accurate), sketches of modern discoveries, and the anticipations of those discoveries by the ancients.

From the publication of Lucretius to 1812, he seems to have been nearly occupied with the *Pantologia*, a work of the Encyclopædia kind, which he undertook in conjunction with his friends, Mr. Newton Bosworth, and our biographer, Dr. Olinthus Gregory. This work extended to twelve thick octavos, and Mr. Mason Good *did* his full share. Then followed his performance on the Study of Medicine—the object of which was to bind more closely together physiology, pathology, nosology, and therapeutics—branches which are usually treated of separately, and not at all, in his opinion, to the advantage of any of them. This was published in 1822, in four very large volumes, and again, in 1825, augmented to five; and holds, we believe, a respectable station among the *general works* of the profession. The doctor has not done yet; in 1826 appeared, in three octavos, the *Book of Nature*, which, says Dr. Gregory, "was an infelicitous title—it conveys no adequate idea, I might almost say, *no idea*, of the nature of the publication itself." They contain the substance of his lectures at the Surrey Institution, and touch upon every thing. "The young in perusing them will find their thirst for knowledge kept alive while it is gratified"—so says Olinthus—we know nothing of it ourselves.

But now we have forgotten his translation of *Job*—a work which would have cost some men half a life, but with Mr. Good's skill and tact, and something too with his management of his time, a book more or less was nothing. The same character of respectable mediocrity is applicable to this as to all his philological performances; his views were hastily got up; he could not afford to be nice, had he had the talent for balancing critical niceties; he caught a glance, and was content with it; and he

had ingenuity enough to cover defects, and give a plausible appearance even to absurdity. According to him, Moses was the author of Job—which is about as probable as that Adam was.

Notwithstanding all that we have been detailing, he has left behind him translations of the Proverbs and the Psalms—quite ready for the press—and even with directions for the printers. The volume before us contains some scores of specimens of his poetry, written on all sorts of occasions—generally in the worst taste possible, some of which, however, Dr. Nathan Drake, we think it is, considers “excellent imitations of the Horatian Epistolary style and manner”—God wot!

We have just discovered a note—more labours. He was, it seems, the author of the *Millenium*, in three cantos, a satirical poem. For some years he contributed largely to Dodsley's Annual Register, taking, Dr. G. believes, the entire department of natural history and philosophy, of general literature, and of poetry and belles-lettres. He also assisted Mr. Woodfall in the arrangement

of the materials in his edition of *Junius's Letters*, 1812, and in investigating and balancing the claims of different “individuals to the authorship of those extraordinary productions.”

So much for Dr. Mason Good; if we underrate him, let him have the benefit of Olinthus Gregory's wind up—

In short—had he published nothing but his Translation of *Lucretius*, he would have acquired a high character for free, varied, and elegant versification, for exalted acquisitions as a philosopher and as a linguist, and for singular felicity in the choice and exhibition of materials, in a rich state of critical and tasteful illustration.

Had he published nothing but his Translation of the Book of Job, he would have obtained an eminent station amongst Hebrew scholars, and the promoters of brilliant criticism.

And had he published nothing but his *Study of Medicine*, his name would, in the opinion of one of his ablest professional correspondents, have “gone down to posterity, associated with the science of medicine itself, as one of its most skillful practitioners, and one of its most learned promoters.”

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE fortune of physicians was said by Johnson to be so curiously capricious, “that their history would make an excellent book.” But what is the fortune of physicians to that of actors—the fortune of men who take years to rise, or be ruined—to that of men who may do either in a month? The close of the last Drury Lane season saw Kean on the verge of being undone. Unpopularity, in every shape, was hanging over him, pressing under him, crushing round him, like the fields of ice round the polar expedition. Unlucky newspaper correspondences, family quarrels, public avowals, and official speeches from the stage, consigning him to the very *Hôpital des Fous*, seemed to have put an end to this clever and very singular person. When, lo! within a little month, or ere those shoes were old in which he walked out of Drury Lane to exile and oblivion, he starts upon the world again, fresh and fierce as ever—a young serpent, with his old slough cast off, and rearing his new crest, and shining in his new colours—a giant, refreshed with wine—a racer, sleek and strong, to carry off every plate—Kean, every inch Kean, again.

We are extremely glad of this turn of affairs, for his sake, that of the public, and that of the theatres. He is a powerful actor, whose place could not be filled up hastily. The public have not so many attractions on the theatrical boards that they can dispense with any; and Covent Garden, independently of the vast personal interests connected with its permanency, our old attachment to this admirable place of scenic

beauty and skill, and the public gratification, for which it has so long and so largely provided, is essential to the well-being of the whole profession of the drama. Monopoly, odious in all things, is ruinous in the theatre; and humble as the stage now is, it would be down in the dust the day that saw either of the winter theatres without a check and a rival.

Kean's performances, during the season, have grown in popularity; and his last has been his most popular. But what a work is that last!—“*Othello*”—the richest, most poetical, and most impassioned piece of writing that ever came from human genius! “*Macbeth*” has more dramatic activity, splendour, and variousness of character;—“*Hamlet*” more of that solemn depth of thought that wraps the man like midnight, and gives its living agents something of the supernatural and mysterious dignity of beings belonging to another world;—“*Lear*” has more of the fiery eloquence and daring grandeur of human nature, exasperated to the highest pitch of noble wrath, scorn, and indignation;—but “*Othello*” lays open the solitary heart as it was never laid open before. It strips every fibre, shews it to us palpitating, and penetrates, from depth to depth, into the startling wonders of our frame.

It is high praise to the actor to be able to give any representation that can personify this marvellous embodying of our nature in agony; and it is Kean's highest praise that the *Moor* is his best part. But, by adding to his performance those of Kemble's *Cassio*,

and Young's *Iago*, as perfect a play is given as the modern stage can supply. Miss Jarman is, it is true, no very superb *Desdemona*. But where are we now to find a better?

The utter dearth of actresses of the higher order is one of the phenomena of the day; and while we have a dozen of very pretty and ingenious females for all the minor departments of tragedy and comedy, we have neither the lady of comedy, nor the heroine of tragedy. Debutantes come, are applauded, yawned at, and pass away. We hear with wonder and with incredulity of the time when three great actresses contested the tragic palm, and when Siddons herself was long kept in the back-ground by this rivalry of talent. But all have vanished alike; and if a woman walks the stage well, dresses showily, and repeats her lines without a lapse of memory, she has gone through the degrees, and is entitled thenceforth to figure through the sublimest of Shakspeare.

No comedy has appeared at Covent Garden. The "Merchant's Wedding," which the newspapers, and the whole tribe of periodical publications, with the single exception of ourselves, praised loftily, and which we pronounced to be a dull affair, though compiled by a very smart contriver of these things, has gone the way of all things of the kind. The obvious fact is, that, beyond a few nights, these *rifaccimenti* never live: they have their experiment for a night or two, are lauded as surprising recoveries from the treasuries of our dead literature, and are no sooner recovered than they are replaced in the sepulchre—the shelf from which they should never have been disturbed.

The attempts to vary the performances by opera have failed. Sapio has taste, and a very pretty voice; but it is a voice for the concert-room, and there "his commission ends;"—it wants power for the stage. As an actor, Sapio of course makes no pretension, and he has no claim. Miss Stevens's return has had no favourable result; and that public favourite must feel that some extraordinary repossession of her powers must occur, before she can recover her hold upon the audience.

The "Invincibles," a farce, double distilled, from the French and from the German, has been subjected to a triple operation by Morton. Nothing can be duller than the plot, but the dialogue, which is altogether a tissue of common-places, familiar to the memory of the oldest inhabitant—Morton's usual offence. But the manœuvres of *Corporal Vestris*, and her half-dozen female

musqueteers, have lifted this dreary farce into popularity. The manual exercise is gone through with a dexterity that might raise the envy of the Guards; and it is understood that the staff of the Tower Hamlets Militia regularly take post, in the front of the pit, to give the last polish to their military science.

Drury Lane has done nothing conspicuous during the month. But it feels the effects of that most impolitic of all systems, known technically as *starring*: Mathews is gone; and, however unimportant any one actor's loss may seem in so strong a comic company, yet the season has gone down. The public are a jealous public; and when they see any thing openly subducted from their entertainment, they take a distaste to the whole affair—as managers ought by this time to have known, and will at all times be compelled to know. But the hardship is not less severe upon authors. The engagement of a principal performer comes to an end in the run of a piece. The part must be either supported by an inferior, which is ruinous; or the piece laid aside. What man, who can exert his ability in any other way, will write for the stage—or what man does write? We have not had for years a single original performance. Every thing has been translation, patchwork, piebald mediocrity. Nothing has lived a week, and nothing deserved to live half the time.

Opera at Drury Lane has gone down exactly in the same way, and for the same reason. Mrs. Glossop, who still so absurdly *Madames* herself, succeeded, with the powerful help of Braham, in bringing opera into popularity. She sang with great skill and elegance, and was increasing in success. But her engagement was for a part of the season—it came to an end—she went to gather laurels round the country theatres—and the opera instantly sank, and is now nothing. Miss Paton is equally rambling; and we have, in consequence, Miss Love actually filling the character of *prima donna*. We can scarcely conceive these errors of management to be wilful. But no manager will do his duty to himself or the public, who suffers performers thus to start away from his theatre. Why not retain the policy under which the theatres flourished so long? Why not form, at the beginning of the season, the company which is to continue till the end? If performers, vain of their talents, should object to this, let the manager be firm. The public understand reason, like the rational exercise of authority, dislike professional arrogance, and will support the right side.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

January 11.—A paper, entitled third series of observations, with a twenty-feet reflecting telescope, containing a catalogue of 384 new double and multiple stars, completing a first thousand of those objects detected in sweeps with that instrument, together with observations of some previously known, by I. F. W. Herschel, Esq., president, was read. The learned author observes, that on an average of the part of the heavens swept by him, not above one in four of double stars, sufficiently remarkable to attract attention in sweeping, have been catalogued by M. Struve. The limit of vision in the Dorpat telescope he presumes to be about his average, 14th magnitude, though such a determination must necessarily be liable to some latitude. This conclusion he deduces from a series of instances, in which small companions have been seen by him attached to large stars within the limits of Professor Struve's 4th class, which have escaped the notice of the latter. He proposes the following classification of double stars nearly resembling that proposed by his distinguished father.

Class 1	{ Close . . . 0" & below 1"	.. 2"
	{ Not close 1" . . . 2"	.. 4"
Class 2 2"	.. 4"
Class 3 4" & below 8"	.. 16"
Class 4 8"	.. 32"
Class 5 16"	.. 64"
Class 6 32"	.. 128"

so that the limit of distance of stars of the 11th class shall be $2^{\circ} 1'$. The contrasted colours so frequently observed in double stars, he regards as in many cases referable to the laws of vision. He then adduces evidence, which he considers satisfactory, that the fifth star in the trapezium, in the nebula of Orion, existed not on the 13th of March 1826, though observed by M. Struve on November 11 of that year. He considers it, therefore, if not as a new star, at least as a variable one of very singular character.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 5.—Some account of the botany of the provinces lately ceded by the Burmese to the East India Company, with a description of two new genera of plants, in a letter to H. T. Colebrooke, Esq., by N. Wallick, M.D., superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, was read. The author states that his botanical treasures are most extensive; the number of species having long ago surpassed 2,000; that he has never seen any vegetable production equal to his *Amherstia nobilis* when in full bloom—the genus of this plant is evidently allied to *Heterostemon* and *Desfontaines*. Dr. Wal-

lich has at length found the varnish tree of the Burmese, which he constitutes a new genus, and calls it *melanorrhoea*. Also another singular plant, which he calls *phytoecrene gigantea*, allied to *Araliaceae*. The trunk is as thick as a man's thigh, and when divided, affords a large quantity of a limpid, tasteless, and very wholesome water.—19. A description was read of a curious fungus, belonging to the gastromycous order, found near Wrexham, by I. T. Bowman, Esq., on decaying oak branches stripped of bark. In its earliest stages it is globular: afterwards, from the expansion of the filaments, the sporules are exposed, and the sporangium becomes rugged and broken from the ripening of the seeds, the peridium bursts, and the filaments set at liberty, acquire first a horizontal and then a more erect position, resembling the branches of a palm tree. There was also read at the above meeting some portions of a paper by I. E. Bichenov, Esq., entitled remarks on the flora of Great Britain, as connected with geography and geology. The author in this paper, instead of attempting to connect plants with particular temperatures, as most authors who have treated the subject have done before, endeavours to shew the relation which vegetables have to geographical and geological structure. He regards England as the most favourable place to commence such remarks, because of the intimate knowledge we have of its stratification, and also of the stations of all our plants.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—The reading of Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murkison's paper, on the geological structure of the Island of Arran, begun at the last meeting, was concluded; the details, presenting no interest to the general reader, we think it needless to insert. On the fifteenth of the same month the anniversary meeting of the society was held, and the officers and council for the current year were elected.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

December 17, 1827.—M.M. Gay-Lussac, Thenard and Chevreul, presented a favourable report on two notes of M. Serullas, one on the bromures of arsenic, antimony, and bismuth; the other on the oxibromure of arsenic. Mr. Girard made a verbal report on the works relative to the opening of the canal of the Hudson, which had been forwarded by M. Genert. M. Cauchy read a memoir, entitled "Employment of the calculus of remainders for the summation or the transformation of series, of which the general term is an

even fraction of the number which represents the rank of this term." He also read a printed note on a memoir of Euler, bearing the title "Nova methodus fractionum quascunque rationales in fractionibus simplicibus resolvendi."—24. MM. Raspail and Saigey transmitted a note relative to their process of sizing paper, requesting it might be left with the secretary for the use of those whom it might concern, to which the Academy acceded. MM. de Jonnès read a note on the recent employment, at Cephalonia, of mercury as a preservative against the plague. A zoological memoir of M. Jacobson having been referred to MM. Dumeril and Blainville, their report was ordered to be printed.—31. M. Arago read an extract from a memoir of M. La Rive, of which the object was the study of the circumstances which determine the direction and intensity of the electric current in a voltaic element. M. Mitscherlich, of Berlin, and Mr. Conybeare, were nominated correspondents in the section of mineralogy and geology. MM. Mathieu, Legendre, and Dulong, made a report (of which the following is the conclusion) on M. Francœur's memoir, relative to the comparison between the French metre and the English measures. "The proportion of the imperial English yard to the French

metre was obtained with great precision by an immediate comparison of the two standards. The metre=39.37079 English inches, and the yard is=0.91438348 of a metre. The ounce was determined=31.0913 grammes, a result which is considered to be within from 2 to 4 milligrammes of the truth." The approbation of the Academy was expressed as to the skill with which M. Francœur had solved this interesting problem. MM. Desfontaines, Mirbel, and Labillardiere reported favourably on, and recommended the publication of M. Jaume Saint-Hilaire's "French Flora and Pomona."—Jan. 7. M. Mirbel was named vice-president for the year 1828, and M. Dulong, vice-president for 1827, commenced his functions as president for the current year. M. Warden, a correspondent, communicated a letter from Mr. Smith, trading in the Upper Missouri, who, in the end of 1826, had explored a tract of country to the south-west of the Great Salt Lake, to the west of the Rocky Mountains in North America. M. Blainville read a note, and MM. Bosc and Latreille, communicated some observations on the difference between the males and females in a species of *gelinotte* (*g. mario-nis*). Mr. Ivory, of London, was named correspondent in the section of geometry.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bank Question.—The time having arrived when this important question must receive the attention it is entitled to, we submit to our readers the following impartial view of it:—

The misunderstanding existing between the Bank of England and the Country Bankers is of a two-fold nature—

1st. The country bankers complain, that in endeavouring to establish generally the branch banks, and to obtain a monopoly of the paper circulation of the kingdom by these means, and by getting to themselves exclusively the private banking business of the country, the bank directors are exceeding their understood privileges, as between them and the country and London bankers, which were, that they, the bank directors, should be the bankers of government in all its various branches, of receipts and payment, to public offices, to the Court of Chancery, and for such private concerns as, from party preference, or other causes, became entrusted to them; and that the general private banking business of the country should be with the country and London bankers. In return, the bankers have always continued to hold in dead deposit, as well as for payment of all demands upon them, the notes of the Bank of England exclusively;—each party thus becoming deeply interested for the

welfare and prosperity of the other, instead of being rivals and opponents as is now the case. The advantage to the Bank of England of having so immense a proportion of their notes as centre with the bankers in a constant state of complete inaction, without chance of presentation, must be obvious—and equally so the disadvantage which might accrue to them from any other mode of circulation being adopted, by substitution of a different paper, on the plan of the Hamburg and other foreign banks. On the whole, the bankers think themselves hardly dealt with: but this being a question of private interest, the public probably care little about it, and the majority, not understanding the matter, will, without giving it reflection, side with the strongest party. There can, however, be little doubt that, unless checked, the establishment of general branch banks goes to the subversion of all private banking, both in town and country, as the bank directors offer advantages which private bankers cannot do—such as transacting private business free of all the expense and charges incident to the transfer of property to and from the metropolis, and also more particularly in the payment of the government dividends and annuities on the spot where the branch bank is established.

The second objection urged is on public grounds, viz. that a general monopoly of the whole banking business of the country, and an uncontrolled power over the circulation of the country, with the means of extending and contracting it at will, would give no steady price to any thing or any property—all articles of consumption, and all property of every description, personal or real, varying according to the plenty or scarcity of the circulating medium, regulated by the will of twenty-four men.* That to these men will be thus given a power, which might be subversive of the best interests of the country, and dangerous even to the government itself.

The effect of the local branch banks will be gradually to check the due circulation of money in the country, and cramp the means of the agriculturists and manufacturer: for the private banker finding himself unequal to compete with the directors of the Bank of England, now issues his notes merely for the deposits of cash made with him; and looking to the possibility of another convulsion, he makes no advances on loan, but sends the property to his London correspondent, there to be employed at slender interest, with a power of immediate recall, in case of a run upon him; and this it is that causes such an immense influx of money to the London bankers, who hold, without the means of employing, that which, by an undue course of things, thus becomes useless to all parties.

Celestial Maps.—From a communication made last month to the Astronomical Society, by Mr. Arrowsmith, we learn that he has in preparation two maps of the heavens, the northern and the southern hemisphere, of the unusual size of 39 inches in diameter—they are intended to revolve in the plane of the equator, a novel arrangement, through which, together with their unrivalled accuracy, they will be rendered as useful in the observatory as ornamental in the library.

Earthquakes in the West Indies.—During the last six months of 1827, no less than ten earthquakes were felt in the Antilles. Eight were only undulatory motions of the earth, slow, and weak. But that of August 5 consisted of two smart shocks; and that of November 30 was of similar violence and duration, lasting no less than 50 seconds; for the last 70 years a similar one has not been experienced at Martinique; it occasioned, however, more terror than mischief. At Guadaloupe, where it was felt about a quarter of an hour later than at the other island, its effects were equally severe.

Medical Researches.—An opinion has long prevailed, that Columbus introduced into Europe from America the disease at present known under the appellation of siphylis. This question, which has been agitated during three centuries, has been at length set at rest by the researches of Dr. Thienne, a physician of Vicenza, who has satisfactorily proved the ravages of this disease long before the birth of Columbus. His investigations have led to some curious results, inasmuch as he has established a sort of analogy and identity between the elephantiasis, the leprosy, the venereal infection of Canada, the sibbens of Scotland, the radzygè of Norway, the saws of Africa, the pan of America, the malady of Scherlieno in the Tyrol, &c.

Proportion of Crime.—From the records of the Spanish courts of justice, in 1826, as compared with the amount of the population, it appears that there is one criminal in 885 persons; in France it has been estimated there is one in 1,172, and in England one in 1,226. If any confidence is to be placed in these results, and we are disposed to regard them as an approximation to the truth, what reflections do they not suggest on the state of these countries respectively!

Effects of a Thunder Storm at Sea.—The following is the substance of a communication made to the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, by Captain Scoresby, relative to the effect of a thunder storm on the "New York," a vessel employed in the passage between London and New York, which is usually performed in 25 days. The first time the vessel, which had no lightning conductor, was struck, all the partitions were knocked down, but no one was injured. The following day the captain, apprehensive of another storm, had caused a conductor to be placed on the main-mast; the electrical discharge was made on this conductor, which was entirely melted, and fell in drops into the sea. Nearly all the passengers saw a depression take place in the sea, round the place where the electrical current entered the ocean. The upper part of the conductor was four feet long, and five inches and a half in diameter, and the rest of it was three-tenths of an inch in diameter, dimensions evidently too small. An excellent chronometer, of which the daily rate never exceeded one-tenth of a second, was so affected that it gained 34 minutes in the passage. The cause of this became evident when, upon examination in London, it was found that all the parts of the instrument had become highly magnetised, so that its general movement depended evidently on the position given to it. The second thunderstroke, like the first, killed no one, but operated a remarkable cure. An old and very stout passenger had been so affected with paralysis in his legs for more than three years, as to be almost deprived of

* In the year 1817, it appears that the issue of Bank of England notes was nearly 30 millions; in 1822, a lapse of five years only, it stood at less than 17. This will at once shew the unsteadiness of circulation, and how it must operate upon the value of all property.

their use, and since the time of his embarkation he had not stood on his feet. But after the discharge which took place near the bed whereon the invalid was lying, he got up, walked on the deck, and continued for a long time as if he had not been at all ill. At first he was deprived of his senses, but they soon returned, and the cure was permanent. Other cures of a similar nature have often been recorded, of which the moral impression effected by the fright may be regarded as in case as the proximate cause. On board the New York all the knives and iron forks became magnetic; but what happened to the needles of the compasses was most remarkable—they were all in the same room, but the effects produced on them were very different. Of some the magnetic action was increased, of others diminished; some again had it destroyed, while of others the poles were reversed.

French Voyage of Discovery.—A letter has been received from the naturalists on board the *Astrolabe*, Captain Durville, sent by the French government on a voyage of discovery round the world, dated Tonga-Tabou (Friendly Islands) May 1827, from which it appears that the vessel was carried by the currents during a calm upon a reef, and though it ultimately escaped destruction, the damage it sustained has been serious, occasioning fears as to the result of the expedition.

Astronomy.—In the month of February 1825, M. Struve undertook, with the large telescope made for him at Munich, a general view of the heavens, visible at Dorpat—having especially in view the double stars. After two years indefatigable labour he has discovered, that of more than 120,000 stars, 3,060 belonged to the first four classes of double stars—whereas the catalogue which he had drawn up in 1820 contained only 500 of this kind. So remarkable an increase in one of the most important branches of the science has induced the University of Dorpat to publish a new catalogue of double stars. This is accompanied by a correct and well engraved chart of the heavens, and by a report, with some preliminary and general remarks on the nature of the fixed stars, and the motions of those celestial bodies, the immobility of which was at no very remote period taken for granted by all astronomers.—*For. Quart. Rev.* No. 3.

The Plague.—When the plague broke out at Malta in 1813, calomel was exhibited internally, and strong mercurial frictions were had recourse to, with perhaps dubious success, after the patient was affected with this formidable malady. Very recently, an English physician at Cephalonia, has subjected to a very strong mercurial treatment, internally and externally, some persons who have been exposed to the contagion of the plague, and it has been found that all those who had under-

gone salivation, when the disease developed itself, escaped with only sufficient symptoms to indicate the nature of their attack; while those on whom the mercury had not produced, to the full extent, its powerful effects, sank under the infection.

Vindication of Herodotus.—“As the crocodile,” says Herodotus, “feeds in the Nile, the interior of its mouth always swarms with *bdella* (usually translated *leeches*). All birds, with one exception, avoid the crocodile, and this one, the *trochilos*, flies to it with eagerness, and renders it a great service; for whenever the crocodile comes to repose on the shore, and then opens its jaws, the *trochilos* penetrates into its mouth, and clears it of the *bdella*. The crocodile is grateful, and does not injure the small bird which renders it so good an office.” On this passage the ingenuity of critics has been variously exercised; it has been treated as a fable, and has met with zealous but ill informed apologists. An eminent French naturalist, M. Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, discovered during his residence in Egypt, that the account of Herodotus was incorrect only in a few of its details, and his notice on the subject, which was received with much attention by the Academy of Sciences, will not be devoid of interest, we presume, to our readers. A small bird, already described by Hasselquist, as *charadrius Egyptiacus*, and answering nearly to the small ring-plover of the French, is always flitting about on the shores of the Nile, and seeks insects, which are its principal food, even in the jaws of the crocodile. With its very slender beak, this bird can take only diminutive insects, spawn of fish, and those small particles of animal matter which the motion of the water casts upon the bank. If the *trochilus* be really the small plover, the animals denoted by Herodotus, are not leeches, which, besides, are not found in the stream of the Nile, but a very small insect of the class which is found in moist and warm places in Europe, called gnats, and musquitos in America. These insects swarm on the banks of the Nile, and when the crocodile comes to bask on the sand, he is attacked by myriads of them. His mouth is not so well closed but that they can enter it, which they do in such great numbers, that the interior surface of his palate, naturally of a bright yellow, appears covered with a blackish brown crust. All these sucking insects insert their trunks into the orifices of the glands, which abound in the mouth of the crocodile: it is then the small plover, which pursues them everywhere, coming to his assistance, rids him of these annoying assailants, and that without any danger to himself, the crocodile being careful, before closing his mouth, to make some motion, which apprises the bird to fly away. At St. Domingo, a crocodile exists very like the Egyptian one—is at-

tacked by the same sort of enemies, and its tongue, like that of the crocodile of the Nile, being immovable, it has no means of getting rid of them but by the assistance of a small bird, which renders a similar assistance to that mentioned above. These facts explain the passage of Herodotus, and show that the *bdella* was not a leech, but a flying insect, similar to our gnat. It appears, indeed, that at the time of Herodotus, *bdella* signified that which sucks, and that its signification was afterwards restricted to denote a leech—and it can be inferred that the historian was unacquainted only with the nature of the animal that tormented the crocodile: had it been otherwise, he would have named them *κοροπις*, as he does in cap. 95, when speaking of their

number and annoyance—it seems probable, therefore, that his account was the result not of his own observation, but of the information he had received from the priests of Memphis. The above anecdote, related by the father of history, does not stand alone—Aristotle, Pliny, Elian, Philo, and many writers during the first years of the Christian æra, have spoken of the circumstance with more or less attention to particulars—the moderns alone have questioned its truth. Of the nature of the understanding between this small bird and the crocodile, or how it was effected, it would be impossible to offer a conjecture; but it exists at the present day a wonderful instance of the economy of nature.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

In a few days will be published, the First Part of the Bibliographer's Manual; being an Account of Rare, Curious, and Useful Books, published in, or relating to, Great Britain and Ireland, from the Invention of Printing; with Bibliographical and Critical Notices, Collations of the rarer Articles, and the prices at which they have sold in the present century. By William Thomas Lowndes.

The Holy Bible; comprising the Authorised English Version, with the Marginal Readings; the various Renderings of the most approved Translators; Critical and Explanatory Notes; and Devotional Reflections. Also, Specimens and Refutations of the most specious of the Roman Catholic, Unitarian, and Antinomian Annotations; and comparative Views of every important Scriptural and erroneous Doctrine. To be completed in 3 vols. 8vo.

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A History of the Council of Trent, compiled from the most authentic sources. This work will contain numerous facts and statements illustrative of the Roman Catholic System, and the Ecclesiastical History of the period (A.D. 1545—1563), derived from scarce and valuable books.

Italy under Napoleon; being a History of that Country during the Consulship and Imperial Government of Buonaparte. By the Author of the Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.

An Abridgement and Translation of Viger, Bos, Hoogeveen, and Herman, for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. J. Seager, Author of "The Critical Observations on Classical Authors." The four works will

form about 220 pages each, and may be purchased separately, or together in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Medea of Euripides, on the plan of the Hecuba. By the Rev. J. R. Major.

Tales for My Young Friends. Translated from the French of M. Bouilly.

A Translation of Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme. By the Translator of M. Jouy's "Sylla."

Mr. Noble proposes to print immediately his Dramatic Poem, entitled "Spartacus, the Gladiator."

The Second Volume of the Works of Arminius. Translated from the Latin, with illustrative Notes. By James Nichols. In 8vo.

An Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible. By James Townley, D.D., Author of "Illustrations of Biblical Literature," &c. In 1 vol. 12mo.

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Reports of Trials upon Election Petitions in the present Parliament; with a Table of all the Reported Cases heretofore printed.

A Table of the Years of the Reigns of the Kings of England, concurrently with the Years in common use: 1066—1828: for ascertaining the Dates of Charters, Acts of Parliament, and other Muniments.

The Rev. George Stanley Faber has a new work in the press, entitled, *The Calendar of Prophecy*. In 3 vols. 8vo.

A Third Edition, improved and enlarged, of Dr. Paris's *Treatise on Diet*. 8vo.

A Third Edition of Dr. Arnott's *Natural Philosophy*. 8vo.

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Thomas Erskine, Earl of Kellie, Viscount Fenton, Baron Dirleton, Premier Viscount of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia; one of the sixteen Peers for North Britain in the Imperial Parliament, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife, was born in the year 1745.—The immediate ancestor of this branch of the noble family of Erskine was Sir Alexander Erskine, of Gogar, third son of John, twelfth Lord Erskine, and fifth Earl of Mar, by Lady Margaret Campbell, daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll. Sir Alexander was governor to the young King James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. His eldest surviving son, Sir Thomas Erskine, was born in the same year with King James, was educated with him from his childhood, was constantly about his majesty's person; and he had the good fortune to be one of the instruments in the rescue of the king from the treasonable attempt of the Earl of Gowrie, whose brother, Alexander Ruthven, he slew with his own hand. In the year 1666, he was created Baron Dirleton and Viscount Fenton; being the first person raised to the dignity of viscount in Scotland. He was created, in 1619, Earl of Kellie; and was K.G. and a Privy Councillor in England and Scotland. Charles, eighth Earl of Kellie, died unmarried in 1799, and was succeeded by his uncle, whose death we are about to record.—His lordship married, in 1771, Anne, daughter of Captain Adam Gordon, of Ardoch. On the 9th of July, 1808, he obtained His Majesty's royal permission to accept and wear the royal order of Vassa, conferred on him by Gustavus Adolphus, fourth King of Sweden. He died on the 6th of February; and, having left no issue, was succeeded by his brother, the Right Hon. Methuen Kellie Erskine, of Airbrie.

LORD RADNOR.

Early in February, died, in his 78th year, the Right Hon. Jacob Pleydell Bouverie, Earl of Radnor, Viscount Folkstone, Baron of Longford, and Baron Pleydell Bouverie, of Coleshill, Berkshire, Bart., Recorder of Sarum, and High Steward of Wallingford, M.A., F.R., and A.S. His lordship was the descendant of Lawrence De Bouveries, of Saughin, near Lisle, in Flanders, who fled to England on account of his religion, and settled at Canterbury, in the year 1568. His son Edward was father of Sir Edward De Bouveries, an ancient Turkey merchant, knighted by James II. His eldest son, William, was created a baronet in 1714, by Queen Anne. His nephew, Sir Jacob Bouverie, the third baronet, was created a peer in 1747, by the titles of Baron of Longford, and Viscount

Folkstone. His eldest son, William, was raised to the dignity of Earl of Radnor in 1765. His lordship's first wife was daughter and heir to Sir Mark Stuart Pleydell, Bart., who left his estate to his grandson, Jacob, the late earl, with remainder to the issue male of William, first Earl Radnor, and of Jacob, first Lord Folkstone, his father; directing each person, enjoying the same, to use the name of Pleydell Bouverie. His lordship died in 1776, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Jacob, the late earl, to whom this brief notice refers. His lordship married, in 1777, Anne, daughter and co-heir of Anthony Duncombe, Lord Feversham. By this marriage, his lordship had, besides other children, a son and successor, William, Viscount Folkstone. The latter nobleman, long distinguished in the ranks of opposition, was one of the representatives of the borough of New Sarum. He married, in the year 1800, the Lady Catherine Pelham Clinton, only child of Henry, Earl of Lincoln, eldest son of the second Duke of Newcastle.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

With one of the best and most benevolent of hearts, Lady Caroline Lamb, who has lately passed to her final audit, was, perhaps, one of the unhappiest of women; a woman, at all times, if we mistake not, more sinned against than sinning. Her *liaison* with Lord Byron excited much notice and much scandal in the fashionable world; but, from the best of sources, we have reason to believe that her aberrations were only the aberrations of the imagination—in other words, that the attachment on the part of Lady Caroline to Lord Byron was not of a criminal nature.

Lady Caroline Ponsonby, the only daughter of the Right Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough, by the Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer, daughter of John, the first earl of that name, was born on the 13th of November, 1785. Her education was under the immediate eye of her grandmother, the accomplished Countess Dowager Spencer. Slight and delicate in form, beautiful in the expression of her countenance, her dark hair and eyes contrasted with the fairners of her complexion, it was natural that she should have many admirers. Of these, the favoured one was the Hon. William Lamb, eldest son of Viscount Melbourne, to whom she was united on the 3d of June, 1805, before she had attained the age of twenty. Of three children, the issue of this marriage, George Augustus Frederick, so named in honour of his present Majesty, his sponsor at the font, is the only one now living.

Mr. Lamb was a man of taste and talent; Lady Caroline's literary pursuits were con-

genial with those of her husband; and, with him, she was accustomed to read and study the classics. She was mistress of several of the living as well as of the dead languages; as a reader she was greatly admired; and her style of reciting the noblest Greek odes was of the most graceful and impressive character. Yet, with all this, not the slightest pedantry was apparent in Lady Caroline Lamb. Her powers of conversation were lively and brilliant; and her compositions, in verse as well as in prose, were evidently the emanations of an elegant and benevolent mind. Some of her poems, however, which are as yet in manuscript, are superior to any that have hitherto appeared in print. Lady Caroline was an amateur and a patroness of the fine arts. Some of her pencil sketches, executed even in childhood, are strongly indicative of genius.

Living in the gay world, and possessing a fervid and eccentric imagination, she appears to have been fascinated by the poetical and intellectual powers of Lord Byron; between whom and her ladyship there was an intimacy of nearly three years' duration. The rupture of that intimacy produced a depression of spirits in Lady Caroline, amounting, at times, almost to insanity. According to Captain Medwin—and we know it from better authority than his—Lord Byron most cruelly and culpably trifled with her feelings.

For several years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, not uninterrupted, however, by many a painful recollection of his lordship. It happened, very remarkably, that, while riding with her husband, she met, just by the park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead-abbey. The shock was dreadful. She was carried home in a state of insensibility; a long and severe illness ensued; and that, during her sufferings, there were, at times, wanderings of intellect, is, we believe, beyond a doubt. A change came over her habits; and, about three years ago, a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb. It should be known, however, that her husband continued to visit her, to correspond with her, to treat her with the utmost kindness; and that, when her last hour approached, he travelled from Dublin to London, to be present at the sad and closing scene.

It was after her difference with Lord Byron that Lady Caroline wrote her novel of *Glenarvon*; the chief character in which was generally understood, at the time, to have been intended as a portrait of his lordship. Some of the scenes of this novel were too highly coloured; yet it successfully exposed many of the vices of the fashionable world, and conveyed important lessons to the young and ardent of both sexes.

Lady Caroline's next production, said

to have been suggested by Ugo Foscolo, was *Graham Hamilton*. "Write a book," said Foscolo, "which will offend nobody: women cannot afford to shock." This book was written with great care, and its sentiments are those of the utmost purity. Her next, and, as it is said, her favourite work, was the highly imaginative romance of *Ada Reis*. That, too, in point of morality, is altogether unobjectionable.

The impassioned workings of Lady Caroline's spirit seem to have been too powerful for her slight and fragile frame. She had long been in a state of declining health. Three or four months before her departure she underwent the operation of tapping for a dropsical affection. Temporary relief only was experienced. On her death bed, her mind was perfectly tranquil and lucid. Without pain, and without a struggle, she expired, as a Christian would wish to expire, on the evening of Friday, the 25th of January.

It was in Pall-Mall that her ladyship died. Her remains were removed thence for interment to the cemetery belonging to Lord Melbourne's family, at Hatfield. The Hon. William Lamb, her husband, and Mr. William Ponsonby, attended the funeral as chief mourners.

LORD DOUGLAS.

Archibald Douglas, Baron Douglas, of Douglas Castle, in the county of Lanark, Lord Lieutenant and hereditary Sheriff of the county of Forfar, was born on the 10th of July 1748. His lordship's father was Sir John Stewart, Bart., of Grandtully, who married Jane Douglas, only sister and heiress of Archibald, Duke of Douglas; on the decease of whom, in 1751, the dukedom became extinct; but the marquissate of Douglas devolved upon the heir male, the Duke of Hamilton. Archibald, a twin, but eldest son, by this marriage, was born at Paris. On the death of his uncle, the Duke of Douglas, he succeeded to his estates, and assumed the name and arms of Douglas; and, on the 8th of July 1790, he was created Baron Douglas, of Douglas Castle. Previously to his elevation to the peerage, he married, first, in 1771, Lucy Graham, sister to the present duke, and only daughter of William, fifth Marquess and second Duke of Montrose. By that lady, who died in 1779, he had a family of three sons, and one daughter, married to Lord Montague, second son of Henry, the third Duke of Buccleugh. Lord Douglas married, secondly, in 1785, Frances Scott, sister to Henry, third Duke of Buccleugh, by whom he had three sons and three daughters.

His lordship died at Bothwell Castle, Lanarkshire, on the 26th of December, and was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, by his first marriage, Archibald, now Lord Douglas.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather has been generally favourable for the operations of husbandry, and for forwarding the growth of all the earth's productions, until the 21st of this month; when the wind, quitting that westerly course in which it had continued so long, changed to the north-east, bringing with it a severe storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, followed by a keen and chilling air, which has continued to the present day, with the appearance of a favourable turn—the wind, this afternoon, veering to the south side of the east, or nearly due south. These few inclement days must have checked the fruit-blossoms, which were previously in a state of the utmost luxuriance, and retarded, temporarily, the progress of all vegetation. But, in our fickle climate particularly, it is a result always to be expected; and, when the chilling intervals do not continue any great length, our crops, even the most susceptible fruits, withstand the shock. Absorption of the superabundant moisture of the autumn and early part of the winter has gone on gradually. Field labour is every where in a sufficiently forward state; the crops have all the most prosperous appearance; and never before was there such an exuberance of all the earth's products, and of animal property, both in England and in Scotland, as in the present season. These stocks, immense as they are, might yet be greatly increased; and a lamentable consideration it is that so great a part of our labouring population should come short of their due share of this overflowing abundance. The season, in fact, is as forward as we have sometimes found it in the middle of April.

The wheats are reported universally good, with the drawback of a disease termed the *gout* in some of the western counties, the symptom of which is an enlarged and bulbous appearance in the plant, the bulb, on being opened, containing a maggot: it is a disease of mild winters, from the prevalence of too much warmth and moisture. In Scotland, a considerable breadth of wheat was sown towards the end of last month; and the autumnal wheat in the north, has an appearance equally promising as in the south; auguring better fortune with that golden crop to the Lothians and the Carse of Gowrey, than they enjoyed in the last season. It appears to have been ascertained at last, by the indefatigable Mr. Jacobs, that the last crop of wheat was inferior, in quantity and quality, especially in the latter, to the previous crop of 1826. The ordinary samples, however, have with time acquired a much better hand, and grind tolerably. The clovers and seeds, generally, are remarkably fine and luxuriant, both in the north and south. The markets in Scotland are plentifully supplied, and good prices obtained for live stock, with a rising market for wheat. Their labourers are fully employed, and in a far better state than our's.

On dry and good lands, never has there been a better, easier, or more auspicious season for farming than the late and present. The lands have worked well throughout, with few and inconsequential impediments; the crops have succeeded in an equal degree; the earth has been constantly covered with food for animals; vast quantities of the mangel-wurtzel root have been stored by provident feeders; and live stock, of all descriptions, has been generally healthy, and in a thriving state. The low and wet lands could seldom be fallowed in the autumn; and being left whole, and no frost occurring sufficient to pulverize and improve them, they break up in a moist and cloddy state. On these, in course, the seeding process must be deferred, until they are dry enough to be pulverized by the usual operations; the weather, however, remaining favourable, these even will not be out of time. The superior lands are busily preparing for the next turnip crop—their beans and oats making a show upon the land, and their barley nearly all in, much of it above ground. The grass is so forward, that good land which has been left will carry sheep-stock well early in April. The wheat, excepting upon the driest soils, has been too soft, and the land too tender, to admit feeding off with sheep, according to a usual, but perhaps not beneficial custom—especially on drilled lands. At any rate, the practice is dangerous when the wheat is too forward. The sellers of clover-seed do not meet with any amends in the price, for their late short and bad crop; but the buyers, more fortunate, obtain, at a moderate rate, supplies to any extent from France. The milelot trefoil, proposed for culture, two years since, by Mr. Laurence, and particularly to succeed clover, on those lands supposed to be tired of clover, will be tried this season, in various parts of the country. The seed is sold by Messrs. Gibbs of Halfmoon-street, and the beginning of April is its proper seed season. It is not difficult of soil, and few plants succeed better on poor light lands.

French or "double sainfoin," producing two crops in the year, has been, of late, re-introduced. Messrs. Gibbs imported some of the seed from France, about seven years since, which was experimented by a few of their customers without success; and the same result occurred to a writer in a late Farmers' Journal. It is supposed by some that mangel-wurtzel, so little difficult about soil, will in time nearly supersede the use of common turnips, in which there will be this peculiar advantage—the German root must be stored, a most advantageous practice, in which our farmers have been generally too averse and negligent. The culture of the foreign root, sufficiently extended and preserved, will be a complete insurance of winter and spring provision for live stock, thereby putting an end finally to the old disgrace of British husbandry, spring starvation of animals. It has done

much already. The present season has superabounded with food of all kinds for stock, and much difficulty has been experienced in ridding the lands intended for barley-sowing, of turnips, which were flowering, and the roots rotting. Potatoes are in such vast abundance, as to be very difficult of sale at the lowest price; and, contrary to our former apprehension as to their probable quality, a sufficiency has been found throughout, pretty equal to those of the most favourable years. Hay is in great plenty, and cheap in proportion. Some late experiments have been made of the old proposal of saltpetre, as a manure for wheat. It has had the former success, of equalling animal manure for a single crop, at more than double the expense. Purchasing manures may, in general, be deemed a double error in farming.

The fall of lambs is generally successful, and where they have chanced to be weak, there is good hope, in the abundance of food enabling the ewes to give plenty of milk. Of wool nothing new has offered, nor can there be any considerable amendment in the price, until the vast speculated stock of foreign wool shall have been worked up. In-calves and milch cows fetch a good price, and pigs have continued at an excess of price so long, that it is surely time for some relaxation, so speedily as that breed may be raised. But many farmers have an aversion to pig-breeding, indeed to breeding generally. It is somewhat of an anomaly, that swine should be at an exorbitant, and bacon at a moderate price; but Ireland furnishes us with an immensely larger quantity of bacon than of living pigs. Mutton has been very scarce and dear, the sheep dying light, and, the South Downs excepted, of inferior quality; veal also very dear; in fact, all kinds of live stock at considerably remunerating prices to the breeder and feeder. Corn, also, cannot be deemed at a low price, its abundance considered; but the general immense difference between the superior and inferior kinds of wheat is remarkable. Good horses are said to be in a progress of more and more scarce; and a German Baron has been publishing throughout the Continent, the degeneration of the English horse, with an earnest dissuasive from their import to the Continent.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 3d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 6d.—Grass Lamb, 6s. to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 8d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40s. to 70s.—Barley, 28s. to 36s.—Oats, 19s. to 30s.—Bread, 9d. the fine 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw 32s. to 43s.—Oat Straw, 30s. to 34s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 36s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, March 24, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The demand for strong and good Sugar has continued general and extensive during the week; the average daily sales are 800 hogsheads. The prices of good and fine Muscovadoes are about 2s. per cwt. higher: the inferior are 1s. higher. The general demand for refined goods has affected the stocks very materially. Very few goods are on sale, and a general advance of 1s. must be stated.

Coffee.—The public sales brought forward this week have not been extensive. The British Plantation descriptions have gone off steadily, at full prices—the few parcels of Foreign rather higher.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The Rum market is firm, and the holders generally not inclined to press sales; the purchases this week are about 300 puncheons. Leewards at 4s., and over-proof at 2s. 3d. per gallon. In Brandy or Hollands there is little alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market continues subject to great fluctuations—the price this week has been generally declining. Hemp and Flax are heavy.

Indigo.—East-India Indigo is rather heavy.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 27.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Altona, 13. 11.—Hamburg, 13. 11.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Vienna, 10. 4.—Frankfort on the Maine, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10 (Rble).—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 6.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35.—Malaga, 35.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 39.—Palermo, 117.—Lisbon, 46.—Oporto, 46.—Bahia, 46.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £3. 15s.—New Dollars, 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 297½.—Coven-try, 1,150½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 112½.—Grand Junction, 308½.—Kennet and Avon, 294½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 393½.—Oxford, 680½.—Regent's, 25½.—Trent and Mersey (¼ sh.), 825½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265½.—London Docks (Stock), 88½.—West

India (Stock), 212½.—East London WATER WORKS, 124½.—Grand Junction, 62½.—West Middlesex, 67½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, ¼ dis.—Globe, 150½.—Guardian, 20¼.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 96½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 0½.—British, 13 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of February to the 21st of March 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

E. Wright, Manchester, silk merchant.
Breton, E. B. Gloucester-street, wine-merchant.
Allsop, G. Nottingham, blacking-manufacturer.
Charlton, A. Walthamstow, cattle dealer.
Hart, W. Nottingham, lace-machine-maker.
Fearn, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, stock broker.
Pooley, J. sen., and Pooley, J. jun., Hulme, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 113.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Armstrong, A. Penrith, Cumberland, grocer. [Helders, Clement's-inn; Jameson, Penrith]
Atkinson, J. Dalton, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. [Jaques and Co., Colman-street; Battye and Co., Huddersfield]
Brumfit, W. Leeds, victualler. [Woodhouse, Temple; Stott, Leeds]
Bell, R. Wakefield, York, woolstapler. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Cuttle, Wakefield]
Bell, J. Carleton, Cumberland, cattle-dealer. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Wannop, Carlisle]
Bedford, W. Bristol, brewer. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Westmagh, Bristol]
Baxter, C. Ipswich, linen-draper. [Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row; Pearson and Co., Ipswich]
Bacon, J. Stratford-upon-Avon, stationer. [Meyrick and Cox, Red-lion-square; Smyth, Warwick]
Browne, J. jun., Norwich, iron-founder. [Spence and Desborough, Size-lane]
Bennett, J. Melksham, Wilts, corn-factor. [Bourdillon, Bread-street; Bevan and Brittan, Bristol]
Brown, G. and G. G. Brown, and E. Jackson, Carbrook, Stayley-bridge, Cheshire, calico-printers. [Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson, Manchester]
Butt, E. Ledbury, grocer. [Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn]
Bishop, G. C. Fordwick, soap-boiler. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark]
Bradwell, T. Loughborough, cordwainer. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn]
Brindley, H. Colman-street, saddler. [Mills, Hatton-garden]
Brown, W. jun., Bath, chinaman. [Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn]
Cattley, R. J. George-street, Mansion-house, coal-merchant. [Lutley and Son, Dyer's-hall]
Carter, C. J. Dean-street, Oxford-street, builder. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard]
Cooper, E. Little Russel-street, Covent-garden, haberdasher. [Smith, Carthusian-street]
Christie, D. Liverpool, merchant. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Bardswell and Son, Liverpool]
Crawford, H. Whitehaven, painter. [Helder, Clement's-inn; Armistead, Whitehaven]
Cowper, H. East-India chambers, Leadenhall-street, commission-agent. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple]
Crafts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Bucks, paper-maker. [Pritchard, Bridge-street, Blackfriars]
Carpenter, S. sen., Greenwich, shoe-manufacturer. [Clarke, Bishopsgate churchyard]
Coupland, C. junior, Leeds, spirit-merchant. [Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers, Regent-street]
Cook, J. and Kauntze, R. Chertsey, Surrey, plumbers. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane]
Clarridge, R. Coventry, victualler. [Wragg, Bedford-place, Southwark-bridge-road]
Corrall, C. P. Rochester, carver and gilder. [Harris, Bruton-street]
Castell, J. West-square, Surrey, coal-merchant. [Shrymsher, Warwick-court, Holborn]
Cooke, W. Micklehurst, Cheshire, and Manchester, calico-printer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester]
Dibden, J. Bayham-street, Camden town, victualler. [Downes, Furnival's-inn]
Denman, W. Bangor, shopkeeper. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
Ellerd, W. Luton, Bedfordshire, plumber. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Williamson, Luton]
Earl, T. Worcester, victualler. [Elgie, Old Jewry; Elgie, Worcester]
Fobbing, T. R. Essex, victualler. [Milne and Parry, Temple]
Fearn, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus]
Foster, J. Knaresborough, timber-merchant. [Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn]
Filby, N. Heston, builder. [Evans and Harper, Kennington-cross]
Godward, T. Castle-street, Southwark, plasterer. [Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street]
Gainer, J. Newgate-street, butcher. [Price, Falcon-square]
Genden, A. C. F. Somerset-street, Portman-square, bookseller. [King, Bedford-place, Russel-square]
Gell, T. York, merchant. [Bell and Brodrick, Bow-churchyard; Brook and Bulmer, York]
Greathatch, W. jun., Maybank, Stafford, T. Greathatch, and J. Greathatch, Oxford, earthenware-dealers. [King, Temple-chambers]
Gill, J. New-street, Covent-garden, clothier. [Parker, Furnival's-inn]
Holland, W. Rotherhithe, linen-draper. [Parrar, Godliman-street, Doctors-commons]
Hall, M. W. Liverpool, haberdasher. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool]
Harrison, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Blackstock and Bunce, Temple; Brabner, Liverpool]
Heward, W. N. Bridlington, York, timber-merchant. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Scotchburn, Great Driffield]
Hope, R. Liverpool, joiner. [Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool]
Handley, J. and W. Burslem, Stafford, china-manufacturers. [Chester, Staple-inn]
Howgate, W. T. Knaresborough, druggist. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Howell and Son, Knareborough]
Harling, J. Lancaster, money-scriver. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Thompson and Co., Lancaster]
Hassal, J. Bristol, starch-manufacturer. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol]
Horseman, T. Bristol, hackney-coach proprietor. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Hartley, Bristol]
Hills, W. S. Darby-street, Rosemary-lane, brewer. [Nethersoles and Barron, Essex-street]
Hussey, T. Great Guildford-street, Surrey, hat-manufacturer. [Parker, Furnival's-inn]
Howard, J. Dunstable linen-draper. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane]
Hamby, W. junior, Tavistock, draper. [Alliston, Freeman's-court, Cornhill; Woolcombe and Jago, Plymouth]
Hunt, R. Rochdale, money-scriver. [Blakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Dewhurst and Co., Preston]

- Holland, J. Lincoln, victualler. [Taylor, Clement's-inn
Hobbs, J. Gloucester, corn-dealer. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square
Jackman, S. Ipswich, money-scriver. [Bromley, Gray's-inn
James, C. High-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper. [Smith, Walbrook
Johnson, W. jun. Thirsk, York, grocer. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Swarbeck, Thirsk
Keppel, T. Nassau-street, Marylebone, tailor. [Young, Poland-street
Lightfoot, J. J. Liverpool, merchant. [Keightley, Temple; Keightley, Liverpool
Lawton, S. Delph, York, innkeeper. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Lawton, Delph
Lunn, J. and J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-brokers. [Williamson, Gray's-inn
Lemare, J. and Prestage, J. T. Wood-street, silk manufacturers. [Birch and Garth, Great Winchester-street
Lovegrove, R. and Cubbidge, W., Longwick-mill, Bucks, papermakers. [Smith, Golden-square; Smith, Maidenhead
Mayo, E. Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, woollen-draper. [Reynolds, Carmarthen-street, Fitzroy-square
Manson, G. Birmingham, draper. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Marriott, W. Broad-street, stockbroker. [Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars
McCammon, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
Myers, D. Cutler-street, Houndsditch, merchant. [Turner, Basing-lane
Montgomery, J. V. Dover-place, Old Kent-road, tailor. [Arnott, Temple
M'Laughlan, M. W. Manchester, publican. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Warner, Manchester
Moreland, R. Borwick, Lancaster, maltster. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn
Odell, W. Catherine-street, Westminster, boarding-house-keeper. [Howard, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street
Osborne, R. Bristol, anchormith. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Gough, Bristol
Palmer, H. Kent and Essex-yard, Whitechapel, coachmaker. [Hill, Wood-street, Cheapside
Parker, W. H. jun. and J. Parker, Hereford, booksellers. [Robinson, Walbrook
Putland, E. Peckham, coal-merchant. [Smyth, Red-lion-square
Pearce, W. Leather-lane, cheesemonger. [Smyth, Red-lion square
Puddock, T. Chirk Bank, Salop, timber-merchant. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place; Holden, Liverpool
Pimblett, T. Goulburn, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Gandy, Liverpool
Parker, R. Shrewsbury, hoot-maker. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-st.; Kough, Shrewsbury
Reade, G. Manchester, innkeeper. [Walmesley and Co., Chancery-lane
Rear, T. J. Sloane-street, chemist. [Umney, Chancery-lane
Riley, J. Austrey, Warwick, grocer. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn-square
Roche, J. Fore-street, grocer. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Radnege, J. Bathwick, dairyman. [Kemp, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Shaw, W. Liverpool, builder. [Chester, Staple-inn; Finlow, Liverpool
Sykes, C. T. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, music-seller. [Cross, Surrey-street, Strand
Stonehouse, J. Bishopwearmouth, mercer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Raisbeck and Co., Stockton
Soulby, M. Swinefleet, York, draper. [Capes, Gray's-inn
Stretton, C. and Banfield, W. Great St. Helen's, wine-merchants. [Sanders, Ampton-street, Gray's-inn-road
Shipley, F. Boston, glover. [Clowes and Co., Temple; Jarvis, King's-Lynn
Shipley, C. Linby, Notts, lace-manufacturer. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Daff, Nottingham
Smart, S. Devizes, grocer. [Jayes, Chancery-lane; Bayley, Devizes
Stenson, G. Amlwich, Isle of Anglesey, draper. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Walker, Manchester
Slater, C. Leeds, factor. [Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Terry, D. Spread Eagle-court, Threadneedle-street, tailor. [Fitch, Union-street, Southwark
Terry, T. Malton, York, innkeeper. [Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Wood, York
Vickers, J. A. Leeds, patten-maker. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Raynar, Leeds
Walton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. [Williamson, Gray's-inn; Ingledew, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Wragg, J. and J. Chesterfield, Derby, flax-dressers. [Vickery, New Boswell-court; Gillett, Chesterfield
Williams, E. H. Bangor, linen-draper. [Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool
Williams, H. Wunfach, Carnarvon, miller. [Jones, Temple; Jones, Liverpool
Wigzell, E. Lime-street, agent. [Devey, Dorset-street, Fleet-street
Wilson, W. S. Cannon-street-road, master-mariner. [Warne and Son, Leadenhall-street
Wintle, H. S. Mark-lane, merchant. [Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court, Cornhill
Williamson, J. Leicester, victualler. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Meredith and Co., Leicester.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. J. F. Clinton, to the Rectory of Cromwell, Nottingham.—Rev. J. M. Colson, to the Chaplaincy of Dorchester Barracks.—Hon. and Rev. N. Grenville, to the Vicarage of Butleigh-cum-Baltonsborough.—Rev. M. Taylor, to the Rectory of Winnall, Winchester.—Rev. J. Torriano, to the Vicarage of Stanstead, Mountfitchet, Essex.—Rev. W. Wilson, to the Rectory of Arthingworth, Northampton.—Rev. W. D. Harrison, to be Minor Canon of Winchester.—Rev. W. Churchill, junior, to the Rectory of Winterborne Stickland, Dorset.—Rev. L. Iremonger, to Wamborough Vicarage, Wilts.—Rev. M. Butterfield, to be a Minor Canon of St. George's, Windsor.—Hon. and Rev. R. Ponsonby, to be Bishop of Kilaloe.—Rev. M. Dawson, to be Dean of St. Patrick's.—Rev. T. Wood, to the Vicarage of Leys—
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down.—Rev. J. Peel, to the Vicarage of Stone, Worcester.—Rev. T. Tyrwhitt, to the Stall of Gillingham Minor, Salisbury.—Rev. J. R. Winstanley, to one of the Bampton Vicarages, Oxon.—Rev. J. Robson, to the District Church of St. George, at Tildesley.—Rev. G. Gillespie, to the Parish of Cumberlees, Dumfries.—Rev. J. Warren, to the Rectory of Graveley, Cambridge.—Rev. G. Sivewright, to the Vicarage of Blakesley, Northampton.—Rev. J. M. Prower, to the Vicarage of Purton, Wilts.—Rev. P. Wynter, to be President of St. John's, Oxford.—Rev. A. Montgomery, to be Prebend of Ruscombe-Southbury, Salisbury.—Rev. J. Bockett, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester.—Rev. W. C. Risley, to be Chaplain to Lord Carteret.—Rev. J. Tweed, to the Rectory of Capel, with Little Wenham,

Norfolk.—Rev. Dr. Hollingsworth, to the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon.—Rev. C. Townley, to the Vicarage of Little Abington, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Rowe, to the Rectory of Bow, Devon.—Rev. A. B. Lechmere, to the Vicarage of Welland, Worcester.—Rev. H. Faulkner, to the Perpetual Curacy of Norton-juxta, Kempsey.—Rev. Dr. T. Shephard, to the Rectories of Inkpen, Berks, and Cruxeaston, Hants.—Rev. J. Bush, to the Vicarage of Butleigh-cum-Baltonsborough, Somerset.—Rev. J. H. Newman, to the Vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford.—Rev. J. P. Roberts, to the Perpetual Curacy of Hampton, Worcester.—Rev. H. D. Ryder, to the Vicarage of

High Offley, Stafford.—Rev. G. G. Egremont, to the Living of Barrow-upon-Humber.—Rev. H. T. Coulson, to the Rectories of Ruan-Major and Landewednack, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Hale, to the Rectory of Baslingthorpe, Lincoln.—Rev. T. H. Ripley, to the Rectory of Tockenham, Wilts.—Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, to be Dean of Worcester.—Rev. H. Phillpotts, to be Dean of Chester.—Rev. H. Spry, to be Prebendary of Canterbury.—Rev. W. Canning, to be Prebendary of St. George, Windsor-castle.—Rev. J. E. Rathbone, to the Chapelry of Rumford, Essex.—Rev. F. Severne, to the Rectory of Kyre, Worcester.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Henry William, Marquess of Anglesea, to be Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of Ireland.—The Earls of Warwick and Roden, to be Bedchamber Lords.—Lord Hill, Sir C. Robinson, and T. F. Lewis, esq., to be Privy Counsellors.—Vice-Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Sir G. Clerk,

bart., Earl of Brecknock, and Rear-Admiral Sir E. W. C. R. Owen, to be Members of the Council of H.R.H. the Lord High Admiral.—Sir Herbert Taylor, to be Surveyor General of the Ordnance.—Sir W. J. Hope, to be Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

February 22.—Don Miguel arrived from England at Lisbon.

28.—The New Brunswick Theatre (formerly the Royalty) situate in Wells-street, Well-close-square, fell to the ground; in a single instant the awful crash took place; the roof, galleries, boxes, scenes, stage properties, and 12 helpless human beings, were all commingled in the "prodigious ruin."

29.—The Sessions terminated at the Old Bailey, when 23 prisoners received sentence of death; 115 were transported, among them were 20 females; more than 100 were ordered for imprisonment for various periods; the calendar at these sessions enumerated 418 culprits!!!

March 1.—The Society of Ancient Britons celebrated the anniversary of the Welch Charity School, at a splendid dinner at Freemasons'-hall, H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The amount of the subscriptions received was £1,105. 8s. 4d., to which were added two legacies, and the produce of the Cambrian ball, making a total of £2,130!!!

3.—The long room at the Custom-house reopened for public business, it having been shut three years in consequence of the foundation giving way.

5.—The Recorder of London made his Report of 43 convicts convicted at the December and January sessions at the Old Bailey, when 5 were ordered to be executed March 12, one of whom was only 17 years of age; one of those respited was only 15!

12.—Five culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

—The Lord Mayor, attended by the Bridge House Committee, &c., visited the New London Bridge, for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the last arch.

13.—News arrived that Russia had published a declaration of war against the Porte.

19.—The Recorder made his Report of 23 prisoners condemned to death at the Old Bailey Sessions for February, when three were ordered for execution.

26.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

MARRIAGES.

Lieut. B. Cuppage (Royal Horse Artillery) to Emily Anne, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Macleod.—At Mary-le-bone, G. E. Welby, esq., son of Sir W. E. Welby, bart., to Frances, daughter of Sir M. Cholmeley, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. Oakes, to Miss S. C. Fletcher: J. Kirkland, esq., to Louisa, fourth daughter of C. Bishop, esq., his late Majesty's procurator-general.

DEATHS.

In Regent's-park, 67, Major-general Ogg, groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of Sussex.—In Long-acre, Mr. T. Jones, denominated by his countrymen "Bard Cloff;" he was treasurer to the Royal Cambrian Institution.—In St. Martin's Church-yard, 88, C. A. Delpini; he had been a celebrated clown in the pantomimes at both the principal theatres.—By the fall of the Brunswick Theatre, Mr. John Evans, author of "The Chronological Outline of the History of Bristol," and other literary productions.—77, J. Ewer, esq., Bedford-square.—At Blackheath, 81, Mary, relict of General Davies.—In Maddox-street, Magdalene, wife of Captain Sir C. Malcolm.—At Chiswick, 86, Jane, Countess of Macartney.—In Spring-gardens, 77, C. Bicknell, esq.—At Hampton-court, Charlotte, daughter of Lord Bloomfield.—At Balham, G. Wolff, esq., Danish consul general.—In Wimpole-street, 78, H. U. Reay, esq.—76, W. Lowndes, esq., first commissioner of taxes.—

At Fulham, Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cameron.—In Oxendon-street, W. Wilkins, esq., M.P., Radnor.—70, John Hodson, esq., M.P. for Wigan during five parliaments.—In Chancery-lane, Jack Randall, denominated the "Nonpareil of the Fancy," having never lost a battle.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the Palace, Hanover, Sir W. Davison, to the Baroness Rosalie.—At Florence, at Lord Burghersh's, the English minister, the Marquis Donato Guadagni, to Louisa, daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. G. G. Lee.—At the English Ambassador's, Paris, J. J. Williams, esq., to Miss Jessica Brown.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Rev. E. Foster, chaplain to the British Embassy.—At Rome, Major-Gen. Lord Frederick Bentinck, brother to the Duke of Portland.—At Jamaica, Hon. W. Hill, one of His Majesty's Council.—At New South Wales, D'Arcy Wentworth, esq., premier magistrate.—At Paris, 72, Mme. la Comtesse de Ségur; she was granddaughter of the Chancellor d'Aguesseau.—At Warsaw, 72, General Fanshawe, of the Russian army.—Drowned at sea, Mr. Conway, the actor. At Albany, United States, His Exc. De Witt Clinton, governor of the State of New York.—At Florence, Jane Isabella, Countess of Lanesborough.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

At the Newcastle and Northumberland Assizes, 4 were recorded for death, 4 transported, and 15 sentenced for imprisonment.

A Durham, 4 were sentenced to death, 7 transported, and a few imprisoned.

By the annual report of the committee of the Literary, Scientific, and Mechanical Institution, read at Newcastle, March 3, it appears, "that with a subscription from the members of little more than 2½d. per week, aided by a few benefactions, they have been enabled last year to add 550 volumes to the library, among which are many new, scarce, and valuable works." The classes for French, drawing, chemistry, mathematics, &c., continue in great operation. There are in this society 65 clerks and agents; 24 surgeons, chemists, and druggists; 17 teachers; 7 architects and builders; 50 carpenters, &c.; 18 masons; 20 painters; 29 engineers, millwrights, &c.; 26 drapers; besides of bricklayers, shoemakers, tailors, and various other trades and professions, more than 200.

A beautiful orrery has been presented to the Durham Mechanics' Institute by Mr. Johnson; the institution is in a very prosperous condition, and has lately received a considerable accession of members.

About two o'clock on Saturday morning there was an explosion in Jarrow Colliery. Eight of the poor pitmen were soon taken out of the mine, dreadfully burnt; six of them lifeless, and the other two in a shocking condition, one of whom expired in the course of Saturday. What renders this calamity greater is, that some of the sufferers have left large families.

Mr. Rewcastle, of Newcastle, has invented a plan for substituting the use of water instead of ballast, in ships and other vessels.

The Chamber of Commerce at Newcastle has received a letter from the Treasury, stating, that their request for the repeal of the duty on receipts could not be complied with.

The sea is making great inroads upon Sunderland Town Moor. Within the last week or two it has undermined the outer wall of the battery so as to cause its fall.

The office of inspector general in the customs department, at Newcastle, is abolished.

The small-pox and hooping-cough have lately

been unusually fatal in Sunderland and the Wearmouths. In Sunderland only, upwards of 60 children have fallen victims to the latter complaints since the year began.

The Chamber of Commerce at Newcastle has memorialized the Bank of England against the establishment of a branch bank in that town.

On the 10th of March, a division of the 83d regiment, commanded by Major Summerfield, marched from Sunderland for Hull. A large party of sailors, keelmen, and pilots, and inhabitants of the place, insisted upon carrying the worthy major out of the town in a chair handsomely decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c., and an immense concourse of inhabitants assembled, and took leave of the men with every mark of respect.

Married. At Durham, Mr. J. Spence to Miss E. Best; Mr. R. Brown to Miss Eden.—At Gosforth, Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Brown to Miss Brandling.—At Newcastle, A. Franks, esq., to Miss Watson.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Rogers to Miss Lewster.—At Sunderland, Mr. Murray to Miss Woodfield.—At Tynemouth, Mr. Shotton to Miss Bell.

Died. At Durham, Mrs. Dinning; Mr. Adjutant Hadwike; 80, Mr. E. Richardson.—At Prestwick-lodge, Mrs. Wright.—At Whitworth, Mr. J. Allworth.—At Bishopwearmouth, Miss Smart; 87, Margaret Gowland.—At Darlington, W. Thompson; 91, Mrs. Addison.—At Newcastle, Lieut. C. L. Wilkison, of the 12th foot.—At the Ouseburn, near Newcastle, Mr. J. Reynoldson.—At Wallsend, 102, Ann Usher.

YORKSHIRE.

A dreadful murder was committed on the 10th of February at Bancroft, near Finningley. As Mr. John Dyon, a respectable farmer, was returning home from Doncaster market, he was shot whilst in the act of opening a gate leading into one of his fields, through which he must pass to his home. There were two persons concerned, as the marks of two guns were distinctly seen in the snow. We regret to add, that William Dyon, a respectable farmer, and John Dyon, his son, the brother and nephew of the murdered man, were, on the 13th of March, committed to York Castle, on suspicion of committing this horrible offence.

There is now living at Bishepton, near Ripon, an old soldier, named Francis Wilkinson, in the 104th year of his age.

The York Minster organ has been greatly enlarged, and a number of new stops added; it is now probably the most complete in the kingdom.

The ship *Diana* lately arrived at Hull from New York in 25 days, being one of the quickest passages ever known.

Considerable alterations are projecting in Scarborough against the approaching season. The gardens on the cliff are to be laid into one, to form an elegant promenade; and a museum for subjects in natural history is erecting.

At Spurn Point, on the 28th February, as a young boy, son to Mr. Richardson, master of the life-boat, was firing at a mark, his sister, about 14 or 15 years of age, was unfortunately shot by him in the head, and died before medical assistance could be obtained.

The first stone of a new church was laid at Gollar, near Huddersfield, by the Rev. J. C. Franks, vicar of the latter town, on the 13th of March.

As some men were cutting down a tree at King Cross, near Halifax, on the 11th of March, it fell upon a man who was passing on horseback, and killed both the horse and the rider.

Twenty-four pairs of hand-polished steel scissors, weighing altogether only one grain, have just been manufactured by Mr. Peter Hatherton, Spring-street, Sheffield. Who would believe, unless they saw them, that 11,520 pairs of hand-polished scissors could be manufactured, completely perfect, the weight of which would be only one ounce?

On the 20th of March, as the workmen were digging the cellars for some new houses about to be erected in Davy-gate, York, they found, about 8 feet below the surface of the earth, three skeletons, which had evidently been thrown in promiscuously without coffins, as they laid in such a way that they could not possibly have been inclosed in a shell of any kind. It is impossible to conjecture how long they had lain there, but certainly long before the memory of man.

Married. At Hull, J. Brooks, esq., to Miss S. Middleton.—At York, H. Cobb, esq., to Miss Wolsterholme.—At Middleton, G. Hompson, esq., to Miss Taylor.—At Snaith, M. Gibson to Miss Dunn.—At Malton, F. Bliton, M.D., to Miss Temple.—At Howden, Mr. G. Atkinson to Miss James.—At Scarborough, W. Jefferson, esq., to Miss Johnson.—At Bradford, J. Greenwood, esq., to Miss Tetty.—R. Hudson, esq., to Miss Stanhope.

Died. At Bedale, Miss Williamson.—At Masham, R. Edon, esq.—At Holmfirth, C. Stephenson, esq.—At Selby, Miss Dobson.—At Wakefield, R. Drake, esq.—At Hull, Mrs. Byron.—At Drypool, 88, Mr. Lee.—At Farnham, Mrs. Mason.—At York, Lady Crawford Pollock; and, a few days after, Mrs. Musket, her ladyship's mother.—At Demming-house, Mr. Prescod.—At Scarborough, J. Oldfield, esq., M.D.—At Chapel Allerton, Mrs. Nicholson.—At Burton-lodge, near Leeds, Mrs. Busk.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

Died. At Oaken, 82, the Hon. Frances Dowager Lady Wrottesley. Her ladyship was the daughter of William first Viscount Courtenay; she was born March 10, 1746, and married June 7, 1770, to the late Sir J. Wrottesley, bart., by whom she was left a widow, on the 22d of April 1787, with seven children, the present Sir J. Wrottesley, bart., M.P. for the county of Stafford, being the eldest.—At Armitage-park, T. Lister, esq.; his son, T. H. Lister, esq., is the author of "Granby" and "Herbert Lacy;" the latter dedicated to his father.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

The ladies' productions at the Fancy Bazaar, at Stamford, have produced, during the course of

three days' sale, more than £1,600!! The funds are destined for the benefit of the Stamford and Rutland Infirmary.

It is our painful duty to announce that on the 6th instant seven more sheep were maimed and slaughtered in the East Marsh Field, which added to the former number, make 119 sheep and one beifer. And on Sunday evening last, between seven and eight o'clock, at Cleathorp, about two miles hence, seven beasts (five of which are dead) were maimed and hamstrung, and a valuable mare slaughtered in the stables and crew-yard adjoining the house of Mr. J. Osbourn. The deed was perpetrated during the time the family were at the methodist chapel. The strictest investigation is now going on to find out the monster who committed these atrocities.—*Stamford Mercury.*

The demand for weavers continues unabated at Bolton. The extraordinary quantity of looms now employed with silk and cotton, has created a scarcity of muslin weavers, and this scarcity will increase unless our manufacturers pay something like corresponding wages. We have been informed that, in the neighbourhood of Leigh alone, 1,000 hands have been transferred from muslin to silk and cotton fabrics.—*Bolton Chronicle.*

Died. At Lenton-priory, 73, W. Stretton, esq.—At Newark, 73, Mr. R. Hutchinson.

LANCASHIRE.

The Chairman of the Committee of the Liverpool Mechanics' and Apprentices' Library, read at their last meeting their 4th annual report, in which it is said:—"It is with no common degree of satisfaction that we state the fact, that there is a constant demand in the library for elementary works of science and art; that those relating to the trades and occupations of the readers have been in particular request; and, next to these, the numerous voyages and travels. Works purely imaginative are, in comparison, seldom inquired for, though they may be said to form, at the present day, the chief mental aliment of the higher classes of society. In such works as have been named by the readers themselves as desirable of acquisition, the committee have, with pleasure, observed that they have always been unobjectionable in moral principles, and generally conducive to the real interest of the applicants, and their only regret has been, that their funds have not, in every instance, enabled them to comply with the wishes of the readers."—There are about 900 readers at this library, and the number is daily increasing.

A melancholy accident occurred at Manchester, on the occasion of launching the *Emma*, at the New Quay Company's Yard, which was upset, and 38 persons were drowned.

The recent demand for exportation has, we believe, more than realized the hopes of the Manchester folks; but the home trade has hitherto been much more limited than was expected. The latter circumstance is occasioned by the distress of the agricultural districts, the low wages of labour, and the general scarcity of money. The demand for yarns is increasing, both for home manufacture and for exportation; and the wages of the operatives are higher than they have been for some years. Respecting our foreign trade, a

treaty of commerce has recently been entered into between Bavaria and Wirtemberg. The consequence is, the lines of custom-houses are closed; the two countries have a free interchange of their own productions; and jointly collect duties on foreign ones. Thus the duties on British manufactured goods, which have hitherto in Wirtemberg been moderate, are now brought up to a level with those of Bavaria; that is, more than trebled! So much for reciprocity!!

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

18 prisoners were recorded for death at Northampton; 6 were transported, and 18 were sentenced to imprisonment.—J. Goodman was left for execution, for having unlawfully entered into a plantation armed with a gun, with *intent* illegally to kill game!!!—*Northampton Mercury*.

At the last annual meeting of the Banbury Savings' Bank, the gentlemen assembled expressed their entire approbation of the report of the committee, which shewed that this admirable institution did in reality assist the very persons for whose use and benefit Savings' Banks were established. About £50,000 had been deposited by labourers, servants, mechanics, small tradesmen, benefit societies, children, and others.

Died.] At Warwick, 90, J. Tew, esq.—At Wroxall Abbey, C.R. Wren, esq.—At Birmingham, Rev. J. Darwall.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

At the assizes at Worcester, 11 culprits were recorded for death; 4 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

The Worcester-shire Medical Society has forwarded a petition to the Secretary of State, for presentation to the House of Lords, in which the society represents, in strong terms, the disadvantages under which the profession labours, in consequence of the difficulty of procuring human subjects for dissection, and hinting that "they manage these things better in France," thus obliging young men to pursue their studies there.

SOMERSET AND DEVON.

At Taunton there are above one hundred and seventy prisoners for trial; and at Exeter, one hundred and ten!!! where, at the latter place, Mr. Justice Gaselee, in his charge to the Grand Jury, observed, that it gave him pain to say that the calendar contained not only a greater number of prisoners than he remembered since he had had the honour of filling the situation he then did, *but exceeded that of any previous period during the time he had, as counsel, travelled this circuit*. He lamented extremely this excess of crime, and trusted that the inquiries now generally set on foot, to discover the cause of so much depravity, would be successful. He could not but observe, that the numbers in the calendar had more than doubled since the judges first met to determine on their respective circuits; nor could he refrain from pressing on their attention the obvious advantages that would arise from holding a session for the purpose of delivering the gaol of all prisoners for *minor* offences, just before the assizes. Many, certainly, had been committed since the Epiphany sessions; but there were fifteen or sixteen cases the dates of which were previous to that period, and there were not wanting in the calendar, instances of commitments as long since as August or September last [*sic*

months in gaol *BEFORE* trial!!!] on which he would say, that, if even found guilty, he should feel it a duty to observe to them, that their punishments had been *already* disproportioned to their offences, and, so admonishing, should discharge them; and of the others, in the event of conviction, he should proportion their further punishment to that which they had already undergone!!!

At Wiveliscombe, the inhabitants (without brief or aid from Government) are building a new church, at an estimate of at least £6000; and have erected an Independent chapel, at an expense of £2000. They have also completed a new line of road leading to Southmolton, which cost £20,000.

By a document published recently by the managers of the Exeter Savings' Bank, since their annual report, it appears, that the sum of £112,857. 16s. 11d. belongs to 6,645 children, no part of which can be withdrawn but by their own consent, nor until they are of sufficient age to give such consent!!!

At a recent meeting of the subscribers to the Bath Penitentiary, after the report of last year's proceedings was read, it was announced, that a legacy of about £12,000 had been bequeathed by the late Mr. Williams of Bath, to be equally divided between the General and the United Hospitals, and the Penitentiary, at Bath, and the Bristol Infirmary.

The improved line of road through the village of Yarcombe was opened for the mail-coach to pass over it, on March 11. Some obstacles which presented themselves, when the road was originally made in 1815, have been overcome, and an easy sweep and a moderate ascent substituted for an acute angle and steep pull.

Died.] At Plymouth, 72, Mrs. Calmady, relict of the late Admiral Calmady; 95, Mrs. May.—At Kingweston, Somerset, 26, the Rev. J. Scott, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, eldest son of J. Scott, esq., Winfrith, Dorset.

DORSET AND WILTS.

At the assizes held at Salisbury, 22 were recorded for death, and at Dorset assizes 7—besides a few transported and imprisoned.

March 11, the teachers of the Church Sunday Schools, Poole, held their annual tea-party in the school-room; having previously invited the teachers of the Sunday Schools of other denominations, with their friends, to join them. About 250 sat down. The party did not separate until they had been addressed by several of the reverend divines present, on the important and sacred nature of the task in which they were engaged, and the gratifying union which that evening presented of so many different sects of religion!!!

HERTS.

At the assizes for Herts, 10 prisoners received sentence of death; 2 were transported; and a few imprisoned; one of them for six months, for having been found out at night armed with guns, with *intent* to kill game!

Died.] At Hartsborne Manor-place, 62, Vice-Admiral Sir T. B. Thompson, Bart., Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, and formerly Comptroller of the Navy.

OXFORD AND BERKS.

At the Oxford Lent Assizes, 7 culprits received sentence of death; 9 were transported, and 10

imprisoned. At Berks Assizes, 17 received sentence of death; 4 transported; 10 imprisoned.—3 of the condemned were *poachers*!

March 2, St. Mary's Church, Oxford, was reopened for divine service. Its interior has been rendered chaste and appropriate, and the monuments, which so disfigured its beautiful columns, have been removed. The organ has been re-cased, the galleries entirely rebuilt, and the windows have been filled with ground glass.

Died.] At Witney, 77, Mr. Ashfield, for more than 40 years postmaster of that place.

BUCKS AND BEDFORD.

At the assizes at Aylesbury, 4 prisoners received sentence of death; 1 transported; and several imprisoned, among which there was one only 15 years old!

R. Saunders was indicted for a burglary in the house of the Rev. T. Jones, at Radnage, and stealing 24 sovereigns, a gold and silver watch, valuable jewellery and trinkets, &c. The prisoner forced his way, with three others, all masked, through the bed-room window of the prosecutor, who was 77 years of age, and effected the robbery. Susannah Payne, a maid-servant, who slept in the adjoining room to her master and mistress, heard the thieves, bolted her door, dropped from the window, went to the coachman's house, about 200 yards, and gave the alarm. The coachman and gardener immediately proceeded to the lawn, intercepted the prisoner, and, after a desperate conflict, secured him. After Susannah Payne had given her evidence, Mr. Baron Garrow addressed her as follows:—"I cannot permit you to leave that place without saying to you, in presence of this large assemblage, that your conduct was most praiseworthy, and the means, in all probability, of saving the lives of your master and mistress. You are a host against a gang of housebreakers, and have set a good example to the rest of your sex."—We trust that the magistrates for the county will reward this spirited female, for the sake of example, by some mark of their approbation from the county purse, which will have a more powerful effect than the well-merited praise of the learned judge!!

At Bedford Assizes, 9 were recorded for death; 7 were transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods. Of those condemned to death, one is 16, another 17 years of age only!

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

About three o'clock of the morning of March 4, a tremendous fall of the cliff took place just beyond the East Well, about a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Hastings, consisting of many thousand tons of earth: the shock was distinctly felt in several parts of the town. To those houses which are situated on the declivity of the hill it had the effect of an earthquake, as every thing in them was set in motion. No property is destroyed, if we except a small truck containing some tools used for cutting stone. It was lucky it occurred at the time of low water, as otherwise the blockade-man must have been buried in the mass.

A meeting of the householders and proprietors of Portsea has been held, to take into consideration the propriety of petitioning Government against the contemplated inclosure of the Com-

mon Hard, as affecting the property, health, and convenience, as well as the prosperity, of the inhabitants; when a petition to His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral was resolved on.

The expenditure, for the last half year, of Brighton, viz. from June 30, to Dec. 31, 1827, amounted to no less a sum than £9,000!—The duties on coals, for the same period, produced £1,852. 13s. 11d., and the market tolls £1,032. 19s. 8d.

Murried.] H. R. Mitford, esq., of Exbury, to Lady Georgiana Ashburnham, daughter of Earl Ashburnham.

Died.] At Hastings, 100, Mrs. Anson; Charlotte Philadelphia, daughter of Sir W. Rowley, M.P., Suffolk.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

On the report of the present state of the Great Hospital being read to the common council of Norwich, it appeared, that in 1763, there were 86 poor people and 4 nurses supported by that charity, and the revenue was £1,670. The annual income now amounted to £5,740, and 150 persons enjoy the benefits; it was therefore resolved to add 24 more poor folk to the advantages of this excellent establishment of the piety of Edward VI., and a committee formed to inquire what further additions could be made. These resolutions were received with cheers from all parts of the room; affording a hint of the necessity for others to look particularly to their *local* charities!

Upwards of £200 has been collected by the sale of fancy articles at the Assembly-rooms at Lynn, chiefly manufactured by the ladies of that place, for the benefit of the Visiting Society and the Dispensary.

In the parish of Hemingstone, a farm which was let, forty years ago, at £40 per annum, is now let for £120.—The yearly tithes, which were at the former period £4, are now £15. 15s., and the small tithes in proportion. The price of labour was the same then as now!!!

CAMBRIDGE AND ESSEX.

The Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge has published a statement to the members of the Senate, relative to the present state of the Observatory, which, it appears, is better adapted to its purposes than any similar building in Europe. But he states, that the income attached to the care of it is too small to induce any one to bestow his full attention to it!!! Surely this will be remedied, for those who "observe all night and calculate all day," ought to be liberally rewarded, and the kingdom itself no longer degraded by such miserable parsimony, in the cause of the noblest of sciences!

Sentence of death was recorded against one prisoner only at Huntingdon, and a very few transported and imprisoned.

At the Cambridge Assizes, 7 were condemned to death; 3 transported, and 8 imprisoned.

The sale of ornamental work, conducted by the ladies at the Bazaar at Wisbeach, for the Female Friendly Society, produced £150.

The assizes for Essex closed—according to a term commonly used—a maiden assize. Not a life, out of 67 guilty persons, has been sacrificed to the offended laws of the country. The calendar

had swollen, before the Grand Jury were discharged, to 92 persons.

Died.] At Royston, 79, H. Wortham, esq., formerly Chairman of the County Sessions, and Colonel of the Militia.—At Hinxton-house, 83, C. Raikes, esq.; he was the last surviving brother of the respected founder of Sunday Schools.—At Billericay, 83, Rev. Dr. J. Jenner.

CORNWALL.

The following is a statement of the pilchard fishery in the year 1827.—Number of seans employed, 186; drift boats, 368; men employed on board drift-boats, 1,599; men employed at sea on seans, 2,672; persons on shore, to whom the fishery affords direct employment, 6,350; total number of persons employed in the fishery, 10,521; cost of seans, boats, &c., £209,840; cost of drift-boats and nets, £61,400; cost of cellars and other establishments on shore, for carrying on the fishery, £169,975; total capital invested directly in the pilchard fishery, £441,215.

The breakwater at Bude has been nearly all destroyed by the tremendous sea on Sunday, March 2.

A curious fish has been lately taken and exhibited at Bude: its head, which is of an oval shape, has the eyes placed quite on the top; it has three rows of teeth, and underneath its belly project two fins, resembling hands, webbed; there are also on each side two places similar to pockets, with flaps over, which will contain several quarts of water.

WALES.

The banking-house of Messrs. Walter and Co., at Swansea, was entered by means of false keys, and cash and bills to a very great amount were stolen therefrom, on Sunday evening, Feb. 17, while the owners were attending divine service.

Died.] At Lanvihangel Crucorney, 101! Mr. J. Roberts.

SCOTLAND.

A tenant in the neighbourhood of Perth, under Sir David Moncrieffe, having his farm infested with rabbits, which annually destroyed his crop to a great extent, had made repeated complaints on the subject to his landlord, without effect. The tenant, at last, seeing no other remedy, employed a person to snare and destroy the rabbits; and happening accidentally to kill a hare in one of his gins, the Game Association sued him and his employer for penalties for "hunting and hawking." In this the Game Association were defeated; but they succeeded in getting him fined in the statutory penalty for having game in his possession. A complaint was also made, in the name of the proprietor, to the Court of Session, and, on the pretence that the tenant was *hounding* and destroying the game upon his farm, an interdict against him was obtained from the Lord Ordinary. The tenant denied that he had ever hunted or destroyed game upon his farm; but admitted that, in order to protect his property, he had employed a person to destroy the rabbits, which were *feræ naturæ*, wild beasts, that any person had a right to kill. The plea that rabbits are game was then resorted to; but the Court unanimously found otherwise, continued the interdict only in so far as regarded the killing of game, and decreed the landlord to pay the tenant's expenses. Thus, tenants who have their crops injured by rabbits are entitled, at their own

hands, to rid themselves of such vermin, without consulting their landlord.—*Perth Courier.*

In a circular lately issued by Principal Baird, at the desire of the Committee of the General Assembly for increasing the means of education in Scotland, particularly the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, it is stated, that there are above 128,000 persons of all ages in the north who can neither read nor write Gaelic or English; that of young persons from the age of five to 15 years, there are 25,000 in the same deplorable condition—and though the Committee of the General Assembly have instituted 51 schools, above 100 more have been urgently applied for. Here is a wide field for benevolent exertions.

The Greenock Bank was entered by means of false keys, on Sunday morning, and plundered to the amount of £30,000!

Died.] At Tynninghame, 75, Charles Earl of Haddington.

IRELAND.

The anniversary of St. Patrick was celebrated at Dublin Castle in the most magnificent style.

The natives of Wales resident in Dublin sent a deputation to the Castle, with an address to the Marquis of Anglesea, on his arrival there. His Excellency received them very graciously, and marked his affection for his native country by an especial compliment to the deputation—that of receiving them without any appearance of state, or attendance of his household, and reading in person this reply to their address:—"Unavailing as my efforts may possibly prove in fulfilling your anticipations of happier and more prosperous days to this generous people, my most strenuous exertions and unremitting endeavours shall be directed to its accomplishment."

There are now in Clonmel gaol, waiting to be tried at the ensuing spring assizes, upwards of three hundred prisoners, of whom more than fifty are for the dreadful crime of murder. The Solicitor-general is to go this circuit, specially, to prosecute the murderers of the Maras; for which crime there are nearly twenty individuals in custody, on the evidence of an accomplice, admitted as a witness for the Crown.

It is reported that several nocturnal meetings have been lately held in the county of Kildare, principally consisting of the peasantry. Some of them have been stated to us to be attended by thousands. On one or two occasions they dispersed quietly on being exhorted to that effect.

Estates annexed to some of the Irish bishopricks.—In Irish acres:—Derry, 94,836; Armagh, 63,470; Kilmore, 51,350; Tuam, 49,281; Clogher, 32,317; Elphin, 31,017; Dublin, 28,781; Cork, 22,755; Meath, 18,374; Ossory, 13,591; Cashel, 12,800. Total, 418,872.—This account is taken from the returns made by order of the House of Commons, and it includes only eleven bishopricks, out of the number of twenty-two, in Ireland. If these Irish acres were converted into English statutable measure, they would be something more than 600,000—for an Irish one makes 1 acre, 2 roods, 19 perches.

Married.] Viscount Dungarvan, son of the Earl of Cork, to Lady Catherine St. Lawrence, sister to the Earl of Howth.—W. J. M'Guire, esq., to Lady Mary Annesley, daughter of the Earl of Annesley.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of February to the 25th of March, 1826.

Feb.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	206½ 7	83½ 4	83½	91½ 3	91½ 2	100½ 1	19½ 9-16	245	86 87p	55 57p	83½ 4
27	206½ 7	84½ 4	83½	91½ 3	91½ 2	100½ 1	19½ 9-16	244	85 86p	55 56p	83½ 4
28	206½ 7	84½ 4	83½	91½ 3	91½ 2	100½ 1	19½ 9-16	244½ 5	—	55 57p	83½ 4
29	206½ 7	83½ 4	82½ 3	91½ 3	91½ 2	100½ 1	19 7-16	243½	—	53 57p	83½ 4
Mar 1	—	84½	83½	—	92½	100½ 1	19½	—	86 87p	55 58p	83½ 4
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	207	83½ 4	83½	—	91½ 2	100½ 1	—	—	87 88p	57 58p	83½ 4
4	206½ 7	83½ 4	83½	92½ 3	91½ 2	100½ 1	—	—	—	57 59p	83½ 4
5	—	—	83½	92½ 3	—	100½ 1	—	—	88 89p	58 60p	83½ 4
6	—	—	83½	93½ 3	—	100½ 1	—	—	89 90p	58 60p	83½ 4
7	—	—	81½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	90 91p	59 61p	84½ 4
8	—	—	83½ 4	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	90p	59 60p	83½ 4
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	83½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	90p	58 60p	83½ 4
11	—	—	83½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	89 90p	58 60p	83½ 4
12	—	—	83½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	90p	58 60p	83½ 4
13	—	—	82½	—	—	99½ 100	—	—	87 89p	56 59p	82½ 4
14	—	—	82½	—	—	99½ 100	—	—	86 88p	57 59p	82½ 4
15	—	—	83½	—	—	99½ 100	—	—	89p	58 59p	82½ 4
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	83½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	88 89p	58 59p	83½ 4
18	—	—	82½	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	87 89p	56 59p	82½ 4
19	—	—	82½ 3	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	—	57 58p	82½ 4
20	—	—	82½ 3	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	—	57 58p	82½ 4
21	—	—	82½ 3	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	88 89p	56 57p	82½ 4
22	—	—	82½ 3	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	—	56 57p	82½ 4
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	—	82½ 3	—	—	100½ 1	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	89 90p	56 57p	82½ 4

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From February 20th, to March 19th, 1826.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

February.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			43	49	40	29 09	29 06	99	98	SE	S	Clo.	Fine	Rain
21			42	45	39	28 94	28 93	99	98	SE	ESE	—	—	Clo.
22		☾	43	47	41	28 90	29 01	98	98	SE	ESE	—	Rain	—
23			41	42	39	29 20	29 42	98	98	NE	N	Rain	Fair	—
24			42	50	39	29 68	29 71	97	96	WSW	WSW	Fair	Fine	Fair
25	16		44	52	48	29 74	29 73	96	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
26			50	57	50	29 74	29 77	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Fair	—
27			52	53	49	29 99	30 09	94	98	SW	S	Clo.	Clo.	—
28			50	55	40	30 20	30 21	97	96	NE	NE	—	Fair	Clo.
29			42	47	41	30 12	29 93	93	98	NW	ENE	Fair	—	—
Mar. 1		☉	46	48	45	30 03	29 94	94	97	N	N	—	—	Fair
2			45	50	38	29 94	29 97	96	98	ENE	NE	—	—	—
3			42	48	42	29 88	29 76	95	92	WNW	N	Clo.	—	Clo.
4			43	50	40	29 84	29 63	92	93	NW	N	Fair	—	—
5			42	45	30	29 63	29 65	90	84	NNE	N	Clo.	Sleet	Fine
6			35	40	31	29 65	29 92	76	90	N	N	Fair	Fair	Clo.
7			33	38	33	30 11	30 03	90	98	NW	W	—	—	St. Rain
8			46	55	47	30 00	30 12	98	96	NW	W	—	—	Clo.
9		☾	48	57	45	30 13	30 10	94	90	W	W	—	Fine	Fine
10			53	58	44	30 10	30 11	90	92	WNW	NW	—	—	—
11			52	55	46	30 11	30 12	92	92	W	WSW	—	—	Fair
12			48	55	48	29 95	29 95	94	98	WSW	WNW	Clo.	—	Clo.
13			52	60	52	30 01	30 04	93	96	W	WNW	Fine	—	—
14			54	59	46	30 14	30 15	88	86	W	WNW	—	—	—
15			50	62	49	30 26	30 25	86	80	N	NW	Clo.	—	—
16		☉	53	62	52	30 22	30 16	92	90	W	WNW	—	Fair	Sleet
17			57	64	48	30 04	30 04	92	94	W	NW	—	—	Fair
18			51	56	48	33 06	29 55	94	96	NW	WNW	—	—	Sleet
19			49	52	42	29 35	29 47	98	94	W	WNW	—	Clo.	Fine